

Marcel Ray Duriez

Time

Interval: 1

Haven's Rockville

'The Beginnings,' Maggie's granddaughter kind-a...

The year is October 7, 1916, it was said, that she was a young girl, was buried beneath a weeping willow tree, down towards the old train tracks, and that she would take over some of the young minds, that would come her way as that walked along them at the twilight of a creepy night.

Her grave marked with a noting other than the year, and a name that is rubbing away from age, she was so young and was tied down by a lover on the tracks- for it to cut her in two, that train still comes down this line with its haunting steam, and load blow on the horns. And some say they see her as they sit in the cars looking up close in their face... as if she is feeling their soul, to see if she wants to take it, as she did with mine, I am now her.

Just as she is the girl in the window, that is lost looking for a way out, she haunts the old Victorian next to the tree and tracks. Nothing more than a chipping rock, and a pale face looking out- and we have all see her, she is real- even the one that does not believe, like the ones that do not think God is real say, she is a real ghost. No more than a girl looking for happiness, some have even seen her walking to her swing, which blows in the wind of the old tree that must be 100 years old now.

I did not want to draw attention to her resting place, as I looked at the train doing 25 miles per hour or so- heading for

the Rockville Bridge in Pennsylvania, this creepy house stands, and so does she in her room looking out.

Nevertheless, I could not leave her without memory, so I went to see her for myself and ended up feeling her from the inside like she feels me on the outside. She will never sleep peacefully, I found out looking over the story, no one to disturb her, she just was too young, no sounds but whistle, and the vibration of the train coming down the line. That she flows in her essence... testifies to the power of friendship and generosity to conquer greed and depression. A wonderfully imaginative, startlingly moving and at times wickedly funny fantasy.

Part: 1

On a dark- October 4th 100 years to the day... I started doing this... every evening, she is at sitting at the window watching the storm, or me or something like that, I was as the little girl, Through the darkness sees a faint light, of the steamer going by like always.

Before she could come to the window the light disappeared. She sees me to like a spooky dream in your mind. I waited some minutes, to feel connected to her... Very faintly the light reappeared, flickering through the trees, she was with me... and I was in her, and she in me.

She looked down at me and decided to keep quiet this time, as she went down and into my body. I was absorbed in her, slipping oh so quietly out of the room, to be with me down by the tracks, and crept down the stairs to the back door, she went through... all the walls.

I walked cautiously along the edge of the track, standing in the shadows, with her holding my hand. The excitement made me tremble... Everywhere, I go I have no privacy, I have no satisfaction, I cannot get it... it is not something I can have.

My phone is tapped, and my PC hacked. I am being watched right now; I just feel that I am. She knows everything I do, everywhere I go. She sees who I am friends with and end it just because she can. She sits me up just to fall into her trap. I have used a fake name, it is all the same, I am her toy in her sick twisted game. At what point do you say- I have had enough. Stop it- get a life!

Sarah- Friend come and go, I know that nothing can last more than a week with me; it has been like this all my life. You just get attached, and she puts an end to it so fast... you would not believe me. Why I do not know it is because she must have me on her own, and she cannot see me have the love of another that is not her? I do not know... all I know is that everyone leaves me before I want them too. But I have a choice. No, not really. If you want me- we need to...

Run... and never look back, we go far from here where it will not matter, will be gone so far away that the names she says, will not mean a thing because we will have each other, and not care what others say. Our happiness would lie in each other's arms and the ring on your finger. I do not want to trap you, but you need to say yes to me, so this can happen! The sooner the better!

I am trapped by an overprotective and malicious boyfriend, who beats you. Who makes you work like a fool...? The jerk will not even buy you a ring after so many years of dating.

He trapped you!

Do you really think he loves you? Or is he just trapping you until he finds something more or just settles? You are tipped by your town. You are tipped because you like me but cannot. You are trapped because of what they all say about me. All that matters to me is what you think, not them. You are

tipped by him, and he makes sure that you are not even allowed to look at another man like me. Plus, it all goes back to her, the one that trapped us both in not being in love. It is forbidden to date, see, look, feel, or even talk to one another.

I am- Tripped into missing out, tripped into being the weirdo, as the girl lost in the window...

I am- Tripped in to not knowing what you would feel like, in a hug or kiss. Tripped into being hated for no reason other by her rumors.

Tripped into missing you. You are trapped into wishing for me and dreaming of what could be. Yet your friends love him and not me, with me all they see in the past that is not true, a past that I was trapped in. I am trapped by you- in so many ways, that you never even knew about.

I am- Trapped because I have fallen in love with you and cannot seem to forget about you. You are on my mind all the time. No blocks can stop us from someday getting together.

That is only if you get out of the trap of allowing everyone to push you around. You must be strong and fight. I am trapped into fighting for your hand, and your love, and I just do not know why I keep trapping myself to you. I just do not understand why I cannot get you out of my mind. I know one thing I never trip you like everyone seems to do around here; I am not like that. If you want me to be fine, and if not fine. I am trapped into being a hopeless romantic...

Me- I must get out. I do not care if what my mind says is logical, what my heart says it needs! There have been rumors of an uprising free of all the restrictions of the world. I am done caring about the consequences. It is time to be self-interested and do some for me. The longing of you I cannot take it anymore. The passion I have for you has my skin on fire! I

cannot sleep, I cannot eat, and I can function right. Without you being in my life. It seems like you and I are trapped into having chastity belts, with no way to unlock them and connect. Your boyfriend has your key, and she has mine.

I am- Trapped into the fantasy of us sleeping together playing in my head. Trapped into wanting more than a one-night stand with you. Like that even possible. You are trapped into making him happy, will on the inside you are miserable.

Trapped!

I am without you next to me now. I want to feel your kiss; I want to feel your body spooning or unstop of mine. I want to go out with you, and not have everyone stop it.

I want to go everywhere with you. I want you to live with me, you have a home here, if you can get out of your trap, I may be able to get out of mine. I want you to share my bedroom... I know it is crazy! But- I want you to be my girl. You have trapped me under the spell of your green eyes, and shy little sensual ways. 'Instead of losing my mind to you, I was hoping it would have been something else. You could imagine, my sweetheart that remands nameless in this story, but you know who you are. Do me this favor and take it from me. I do not want to be thirty when I get married either, I want it now as I want you now.'

'I do not care when if it is soon, I do not care how if it happens, I do not care who sees us, it could be in a car in a local store parking lot. It is all the same to me along as I am with you!' If you are the one, I want you to be the first in everything, you should not feel trapped by him to feel love like that. I am not sure if I will be your first, but I want to be the last. You should be feeling the love from me.

The love I can give and take with you.

Its love I have for you... not entrapment.

Really, I do not think I am being selfish, it is just time for this all to happen to me. I have waited too long now!

Self-seeking I just need you to save me! Trapped into taking care of everyone else, while nobody takes care of me.

Trapped into sitting at home and going out to getaway.

Trapped into using other's money, because they will not let me work, I have everything I need, but not what I want.

Trapped into doing work, and not getting paid. Trapped for life, and afraid!

Taped in my faith, yet to me, that is a good thing. Hopeful that there is a life after death if not then life is not worth living is it. Taped into fear of death, trapped into seeing death all around me. Tapped into being around life, that just does not get it.

Trapped into feeling cold. Trapped into being warm to those that are cold. Taped into seeing the small light, in the never-ending darkness. Trapped in never ever giving up.

Sarah- (Longing and Desire) I am longing to see you. Longing to be with you, longing to hear from you. I am longing for you. A longing like desire, I am desiring what I am longing for, and desiring is what trapping me to you right now. The longing and desire that he has for you is pushing you away from him, and me.

Like a dark storm over your head. You have longed for me, but can it be, but will you and I be more than longing and desire? Will we always be trapped in too long and desire, by the ones that long and desire to keep us apart?

I am longing for and desiring your kiss on my lips! I am longing for your desired hug with my hand right above your hips. Letting go of the past, with its dark toxic memories seeing them slip and ripe from our grip and fade away, for a brighter happier day, all I can do is pray for the both of us. You and I,

Being together is necessary! I just need to have your trust. Today, I feel alone...

Me- In the morning, when I woke up, I wanted to talk with my friends... But I could not find anybody... neither my life nor by me. My soul was eaten by loneliness... I have been living in a new place for four months, and I do not have a friend. I feel like I am cursed... Look, nobody writes even here. There are a lot of voices in my mind, and I cannot stop them.

‘That’s now the fifth day of rain.’ Alayna said. ‘Shouldn’t we do something together this weekend?’

The microwave turned on by itself, I knew it was her, playing games as I also felt her hugging me, the lights flickered, and my mom did not even blink. Alayna and Harold retreated into the living room, not sure what to do. The TV played an ad, for The Haunting- and a giggle- yet it is her giggles in me, not mine.

‘When something is strange in the neighborhood... I know that it is her taking my energy for her use-age.’ They held each other close, no sign of having a fall out just five minutes’ pass- my thinks I have lost it holding my own body for so long- Smalling like a nut.

They looked at the TV.

They looked at each other. ‘Alayna laughed. Today, I feel alone... I want to talk with my friends, on the tracks she is all I have or want. But I could not find anybody... else that gets

me like she... It was a dark stormy night, and the train was coming fast at me, and I want it to run me down... she said this is what happened to me, the thunder awakened me or, so I thought, and I feel the wind of the train rush by me as I got out of the way just in time.

Then- just like that- I do not know how- I was in my bed cozy and warm, with her in the sheets with me, however, that is when I saw her hovering over me, we- I looked up, I thought I was dreaming. Yet she called out my name and said...

'I'm here to protect you, take my hand and I can show you the way to the light.' It is like I could feel her inside me, inside my soul.

She was talking to me, without saying a word, I felt her through, I felt her emotions, and I felt a teardrop running down my cheek. It was the baby girl we lost when Alayna had a miscarriage, this baby is what broke us up, we blamed each other I was not sure- if I could trust her; she looked innocent enough, but something nagged at the back of my mind, something I ought to have remembered but could not grasp.

It is like I could see through her, she looked just like my wife, when she was about nine years old. Younger? And we used to play in the sandbox together in our sweatshirts or less. I guess are mothers through that was cute... or something, I have the photograph. Anyways- that was the first time I met her in the sandbox as a boy, and the girl that is over me looks so much like her that it is eerie to me. But why is she looking down at me? I had not seen my wife for ten years; the marriage had not lasted long. We were better as friends.

The girl in front of me smiled shyly, just like Alayna used to, and held out her small hand. As I took her hand the storm fell silent, and I felt a strange energy course through me. It was like she was saying hello daddy. She would be 5 if she were

alive. There is not a day or night that I do not think about what could have been.

But wait, the girl in front of me looked five, but our little Lucie would have been nine now. Was it that long ago? I vowed to contact Sarah, to try to say all the things I thought of over the years we had been apart.

There was so much I had to tell her, so much I had to ask forgiveness for.

Up till now would she forgive me, would the love be there for me? Is my little girl letting me know something that I do not know as of now? Is Alayna in need of me? Why now, why am I seeing Lucie?

I remember, the day I met Alayna it seems like so long ago, she was a first-year student, and I was a senior. She was a cheerleader, and I was in the marching band. She was popular as for me not so much. I will never forget the first time she held my hand; she was everything to me then. I love her too much and drive her away, but why did I have to lose my only baby, there was no other girl for me than Sarah. I never dated, or went out, and one point I wanted to give up on my life, yet I did not.

And therefore...

When we met in college, I could hardly believe she was the same little girl I had played in the sandbox with. There was a big party after the game and Alayna came over to me to talk about music. She took my hand and led me into the garden, and that was the beginning of our life together.

I do not think we would have lasted together if we had not been so hard on each other; we knew what we had to lose

and that kept us coming back to each other. It took something outside our control to cause a rift big enough to break us apart.

Her hand was soothingly warm as she guided me out of bed and over to the window. The storm was still quite ferocious, but we were in a bubble of calm, just me and Lucie.

I see my child not being her- It was amazing to think, she is my daughter, she a good kid, and I am getting to share these moments with her, moments that I thought I would never have. Really, I am just in awe of her and the blessings of God's goodness for letting this happen for me. So, that I understand something clearly at last without understanding something clearly at last. It is every man's dream to see his little girl grow up and be happy. I did not have that, but I am blessed to have this now.

Me- I evoke when we made this little girl, several weeks before the big day. The room was all ready for the day she came home, the walls soft in a rosy shade, and the crib and everything else was white. A butterfly mobile over top to soothe her to sleep.

Now that baby tune that it plays is hunting me if played. The picture frame on the wall is empty, the rocking chair has never been used. The stuffed teddy never squeezed. The baby bottles never held. The pack of pampers on the changing table never opened. The girly outfits never off the hangers. The door was closed by me, locking the memories away, and behind me. I do not go into her room, I just cannot, it has not changed in years.

I was the happiest baddy in the world, the day I found out she was a baby girl. I loved her before she even had a name. I want to perfect her from all the sad things in this world and to be what was good. Show her that daddy is the only man that

she can really trust. I wanted to buy her all the pink dresses that I could.

Take her to the park, she and her walk and talk. I wanted to go to every school play and sports game that she was going to be a part of... I wanted to read her a bedtime story, really, I just wanted to be her daddy! I even wanted to see her been a dreadful teenager, I wanted to see her go to her first dance.

I wanted to see her find someone that loved her as much as I do. I wanted to have that dance the night she got married. I wanted to see her grow up to a woman and give me grandbabies.

That would be perfect in my eyes, and I could do no wrong. That I could spoil. No man should have to see his baby girl go, before them it is the toughest thing in life to have to deal with and you never get over it, you learn to accept with it, really what chose- do yah have otherwise.

I can see her everywhere; she is with me all the time. She is mine. She is my love.

She is everything.

She is called The Little Girl in White:

Sarah, and I am trapped! BY HER...!

When I woke up my head buzzed, and my legs ached.

I reached under my pillow and found my phone; Alayna was calling. 'Hey Sarah,' I answered groggily. She answered, 'Where are you? We have been waiting to start for thirty minutes.'

I groaned as I knew she was talking about our presentation, 'can't you just do it with the others?' Alayna gave

a deep sigh and then spoke with a stern voice, 'This is something you have planned for years, it is your project, not ours. Hurry up and get here now!'

She hung up. 'Great, another day in PowerPoint hell' I thought driving to the company. My legs still hurt, but I tried to ignore it as I ran through my bits of the presentation while I was driving. I looked at my slides for just 10 seconds and looked back up to see a car heading my way without control speed. As I yanked the steering wheel abruptly, I lost control of the car. I hit something and flipped forward. I got queasy and dizzy with all the flipping. When the car finally settled, I was not sure which way was up. An instant later my phone started to ring again.

Listen, we have no time to wait for you. I will put you on video, you can do the presentation by phone.' 'No! Wait for Sarah! I need help...' It was too late I could see the hall, a roomful of curiosity. The room was full of potential investors, some with shocked expressions, some disgusted. I could hear people complaining, 'What is going on here?' Alayna saved the situation easily 'the Skype quality is really bad again.' The people murmured in agreement. One guy held up his hand and said in his accent, 'I still want to see your great invention. Let us hope this is not a paper tiger.' 'No, it's not.' Alayna said, 'It's an automatic driving assistant.' 'It's really good' I added. 'How is it good?'

Someone asked, 'You're in a smoking wreck!' 'Well...you see if the assistant had been driving, this would not have happened.' The guy who raised his hand before said, 'I don't think I like your logic, but can we buy your assistant?'

Part: 2

-One dreary day in December, I sat looking out of the window- she was me- and in me full. She had been awaiting her

friends for the past half an hour, but still, after a whole morning, no one had turned up. She began to worry.

Something was wrong.

Her mother was baking this evening, so the smoke alarms would be going off. She could not use the phone. But the kitchen was a mess. A terrible, horrifying mess. Her mother stood jumping from counter to oven, covered in flour and several other indistinguishable stains.

'Mum?

What have you-' she began as several loud knocks came from the front door?

'Lucie?

Can you come and help me for a minute, I said it aloud and my mom said your imaginary friend- really?'

You are going to need to see someone if this keeps going on... her mother called for her to stop at once.

Lucie sighed and left her place at the window, looking out the knock. Baking was a distraction, and to keep her from worrying. Her mom was worried that she was even...

'She is sleeping with her imaginary girlfriend!?' Hearing her calling out her name in a soloing moment... her mom was looking in... to the eye-rolling moment.

Lucie is the girl- I am, or was...

One for grief, two for pleasure, three for a girl, I am stuck on three, I love the girl. I just cannot get any further, then here even if she not real to them she is to me. My head is thick with sounds, of her, my mouth thick with her as the girl body fluid. All about her, I can hear the chatterers- her tedious

laughing, disdain fulling me, a boisterous guffawing, a tiding. Wicked communications, I can see them now, black against the fogged nights moon, as I walk in the eeriness. All the birds look at me with like glass eyes, something else, as the moon follows too, she is coming, with me... she is speaking to me, in my head.

See- see what you do to me, and make me do for you- you see?

Part: 3

It is a glorious evening, warm but not too warm, the sun starting its lazy descent, shadows lengthening, and moving with the trees that a blowing, falling leaves, and the light just beginning to burnish the trees with golden shades, and the reds and oranges, she to be so vivid, contesting to the greens and darker colors. There are familiar faces on these trains that I know, yet they are all I need to hear, people I see every week of my life, going to and forth. I recognize them, and they recognize me, like me but as I am now not as no-longer- me. I do not know whether they see me, as I was, as I am, or who I am now, though, or for what I really am, or no longer.

They, all the toured kiddie faces, pass in a blur of evening sunshine, the cars pass me, as I just miss getting hit by the cars, blowing me back, I feel the gust. The train is rattling along, and I know that she is making her way through all the cars, heading for the tunnel, it gets dark out the window, and she see free to make them scream by taking over their minds and making them think crazily, like making the one girl get up and walk between cars, and death in the smokiness until she passed out and feel in-between, and the wells cut her in two, it was ruled out as accentual death, that she slipped making her way to the dining car, I know- not so-o.

Death is the game she likes to play, for she passed on too soon in this life, she needs to feed on the young of this life.

I see trans off in the distances, In the opposite direction of me, and if we are traveling slowly enough yet making its way up to me, as I stand there... on the tracks... Sometimes I catch myself trying to remember the last time, that I had expressive physical contact with another with a girl or boys I do not like boys there- lick-ie, like mixing chocolate milk with O-J, and then baffling chunks and having to lick that up too.

Unprejudiced a hug or a heartfelt squeeze of my hand, it was here the only one that I felt close too, and my heart twitches, with her energy running through me. Sometimes, not often, I can see them from this side of the track, I think I do not understand- not one of them- as I do her.

Just like these kids sitting in the train car, sometimes catch a glimpse of her, I remember, seeing her up in the home- that is adjacent the old cemetery, dating back to the 1880s where she is not at rest, and with my home, she is there, that was her up there in the window, I too look out the same windows both of us in the same terrace. Just as I do look out the train window, seeing our home go by as we pass thinking about how we do the same things looking out that window at all the life that is dead- and dying like us. I can imagine all of them looking at me, yet not as she looks at me, she has loved me they do not.

Sitting or standing as I am now, with her feet up on the table even, I have to snap out of a trance, yet there is not a trace of her to be seen unless she wants to be seen by others than me, a glass of apple juice in my hand, I poured two and sat one by me for her- my mom looked at me as if I crazy- think it was for my imaginary friend, yet when the glass went up to her mouth and was moving free and fast in her hand- that only I could see, my mom freaked out hardcore, 'How did you do that?'

'I didn't Louie did...' I spoke.

'Um-hum- then tell her to go home...' 'She lives here- with me... WITH US- 'IS THAT SO- she is working, in the dining room.

On paperwork, be for going to work- at Capital One.' she wanted me to say to you. She said do not be mean to her.' Mom just rolled her eyes- like, I was being cute.

I can imagine the feeling of her hands in mine, the weight of them, comforting and defensive. I love that she holds my hand whenever, unlike all of them that are real, I

KNOW THAT THE REAL!

Louie is now standing behind my mom tapping and pulling on her top, her hand on her shoulders, she feels the pullback, and she gets cold shivers, asking if it was me- I said- no- it is WAS my IMAGINARY FRIEND, I SAID- she likes to play awareness games.

(PRE-LUNCH MONDAY, October 24, 2016,) I read everywhere that a train can rip the clothes right off you when it hits your body, it is a rush, it is not that unusual, death by train, that how they found her clothes ripped off under the wheels, I know the story well.

Look into my room, which was her room, which is our room, The pile of clothes from last week is still there, of mine that she calls scandalous, and it looks dustier and more neglected than it did a few days ago, my mother even said- 'it looks like a five-year-old is living here,' along with- 'it's not on me is on Louise, a hundred a year ago, it happened to her, they say she was looking for a rush, some say she went crazy over a boy, some say, she was in love with a girl, and could not go there, some say she needs a way out of her room and mom and

dad's hold on her, she was seen at least once every couple of days- standing on the tracks- until, I'm not sure how many of those are accidental or true.'

I look carefully, into all, and think, I do not care, she here for me now, as the train rolls slowly past me doing as she did, the hint of blood-covered clothes, rush through my mind, and the sound of crushing bones, but I cannot see any that said- why she was run over. The train stops at the signal, as usual, she runs for me, and through me and she now in my body said stand here and stay here if you can it is a rush, feel the powers. Just like that, I wake up in bed and before I could think of why, I hear my mom call my name to do some pain in the ass thing, like always.

I can see her standing next dinner nook, that has all glass old windows wrapped around a hundred-year-old table in front of the French doors, that are adjacent. She is wearing a bright print dress; her feet are bare.

My mom is looking over her shoulder, asking if I playing games, she feels the strange energy of her pulling on her back, tapping on her shoulders, as she walks back into the house walking around out to the porch; dad is making breakfast, Louise said that's a really girly thing for a man to do, of her time, I keep my eyes fixed on Louise, I know she is going to slam the door in her face, I could see her past memories running through my mind- do you see them- all the thing and the way the house looks in the early 1900s...

Just like that, I am starting there on the old bridge, that is nothing but a relic, to the new one that is old now, and I standing in the middle with nowhere to run... over topwater.

Some say you and see a nude girl standing in the water, looking over the bridge, I KNOW it is HERE! SPOOKY- no she just remembers the past, that she does not want to let go of. This

one is a two-lane- that looks as flimsy as it was unsafe to walk or ride on no-no side rails to keep you in, no walkway, just track and spaces down to water below 100 feet or so, in an x- truss that looks as if it should have never- ever worked, to hold together. The one I know- well is stone, and long and safe. Would you jump off the side or run, she said run- it the fun, then jump at the last second.

I can even see the faint flicker of a lander next to the door, that I use now, not much has changed, yet everything has changed, then just like that I am back standing on the tracks... as the train starts to inch forward, (Rip) I am starting to cry, I do not want to do this, yet her power is holding me here, and for the love and caring.

1916 ford truck sitting in the tall grass, tick- ticking away, an older man starting it with a crack, its mostly made of wood, and has gas lights... that got ever so brighter as the motor, got stronger in the cold, leaves blowing around him, train sound of in the distances, dust, covering all, the things in the dim room that I call my kitchen.

Louise- I particularly do not want to see my home like this, I want to remember it as it was, the one that used to be mine.

Through her mind I could see the one I know, being made... with wood forms, and the arches being sat. I have lived at number 214 hickory lane for all my life, as did she, delightfully content, and absolutely- insufficient. I cannot look at it now, this way she said to me. That was my only hope that I cannot stand to let go of... Not my parents' just hers... I really do not care to see them anyways they did not get me, anyway. I see her mom and dad feel the same about her- that is why I get her.

Every day I tell myself not to look at what has changed and what has stayed the same, and every day I look, and get said, said only. I close my eyes tightly and count to ten, and make my run, seeing all my life up 'till fifteen, and even past.

There, it has gone I am off the side flying now, nothing to see. She looks through me in me and out through me, saying things like Oh- my first home. She said I remember seeing all these homes being built, now they are being ripped down and or falling now, why? She asked- I said, 'no one cares about old things like you do.' They do not care. No time to care I said back to her... is there something wrong with the time, that is moving faster?

What no, it is just not what is important... so-o those bizzie boxes are then? She asked, you are not like them with them through, I see why... do not say. I cannot bear to look at it 'round here now. I try not to, I do not want to, I want to, I cannot, I do not want to, I cannot help myself, from feeling said, said only. I bit my lip so hard, it bled some, I still remember the pain I felt when I saw her watering the rose bushes near the fence, it was a ghostly vision, in my eyesight, of her in a her 1900's shirt stretched tight over her belly, even though there is nothing I want to see there, is something I need to see here, what I do not know yet, it is unrest, of someone she lost here. Even though anything I do see will hurt me, I still must do it.

Louie- Even though I remember- so clearly how it felt that time when I lost my girlfriend I do not remember, did I do it, was it me, or them.

I looked up and noticed that the emulsion linen blind in the upstairs bedroom was gone, replaced by something in soft baby blushing peach; I see the home in splits of old and new, her way of think of the past and then mine as now, it is like have double exposure of a photo in my mind and eyesight. (Rip) Run-

run- running like hell yet again, the train starting to pick up the pace, and I am running for my life what does it mean, to keep running away and not facing it?

Sometimes grim, sometimes bright, and sunny, sometimes cold, and windy western Pennsylvania, small coal townhouses lined, next tagged trackways bridges and industrial buildings with broken windows, that through her eyes I see as steam smocking working factories buzzing with workers, make a change, for change like nicks and small dollar amounts.

How will today be, with her sitting in class running me- mind body and soul? At school, even if she is running through me, I cannot think of anything but her, my studies seem to slip... I sit, on the train, that I want to kill me, as did her, for the thrill, or to escape, which-ever that is what I want, and I do not get why, the closer I get to Rockville, the more nervous I feel, every time, like I pass this spot that I no took her life; burden builds; this is going to be my expiry!

Yet, I want more than SEX! It is more thrilling! On its side, someone has painted: LIFE IS NOT A PARAGRAPH, but that how I would have described, what is happening to me seeing all the world in the past, yet in my time, and yet, hers... what the... freak! Like- like- When she inside me my eyes change color from brown to green and no- one really notices it. I deliberate about the parcel of dresses on the side of the track, and I feel, with her holding me tightly, making out, kissing, touching, and feeling, I am in love with a girl that is not real, yet she is, just from another time, yet is it preordained to be, this way?

My throat is closing. Life is not a paragraph, and death is no parenthesis. There is a soiled, low-slung concrete building on the right-hand side, old wood mills, and coal works, linking the track about five hundred miles before we get into school,

passing through the old towns that link life of the past and now together.

FRIDAY, October 7, 2016

(PRE-LUNCH: like, 10 or so-o...)

My mother used to tell me that, I had an overactive imagination; my dad said that, too, yet he got it more than she. I cannot help it- she is real, I look down at my feet and see that, I am wearing flats, that a black and white checkers.

The train tracks, I see all colors of trees becoming naked at some point soon. Light blue dress jumbled is now off me and next to me under the viaduct. It is rubbish- now, as I make mind love to my girlfriend that haunts me, scrubby little wood up the bank, I see boys looking off the distances' saying look at her go... soloing.

She feels just like the steam engines vibrating through me, it could have been left behind by me I am sure, and some boy that work this part of the track, would see it, and say some girl was killed here, they are here often enough, saying they see young girls on the line and doing dirty things. No one is to be found... Or it could be something else, they say- think all the calls in are pranks.

The train surprises and predicaments and screams back into motion, and the wheel's slip, the little pile of faces look out at me like her the see me, they are all in clothes, me no so- I disappear, and run into their faces, they look at me with awe, before they can think or blink there in the tight trundle, moving at a brisk cross-country runner stride.

The line starts at St. Mary's and runs to Hershey The scenic expedition from Altoona's horseshoe curve is supposed to take 10 hours and 30 minutes or so-o through state park and

forest, (118.8 mi) kind-a next to US-219, snaking its way through trees and Allegany hills that would take your breath away, yet on a steamer of the past from 1880's it can change, but it rarely does, number 14 is balling down the tack scratching her horn-on time in the dusk- and the lights inside the cars filler: this section of the track is ancient, decrepit, beset with signaling problems and never-ending engineering workers for it's a wonder- to see one end to the other of the same train making its way... 'round. The train crawls along; it tremors past me as the haunt of the little girl in white the girl they say is haunting these lines for years, and water towers, is at the one end of the cover, where old number 14 halts, then it is off for the bridges of heights, then the other over the water, and then past my old, Victorian houses, in after of the Kinzua bridge turned the train make a sharp turn all the way around, S where I am the most with her near,

Rockville directly next to the track and her, and I spot under the viaduct under the water. Someone in the seat behind me gives a sigh of helpless irritation, and I think what you must complain about, it is the 8:05 at night, and you never hand what I did, slowly the endurance of the most seasoned commuter on the Amtrak line, and it blows past me, and my hair rushes up- and I feel alive!

I remember when I would ride this train, from point a to b. My head leaning against the car window, I watched these houses roll past me like a tracking shot in a film, being pulled too fast for it to be projected. They see me as just some small girl, I see them as others do not, I see life as a new life- through taking hers as mine; some would say for rest, yet not so, I owner here you do not see what I am saying from this perspective, like she and I have this life and love we have, over me finding my why- being lost in time for years. Twice a day, I am offered a view into other lives, just for a moment I am lost in them and

how the world is these days- 100 years passed. There is something comforting about the sight of strangers safe at home, like this girl, that I love, yet she made me safe within her.

On the train, as it passes you can see, texting girls, and boys on their phone, an absurdly ecstatic and upbeat chatter, in the vintage cars, smelling of good dinner food from the diner car- as they did back in my day as a girl riding the same very train- on this line. They the cars jingle around on the uneven tracks. Clicking along- you can feel and see that commuters shift in their seats, as they go down the line on tracks that are floating in spots, rustle their newspapers, tap at their computers.

The train lurches and sways around the bend, slowing as it approaches a yellow signal- in my mind, I could see a signaler swing a lantern of the past. I try not to look up and see the number and light heading right for me as I must make the choices to get off or not or it is over my head, I know that some are reading the news- on their new I- this and that... I was walking along this way from the station, yet me through of WHY blur in front of my eyes, as to why I am letting this train run me down and I standing still, nothing holds my interest other than her hold me hear. In my head, I can still see that little pile, of her, of clothes lying at the edge of the track, us nude in my mind making love- uncontrolled in passion.

She said she only found in me- and only in this next life.

Part: 4

(NIGHTFALL)

Beautiful sunshine, cloudless skies like today and for years here. Lucie was part of a coal village, in the daybreaks we would swim the half-mile to the tracks, if you did not want to take the long walk, next to the tall viaduct. To make, make love

on secret hidden spot under the railway bridge; in the afternoons, I would walk the tracks, to bitter tonics of her in me fully, you could see the boys over the way watching us swarms around underneath, in faint shadow's you could see her the haunting body shape of the girl, with me, out of my body now to love me for me, also next to water her energy was stronger.

I take another gulp, feeling the taste of her, and another, and I feel empty as she gets stronger in me, but it is OKAY, I have three more in the plastic bag at my feet. It is Friday, so I do not have to feel guilty about drinking on the train. Thank God, Its Friday. The fun starts now...

It is going to be a lovely weekend, that is what they are telling us, time away from school, that is all my life was- she through inside me. In the old days, we might see us in sunrise lying on a blanket in speckled sunlight, she is nothing but a soul in me, I eat we date- yet is the reality not to them, but to me she is so-o. We might have seared out back with friends, that would not get us, too bad, I left them all for her, to be with and inside me, faces flushing, as they hear me talking to her in class, under my breath, with sun shining in the window, 'till the afternoon went on, walking the tracks home for lunch along with only her, arm in arm, falling asleep on the sofa, after the school day, she was all I needed, even if not physically there of the rest of the world to see, yet in my mind, she was everything, that made it physical.

Lovely sunshine I would take the walk to school in the fog- mist and even rainy days too, yet like today it is a cloudless sky, I- had like- no one to play with, nothing to do, I would go to her home, and I would see her looking down at me from the window, next to the mainline of crossing tracks. I was lost in her eyes... and ghostly whys of falling for me. Living like this, the way I am living now, is harder in the summer when there are so

many hours of daylight, so the little cover of dusk, when everyone is active, being flagrant, aggressively happy.

It is exhausting, to me, and it makes you feel deprived, about not having them all, but that is why I found her and she-me, the weekend stretches out ahead of me, I must get lost in her or I would lose it... and fill empty, when with her I do not.

MONDAY, JULY 19, 2016

(MORNING)

I just want to lean back in the soft, drooping seat, feel the warmth of the sunshine streaming through the window, I have become all her, and what she loves to do... time for me to walk to school I feel the carriage rock back, as it comes my way, fourth and back it rocks and squall is, the comforting rhythm of wheels on tracks and the blinding light makes me feel alive- through her like it did when I was just me. I would rather be here, looking out at the horseshoe curve beside the track, than anywhere else. It is a relief to know that 7:05 is right on time, no holding back on the rail, I will stand here till the last moments, looking forward to the train to play chicken with me- where I have yet to make the choice to stay or get off.

There is a faulty signal on this line, full of green and she is heading my way doing 40. I see all the face looking at me, thinking I am not gotten off the tracks in time in the cars the horn is walling, about halfway through her my journey she finds me. The rush I have with her to me is everything that makes me feel thriving when I know she is not a piece.

Lucie- I have a perfect view of all these traces for my room, where my soul was lock at an early age, yet I would not change that it is my favorite place to be the trackside house: and number 14 run me down- I was called crazy as a young girl for loving this so. I do believe that the girl inside me makes her

energy make the signal not working right as the train is headed for me when most of the time this line wants trains going low or fully red. because it is always red; I accept it must be faulty, yet that just makes me smile on the inside, knowing she has the power, in any case, I know she is doing it through me with her influence, to see if the train will jump track, going so fast at me.

Most days this train only creeps by- when I standing here with her that is not so, sometimes just for a few seconds, of the time sometimes more, sometimes it's her seeing if the old viaduct can hold the weight of the heavy train, going too fast, it all about seeing if death and mayhem could happen, as it did to her, sometimes for minutes on end, I think off all the life she and I could take over in the carnage, which I usually do, and the train stops at this signal, under my power of what I want to happen, which is almost always does not stop, old 14 is much like the other iron houses along this stretch of track: I make her fly down the line at me, as it did then.

The towering viaduct, narrow top to an overlooking ghostly fog, runs down towards some railing, beyond which lies a few miles of no-mans-land, before you get to the railway town of Altoona. I know this house by heart, its time, she is no longer in the window looking down at me she is in me, looking down the line, yet this home, I know every block all the doorways, all the places to hide, I know the color of the curtains in the upstairs bedroom for 100 years back, I recall all the changes made by other homeowners too, not to my liking, I have seen many young girls take over what was mine in my room, and I have run through them and run them out of my room and home, yet not her.

I know that the paint is cracking off the bathroom window frame and seal, which was once a dark wood stain. The glass is missing on the one lift lower pain that was just covered over with plywood...

I know that on warm summer evenings, the occupants of this house, of her, the girl I love and took over her mind, along with her mom and dad- I do not like them much they get in the way of us. kitchen-extension, of my old farmhouse, has its own high-pitched roof, where I sometimes climb out of the large window to sit on the makeshift veranda on top of it with her, and we look over the lines- of track and the skies and chat- of the past and what we are going to do in the upcoming days.

She has soft cheekbones dappled with a sprinkling of freckles, a fine jawline that is childlike yet teen, becoming a woman, like myself.

Witness- I know I saw it- 2 girls under there... I know I did. Like this morning, they've both got the day off, I have seen two girls out afar under the Rockville viaduct yet once more, is it my eyes or is it real? One of them has a glow- and the other seems to be drawn to her- as if she is taken as real or just an imaginary friend. Yet I see them, I know about her the girl that has the imaginary friend... I do not think she nuts. (This was said by a railroad worker- when questioned.)

Mom, I here upstairs in the room two girls giggling, painting, or they are in the shower together, they are doing things together as if there is a real girl there, yet I look in at her showing nude, and it is just her having her girly time, one her hands pressed against the tiles, and the other hands-on her front part of her hips, asking the make-believe girl to get there.

I walked away for a while then looked in at her yet once more, I see only one girl and she is lying-in bed, my girl, yet I feel the coldness, and I see in her eyes she is no longer here like this make-believe girl has taken her over- and she is now not. Not my girl.

Mother- said- now- narrating: 'I never believed in ghosts, until I feel her staring me down to back off, yet it was

loving so I was okay with it. I thought she was harmless- and my daughter was safe- in make-believe land, or at least in Rockville, playing under the bridge.'

'Because that is the sort of thing they do, is make you feel there real to you and shout you out to the ones they once loved, to keep them for them... it's what they do- it's what they do- take them for themselves... she keeps saying.'

That day while he is making breakfast, or they have gone for a run together, I say her in deep out aloud play and conversions, with this girl she calls Lucie, I through she is old enough to know better than to have imaginary playmates. Yes, is she going backward- like have her brains grown soft, from her school life- or is it me, as a mom not doing my part?

Part: 5

(Lucie and I used to run together on Sundays, play in the sun and rain, and bath together too, everything even eating, me going at slightly above my normal pace, we would try daring things, like running far past the safe line of where I was allowed to go- even like walk the tracks, I would go down abandoned lines, and over old viaducts that I knew would crumble under my feet, yet that was the fun, it was to find love with-in her. To kiss and play and discover. About her ghostly body and mine, her past and me with her to come, just so we could run side by side, I was in love with her for even if not real she was the most real thing I had in my life at the time.)

I see it down there ghostly she is steaming stuck at the red signal, then green and I hear the wheels slipping and she is building power and is hand right from me. This time I stay on the lift rail, feeling the forces, and vibrations... I see my snicker as I look down at my feet and the laces are untied, and my foot gets caught, in a spike, and she is coming balls out- so upon me- I could read the number on the front as I through my foot and

she is giggling like an irrational lonely inside me saying- this is thrilling.

I see the flash- of light- and then I wake up and I am in my bed, it was all a dream. I look down at the end of my bed near the footboard and see my pink and green sneakers, and I see the plastic tip was ripped off- 'it was real.' I spoke. (Did I die? Am I all me? Did I die, and she is now me?)

Witness- Paul J. Miller- Sometimes, when I see her there, I feel as though she sees me, too, I feel as though she looks right back at me, as I take the train down the line, as the engineer. and I want to wave, but I get this look in her eyes that crap in my mind or do not even look at me. And I see what look the bugs flying like a staring fountain out of her mouth as she yells, that she needs to get off, the underworlds have gotten a hold of her, and she is not.

I am too self-conscious, about saying I shit myself. I think about what they might be up to... as I keep doing this job, in the last year- there have been five new guys that will not drive this line- overseeing things that just creep- with passengers and workers, going through- 'Rockville.'

Passengers- said one a young girl Joiee she was looking out the window and this young little girl in white her hand smacked the foggy glass, that she was looking out going over the viaduct way up in the air, 'I knew that this was impossible there no way... there no room to walk and hit a train car.' And then one young boy Jimmi said he was kissed right on the lips by a girl that was see-through. 'All crazy I said'- 'till I saw what I did, as for the man- driving the train.

They say- he is away a lot with work, on his mind and his wife just lives him, and he needs sleep I was written off...

'I knew...'

But even if they are not- there, they are really- the question is why?

I look for them- always. They both are often out there in the mornings- around 8-sh, it has become a passion of mine to stock them up to see why- especially in the summer, drinking coffee, I take the car up and look over my old job driving this line as I comply too.

Part: 6

(Morning, nearing middle September)

Turning slightly towards the window, I make my run-up to the train, I see this girl with her back pressed tightly to the set of the old car, this is the thrill of the game with me and her, to scare them, yet not harm... Maybe get them to come up and out of the sit with my powers or have them see flashes of their whole lives and or deaths, or worse their next schoolteachers.

It is less acceptable to drink on the train, for the cars are moving... even so-o- even more to eat- yet they still do, I loved it I made her pee herself, and the little girl in white inside me was giggling through me. I knew when I saw this girl open a can of Pepsi, I could get here to do just that, if I would track her down, as the girl in white, and me being part of her, standing on the track distracting all, she was free using me for energy to do as she pleased, making her miss-jiff, as she was known for as a child, back in the 1900s or so I read in lost old newspaper, that I got from the courthouse, papers they said should have been thrown out a- long time ago.

Part: 7

It is not cold I heard her complain to the conductor, he just said, that what you get with this seven-dollar ticket, be happy you get that... he was arrogant about it even, nothing

changes, I hear her say playing in my mind, sucking feeling out my body using it for hers and her haunts. The whole train has the creeps, you can see the pimples on their arms, and the hair's standing up on the backs of young kids' necks, she loves this train, most of the passengers are 14 years' old making their way to school, summer has come to end, some say this train, will also take you two another realm, for it haunted by the girl in white, where it goes to a large castle that is gray and red and has many points, windows, rocky walls.

This castle looks as if it is hanging off a cliff, with a track on trusses running through it... a magical land so-o wonder-us, like- I could not wrap my mind around it, suspended in the air by mist and fog, and frozen land, that shines an eerier blue and clear crystal, Drawbridges, floating train tracks, that look like they get lost and twisted in spooky fogs, that lead to a haunted mysterious railway, where you learn how to become a wizard girl, like she and her family, was suspected to have been. But to become this girl you must take you there, as the chosen one. I should be on this train as they are to make my way crossed- the large waterway, yet I am skipping to have revulsion with her, the girl I fall in love with that has chosen me.

Part: 8

(Sun-up)

'Did you see on the news, on the box flat thing you see faces in like moving photos, TV, a man can make a baby to his wants and wishes, hair color, eyes, and look, I also hear in the talk box, that your glued too, that you can have a designer wife, made from baby up and the man own you, till she grows up to 16 and they perfect for each other, and married, and live happily ever after... do think that true... what happy ever after?

'No'- 'oh I do, and that too, 'will see...?'

They said: 'this was going to happen in like

2018.' 'Do you think so-o?' 'Maybe'- she said

Sarah. (Through what happens to newspapers? Now it is too much mindless chatter and no real story.) 'Um-hum'- she said, and I reached over for her hand saying do not be scared.

I see the station easing up on me sitting in my Pullman car, two cars from the back, slightly slower this morning everyone one is moving, it a Monday. We are falling behind, it takes one hour and one minute, to just get to the school, the half-day I like it, I am not complaining. It is faster to take a train than it is to sit in traffic, from my home to the school, so I do that, like most of the kids that live on my block and surrounding areas. My home is the Victorian semi next to the tracks, the occupant of the past still lives here, like her- Louise it is everything about this home is small like the bedrooms, baths and so on.

Half friends more not, they all are staring at me with that look of suggestive wonder in some of their eyes, of what's underneath the drock-ie look I am rocking, has been popped or not, I read their minds without knowing for sure, yet I have the idea.

I really want contacts, yet mornings like Mondays, and feeling as I do, all I want is oversized sweets, and to cray, it is a girl thing, on her week of hell. I like these glasses there ornate, and frameless and sharp liking, as I sit there reading a book called: 'If Only in My Mind!' is a dirty book, that I cannot put down, my girl- can believe the smut I am allowed to read at my age... she said she would have gotten whipped for the thoughts, of what I am reading, at 15.

'Your mom is okay with this?' My imaginary friend is just drilling over the text as I am. What sex like with a boy, she

asked me? I said I would not know, have not gone there... did you- nope, that why I do not rest, looking for what I never- ever had.

We had more in common than any live person I no-even done to getting popped. Boys have changed so much, I do not like them, she said to me, 'all butt holes, can I say that?' 'Ah-h yes!' 'See- see that's why- as I love you, you're so cute!!'

We did not see much of each other after the first year, she was with me she was just looking over my life, in me yet not known to me, and my everyday things- and stuff,' I did. Stuff?' 'Good English, she giggled.' Yah and coming for a girl that dropped out in the third grade to work farming, tending mom six kids, and working fields. All these girls, sleep together, bathed together, and worked hard, you 'all do nothing a give a crap about doing that, F- you! Um, yes!

'Why you here, then- why now-'

'I was the girl out- even then, like you.'

'You needed someone that would be the why 100 years or so-o is not much right.'

'As a girl who has grown- up in the 1900's- I had never lived by myself, like you what that like, well I now know, is sad and lonely, yet you do not have to do anything with your day just eat and poop, and homework and sleep,

God, that is nice.'

Girls do not poop! - you know that- she looked at me like I was on 10 pounds of weed. Never that much but I been there, mmm- vapers! I drink too, she said I was a bad girl for this... that girl in her day could have been disowned... for such, and that a girl were breeders and worthless, to a man.

'It's not as good as you think.'

'Friends,' she looked to at her feet.'

'I know- holding my hand- now sitting next to me when no one else would.'

'I get you-'

'You get me.'

'Times have not changed that much, have they.'

Part: 9

I evoked, waking that morning filled with apprehension before we met intuitively knowing that something terrible had happened. Tom was not in bed with me, and I felt relieved. I lay on my back, playing it over. I remembered crying and crying and telling them that I loved him, and then he had to die, he just had too, he just passed in his sleep, at fifteen, he was not angry, or mean or anything like all the other boys, he was all mine, telling me to go to bed.

'I love you,' he said to me, his name: Ever Haven.' just like his name the way he felt about me would be the same, I will see you in school, but he never- ever did, he passed that night the night that he said he was going to go all the way with me the next night; think how I feel, about that... Mom and dad did not want to listen to it any longer, saying move on, and find a new love that I am young, but no... I could not they think I snapped a little, and I did, for I have this so-called imaginary friend, that is with me always, never- ever leaving my side. So, I did as they said, found love in what they do not see, just like in the last one, the choice not to see why... why I loved him as I do with her.

Then again, in my hour of need, she happened to appears in my glowing brighter and brighter 'till I could see her full in my room going in and out of me, I got under the covers, asking for her to go away, then when she got in for the first time, I feel the worth of her, and never wanted her to go, or leave me, and it made sense what she was to me, a love, a ghost, a little girl like me in white. So-o I said: 'yes,' to her for she had the soul of my boy in her, and she knew him speaking to me through him through her to me.

I was so sure that it would only be for a couple of months, and she would be gone and or sick of me, six at the most and going strong I am dating a girl of all things, yet I feel him in her, and yet her too, it is like everything I have been looking for everything that was missing, and I did not know what else to do.

An overwhelming, idea I had, was to get him back for me, and she was cool with it, for she feels for me too, so am I having a 3-way with my head, and body too...? She said I would get lynched for saying that in my day, I really do not know whom I love more... she just as cools as he... She is a nice person, in a powerful sort-a-way. She makes you notice her likeability, in acute yes kind-a devilish way, yet there is not a thing evil about her- or so-o I feel, she needs me, and I need her.

She gets it... all of it... it is me and my suck butt life.

She giggled at that too. Her friendliness is temporary restraining order large, it is her defining quality, and she needs it acknowledged, hitherto that works for me too, I like that in a boy, so why not a girl that is exactly right. Like- often, daily, which can be tiring, yet not with her, they are no longer that way. But it is not so bad, I can think of worse traits in a girl and or lover.

Part: 10

No, it is not Louise, it is not even

Rockville that bothers me, most about my new situation (I still think of it as new, even if I have been stuck here like her all my life, although it has been two years, I had her she is all the keeps me here, and from going crazy, even if I am just that.) It is the loss of control I have. In Louise's old home now, my home, in a way I feel like a guest, in my own room, at the very outer limit of her welcome she feels that I am just a caretaker of what was ounces hers.

I feel it when I sit beside her on the sofa, she is there I feel the warmth and energy, the remote control firmly within her grasp it just floats in midair. I feel it in the kitchen, where we elbow for space when cooking our evening meals. I have lost control over everything, even the places in my head.

It is relaxed enough, but it is not a place you want to be, yet you can feel the eerie creepy feeling creeping around you as you sit in the rooms all the different energy making your mood and hair stand on end, so instead I linger in the living room or at the kitchen table, hostile at ease and immobilized, she is what make me move to feel and do, she has total control over me, and what I do, and even have the power to make mom and dad back off, to run me. The only space that feels like mine is my tiny bedroom, into which a double bed and a desk have been crammed, with barely enough space to walk between them.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 2017

Yeah, Trump has made his speech of how my dad will is in the next war, yet it is one that we need, I am sure. We all loved him, for we all wanted to see this land boom again... as it did in her time, and the movie reels in my mind of the past start like lost daydreams in her mind running through mine.

(BEFORE NOON)

I could wish for a storm and feel less energy in a bolt of lightning going through me than she gives to me, but the sky is a disrespectful blank, pale, water-logged azure blue. I wipe away the dribble on my top lip with my slave. I wish I had evoked to buy a bottle of water. The heat is building within me, she wants out, she wants to play, she wants to make miss-jiff and make me crazy to them. It is barely half-past seven and already the day is near, the air heavy with dampness.

I analyze the house, but there is nothing to see, that is out of place to them yet to me it like living in the 1900's the feel the look and the taste even is all the past, I just lost in it.

The curtains are open downstairs, but the French doors are closed, sunlight reflecting off the glass, I see her face looking in my eyes, it is not me I see it is her.

The sash window upstairs is closed, too, see it open as it was then, I know it has not worked in years, for it is cracked, and falling apart is just one of those things that come with having an old home.

Things got even weirder working. My dad is a doctor and was a call to war, so drafted, and after that my mom, was no longer than sitting in bars and having a random man, in her life, I was on my own, yet I was not I had her, to go crazy for and over.

Part: 11

Mindless, I know... I cannot see all the kids on the train like always, but my mind is a million miles away, this morning like it has been for the last two years, and my sense of disappointment is acute.

I think, for one of those overseas organizations. He is constantly on call, a bag packed on top of the wardrobe; there is an earthquake under my feet, as the grind of the train wheels starts healing but mine why?

I drop everything, and start running for my life, she grabs my bag and things, within matter seconds, my feet fly out and she saves my life, in her twisted game, yet I am living for it now. She, with her bold prints and her Converse trainers and her beauty, her attitude, works in the fashion industry. She is a good painter, too, with plenty of artistic flair.

I can see her now, in the spare room upstairs, music blaring, window open, a brush in her hand, but now she is just sitting there on her bed rocking and smiling, eyes stone like, with a creepy grin, in complete silence,

talking herself, and mom could care less, an enormous canvas leaning against the wall.

Lost in a world that is all her own, said some, of the kids at school, Otherwise and perhaps this is what she would have gotten' into the music business, or in advertising- she might be a stylist or a photographer if she would not have let the steam of life like this train run her down.

She will be there until midnight; Ophelia aka Gracie knows not to bother her when she is working, on her papers or reading in class, yet it is not like she even here, we were besties, yet over the last two years she is someone else, WHY? She questions in her mind.

I feel like I moved in after I left two years ago, left I mean in my body, I do not know when exactly, I became someone else. I suppose I started noticing them about a year ago, and gradually, as the months went past, they became

significant to me. I cannot really see her, of course, only when she wants me to.

I do not know their names anymore, all the faces looking at me that I have had now for years, either so I had to name them myself. Like Jason and Sarah, I sit the same as see I did in my room, with that stone like look showing in my eyes, and the creeping smile, lost in a 100 year of time, spending my mind, within her... lost in running down the dream of 100 years of her on-rest, they are happily lost in stupid, I lost in love with her, I can tell what is better, I just go with the feeling.

They are what I lost, they are everything I want to be, and nothing I care about any longer with her. My shirt, uncomfortably tight, shows me a believe-button, which she thinks is wrong, yet she loves it. The buttons straining across my chest open showing more than what was scandalous in the 50's nevertheless in the 1900s her time, yet in my mind it is okay, it is like we changed lives, and yet we fade the times, fading in and out, of her and my lives.

(It is now TWILIGHT)

Her ghostly feeling is making me sweet for her, I am pit-stained, damp patches clammy, yet I feel her beneath my arms, as I hold on to her like she there, and if feel her if she was. My eyes and throat itch, and hot. This evening I do not want the journey to stretch out; I long to get home, to undress and get into the shower with her, to be where no one can look at me, and make me feel like this with her when all we want is to be alone. she looks up suddenly and meets my eye; her glance travels over me, they are looking back all in the front of me, I am alone, yet not.

Non-look away...

There is something about the set of his mouth that suggests distaste, I have never gotten. Non-but her find me repulsive. She is nervous and it is pouring sweat out of me. Or just thinking deeply.

I see this one boy that reminds me of my boyfriend that passed looking at me in the first set, it is a flashback like, yet not him, or was it? I keep fading in and out... I look at the girl in the seat opposite mine, and yet it is him with her. Or is it just my crazy mind? He is about my age, I was younger, he was everything to me that made me this way now, I keep going I have too, with dark hair and dying body, I keep going, I have her. Swallowing skin, I see next to me like he and I, kissing-loving and it is sick to me now not having, him.

He is wearing the suit of the day I saw him laid out for the last time, in his coffin, eyes fastened shut tightly, but he has taken the jacket off and slung it on the seat next to him. I see his dad, he has a note paper- it is worn thin and cranked, open in front of him, of the first love note he and I shared that he gave to me. He is wearing a silver watch with a large face on his left wrist- it looks expensive yet is not that where trailer trash some said.

He is chewing the outside of his lip, and the skin is peeling off, and hanging slightly. I am not the girl I used to be, I have lost it, and have it all with her.

I am no longer desirable; I am off-putting in some way. It is not just that I have lost all my weight I down to 95 lbs., or so and my face is swollen from the drinking and the lack of sleep; it is as if people can see the damage written all over me, can see it in my face, the way I hold myself, the way I move, the way I act near them- even.

One-night last week, when I left my room to get myself a glass of water, I overheard Louise talking to her boyfriend, and

so I through was it a vision or was it real? I don't know any more
real realm to not, in the living room, I could see his looking at
me held out his hand asking me to come with him, like death
was calling; just to be together like in the past in a new life, it
was a sing, so I pick from the time on what I want; to run the life
I have without him, or I have the choice to be run down by the
train like her, as she did for her girlfriend that was forbidden,
and go with him and she becomes me... what is the destiny I
want?

I stood in the hallway and listened to this, and I heard
the plan. 'She's lonely,' Louise was saying to you. 'I really worry
about her. It does not help, her being alone all the time.' I am a
Demon she said, meant for evil 'to take not give, yet she is what
I longed for, I am not being funny, but I'm not sure I know how
desperate she is to the end, I can have it, so I thought, why not.'

Part: 12

(THURSDAY, 21, or something in the year 2016)

(MORNING)

I am picking at the adhesive bandage on my forefinger. I
see the add on the train car sipping cold coffee, It is damp
outside the window and not yet light, it got wet with due, on
the fogged windows also, his coffee mugs this morning is not
the one that has always had, this old looks old; he feels it with
his finger rimming the edge, and he looks at it with his clammy,
dirty, hands, after getting the heart working in our car that
seems to never, the car is old and never as clean as it should be.
'It's chipped' he whispered.

I don't want to take it off because the cut is deep, he
said, my other on fall on to the tracks and was flattened... by
the wheels, he said to the one girl that was the too eager to
have his full attention, Louise was out when I got home, before

me, she comes and goes fast as she pleases, so I went and I got a drank, the first one that I had all day, and funny it was old cold coffee, and then I thought I'd take advantage of the fact that she was out and cook myself a steak, for my mom was not going to anything but find some man to spread for, making drip red she said, ow-ah- I through, she like it that why not me, have it with a green salad, she shows how to do it, I see it as she did on her old stove, that was in the same place in my mind.

A good, healthy meal. I sliced through the top of my finger while chopping the onions. I must have gone to the bathroom to clean it up and gone to lie down for a while and just over and done all about it, for the reasons, that I woke up around ten, and I could hear Louise talking up in my room, and she was saying how disgusting it was that I would leave the kitchen like that, all upset, Louise came upstairs to see me, she knocked softly on my door and opened it a portion.

She cocked her head to one side and asked if I was OK-ay. And she sits with me, as I rock back and forth, I apologized without being sure what I made an apology for. She said it was all right, but would I mind cleaning up a bit? There was blood on the chopping board, the room smelled of raw meat, the steak was still sitting out on the countertop, turning grey. She did not even say hello to me that it would be my momma that is, hers just shook her head like she was discounted when she saw me and went upstairs to Louise's bedroom and mine and said F-n clean it and go to bed brat.

I cannot remember what I was watching, yet it was all sown like when my momma walked in, she thinks I crazy like them, but at some point, I must have felt lonely, or happy, or something, since I wanted to talk to someone, and it was her, and it looked as I was having a chat with myself, I so-o need her contact I must have been overwhelming to her for I was in so need, and there was no one other I would rather be with.

After they would she had gone to bed, I remembered that I had not drunk the coffee, so I opened a canteen. I sat on the sofa, downstairs, with my girl, and watched television, all old movies, that she thinks are new, with the sound turned down low so-o she would not hear it, she is playing with my phone and it would-a be like floating in mid-air... to-a yah.

There is no one I want to talk to except for her. The call log on my phone says I rang four times: at 11:01, 11:11, 11:53, 12:08. Judging from the length of the calls my mom has on there, she is not going to be home for a while. It is just she and I... He and all of them, a man may even have picked her up, by now I do not know or care, I do not remember talking to him or them or her at this point it is all a blur.

I am hearing the first message does not remember, some old man that a perv. leaving the first message asking for boom-boom; I just asked him to call me, in a text that was for my mom, yah me- rape. That may be what I said in both, which is not too bad. I see her, she has her feet up against the table, I kiss the top of her head, she is reading a book, something kids just do not do these days, and with her head forward, sunning herself in the light like also. Behind her, I think I can see a shadow, someone moving: the train shudders to a standstill at the red signal and I look up looking it down to make my choice for the day stay or go with him above the clouds.

She is sitting next to saying what it is going to be, drinking a cup of coffee, that just runs through her body and falls onto the stones below. She has him running through my mind too. I long to see him, to catch a glimpse of his handsome face, she is enticing I want him to come outside me all the time, yeah that too... yah did not have it, yet all the girls want too, some did, why not me, I stand behind her scared she living it as it running for me, shield by her, they can see me they see nothing until... the way she does this is for the thrill, while I was

a baby, and snap, I am home for the day, the French doors are flung open, light streaming into the kitchen. I cannot tell, I really cannot, whether I am seeing this or imagining it, over and over, or if she just F-n with me, is she there, or not, what up what is down; at the sink, washing up, I cry, and she giggles holding me?

Is there a little girl sitting in one of those bouncy baby chairs up there on the kitchen table? And it is a flashback to me as a baby as I am new to her... yet she l-o-o-v-e-s me! There is something about the way she is moving today that seems different; she is substantial, weighed down, why my feelings.

He does not come out, and her head falls forward. I will him to come out to her, but the train jolts and slogs forward and still there is no sign of him; she is alone. And now, without thinking, I find myself looking directly into my house, and I cannot look away.

It has been two days, and I have not seen or heard from my mother, is she dead? I would not know... I close my eyes and let the darkness grow and spread until it transforms from a feeling of sadness into something worse: a memory, a flashback, of when I was one comes over my mind back with, we played in a playpen together... amusing... I did not just ask her to call me back I ask her to come home, my momma that is. I remember now, I was crying. I told him that I still loved him, that I always would. Please, I said to her, please, I need to talk to you. I miss you. Come home she said- (No, no, no, no, no, no.) No...! grow up and take care of yourself, and stop being a baby, and get a real friend.

I must accept it, there is no point trying to push it away, I want her, and I need her so why not? I am going to feel terrible all day about all this... this all, it is going to come in waves, stronger then weaker than stronger again; never-ending, that twist in the pit of my stomach yet again, the suffering of shame,

the heat coming to my face, my eyes squeezing tight as through, I could make it all dissolve. I will be telling myself all day, that I need to move on with it all... all of it.

And it is not the worst thing ever to happen; It is not the worst thing, or is it? I have ever done the death thing what it like, no one come back to say, it is not as if I fell over in public as that girl, yet should I? Yet more days go by I want to become that girl! Yah- Point! The hallway outside the bedroom, I sit out for an hour and rock, giggling with her, and it creeps and black and the shadows on the wall for the trees in the moonlight window are dancing on the plaster walls, like the song in my head I am rocking 'Side to Side...'

-Ariana Grande- I think you should go to school the next day but- WHY does it not need you-you do not get anything out of it anyway, I do not anyways as most girls do, yet I am not that, either.

I once read a book by a former alcoholic, once, and I was done with it for-ever. Where a 10-year-old girl, described giving oral sex to two different girls, that were older than she, and a man give to both, and then her too, men he had just met in a restaurant on a busy street, he bought them. I read it and I thought, I am not that bad, I said what I wanted then, why did I have it. This is where I sat and pondered.

Part: 13

(SUNSET)

I have been thinking about her all day.

Then him...

Then her...

Then him...

Her...

Him...

Yes, yes, yes; No! Crazy! Oh my, I am unable to focus on anything, or anyone or anybody, all run at once, it is making me silly, but what I saw this morning with me not knowing what I want. What was it that made me think that something was wrong, well everything? I could not see her appearance and look on her face and her body action, at that distance, but I felt when I was looking at her that she was alone.

More than alone, lonely.

She misses him, yet that is why I am here, and she worries, although she knows he must go, I am the one to own her body and soul.

Of course, she misses him, yet I do not. He was kind and strong to her, everything a boy should have been for her, that is why I had to take him, in all ways. And they are a partnership that I had to have, for I have never. I can see it, and I wanted it, I wanted her, I know how they are. His strength, that security he radiates, does not mean she is weak. She is strong in other ways; she makes knowledgeable leaps that leave him astonished with respect.

She can cut to the nub of glitches, dissect, and analyses it in the time it takes other people to say good morning. At parties, he often holds her hand, even though they have been together for years. I am now what she needs, they respect each other, they do not put each other down as I had, and I see now.

A film of sweat covers every inch of my skin, the inside of my mouth prickles, my eyes itch, mascara rubbed into their corners, it runs down my face. I feel exhausted this evening, yet the time when by fast yet slow, why I do not remember... I am

sober yet feel stoned and stone-cold. But then again abstemiousness on the evening train is a challenge, to ride home, when was I at school today? ...Particularly now, in this heat, or cold I feel senseless and crazy over her. Some days, like- I feel so-o depraved that I must drink and smoke something just to get by it not agents the law now, for my age-

(Is it?)

Some days I feel so bad that I cannot.

My phone buzzes in my handbag, making me jump. Two girls sitting in the carriage look at me and then at each other, with a sly exchange of smiles. I do not know what they think of me, but I know it is not good. My heart is pounding in my chest as I reach for the phone. Today, alcohol turned my stomach. I look at the screen, on my phone and delete everyone that no-longer matters. It is Tom, Paul, Ryan, her and she and it too, if I could delete me, too I would, for the suck like world, I hesitate for just a second and then I answer an email, or where I was today, as a teacher, I said- rubbing off, I was not the that typed it, she was through me... (meant health day granted, he said. With a wink-ie- ;-) emoji!)

I know this will be nothing good come from this, either: it will be Louise making me feel, or whatever, asking me ever so nicely to give the alcohol a rest this evening, and try her instead? Or my mother would love this I said to her, telling me what to do, how to do, and where, all sex-ie and shit- she'll drop by the office for work and the girls when say's- 'like your girl has been doing nothing but rubbing out... 'um- like we can go for lunch, now that you got that off your chest,' she said, 'she's a lost hope...' one girl said that was blond with big boobs and blue eyes- 'sorry to hear that... the whisper with hands over their lips.' Believe me, my mom said that all she has going for her, whatever that means...

'Louie?'

For the first five years, I knew him, I was never in things like her, always him. Never her... or girl... just him, and him alone. I cannot swallow it, I said to her! 'Please, she asked, you cannot call me like this all the time, I hear from you, and you do not need a phone. I want to say to him, come outside, and play with me as I used to, go, and stand on the lawn and see me do a cartwheel or something like that. Let me see you, do that... we played all types of games even doctors.

Now it is all here for that too, yet it looks sad for no one to see her doing this crap it is all me, here or so it looks to them, and she, and her and him too, alike.

Um- sometimes, because he knew I hated it and it made him laugh to watch me roll 'round, and fall and movie about the lawed and play, even on the trampoline, it was him and I, nothing more nothing less, it was the best of time, now it is the worst of times, (or is it?) Um- ah- err- how would I know... oh- his voice is sluggish; he sounds worn out, and now he is kissing me, at age 10. 'Listen, you two enough,' my mom said, I recall, you must-

'Stop this, OK-ay?'

I do not say anything, but give the look of death back to her- um ah with- like- wondering eyes... with irritation, we giggled... Like- because I could not help but join in when he was laughing, saying I glad my hand was not down your undies. No, but she was showing some- you know- that t-h-e bang hole, was all up in his face laying on the tramp... it was oral... just to say it... what... like you have not... I was giving hand jobs at 12 like those girls too, sorry... true! If not, your life is over! He LOVE's me and loves me for it, it is for love! We were in love! La- la- LOVE- LOVE, LOVE! Damn it!

'I will not lie to you, it will hurt when he is first putting his fingers inside you, but once things get going it will feel good. Just make sure that he uses the lube, it will make things a lot easier and more comfortable for you.'

'What was it like for him- licking it up, Um- it feels warm. Ha- ha this is weird to explain but the pain is minor unlike actual intercourse, it is much more pleasing. It is easy to relax, you will feel like heaven. It is just amazingly comfortable, pleasing, and wet- ha- ha if you want the truth. It is an effective way to connect with your boyfriend.'

'As for the shirt/bra thing I mean it is much more comfortable to have it off, brings together the whole experience. So-o I would say yes, but who knows what he will be expecting. It is a wonderful time you will not forget so do not worry too much about it and enjoy!'

'I personally love it when my boyfriend did it, especially when he kisses his way down my body and takes his time to the point where I'm begging for more, yes you should shave it's not pleasant to get pubic hair in your face, and as for taste just make sure to take a shower and scrub everywhere.'

It is not like- like I have not had sex, un- I let Arana a-dome with a strap- on her on top she said all bushed a sweet and pink in the face. We had a moment there... I remember the day because it was- like- um- Friday the day that, I go without a t-shirt or bra under my boy's hoodie, that I keep and never washed, and go underwear-less, to school to feel sexy, and commutable, to dress down.

Oh my god- it fee-eels so-0 good on these nips.

And in my mind, I am with him, feeling the warmth and love, he gave me like this hoodie.

Part: 14

I look over and see her... her... it...

Haven...

She is now on the OJ to have boobs and have a sweet voice... and she is getting that walked- off too, this week... yet it was meant to go with me, around this week... see... see... see... why I am now losing it. He- now she is my love is now she... nice right...?

Now I get to make the choices... to life or dye or have him back as he was... all I must do is pick... and she held the story out for me... if I sing on the line and give her my soul... I can have what I want. Yet do I want him anymore; I am not sure... I have her.

What gets me the most is that he really did not pass away, you see, he became a girl that I see in class every day, a girl that- I was not into, I mean you fall for a boy right, well that what I through until her, yet it is like a death to me, and it worked on my mind. This is God saying do not judge, a book by a cover, in dating a girl. Yet, I do not want the girl with a D-I-C-K I am sorry or the make-shift puss- puss.

Do you expect me to still love him/her for doing this to me?

And there she is saying in my day they would shoot you in the head for is the metal brake down of stupid, -freak! And I know this is not nice, but it is like asking a white girl in western Pa to love a black! She said...

She gets me as he did... is that cool with you God for this...? I know but- why?

Hum- yet I am living with sinful judgments...

So, I found her to make all wrongs right. He grows his hair out, and started stuffing, and start going to school in dresses looking cuter than me, it was just not right, so I ended it, he went from having it all to having what he wanted, and I that what matters, what is awesome about that is that she, Haven is dating a girl, that is normal, so unlike me, and the most popular.

I miss him... and I do not want to live without HIM!

My mom was done with me over this... and his and them too, I did not do anything other than say... (I cannot.)

And she goes on with life in the same school as- nothing happened, other than having a puss now... and I am the odd one out? She popular plays on the girl's baseball team and has more girlfriends, then I can count on my hands and toes...

WHAT_The_F! She is on the girl swimming team... and is even allowed in the girl locker room with me, and all of them... and they are all okay with it... for she is a – sweet little shy sweet freaking- Girl NOW! That getting more dick than I this week- yah!

I will never have him back, alive...

Through- As she could never have a baby... or make mine... now... wow...

Balls in agar anyone...? Next will be sitting in the heart of the big man upstairs... too...

Like- even I am not the F-ed up!

Part: 15

'Haven, it's me he said to become the- she, she was all there but that there.' The train is slowing, and she is sitting with me holding my hand, I was still in love with me and me- her, yet

it was not working, for me, in the looks, yet I tried, I really did... and we are opposite the house, my old house. You must sort yourself out, I said... we need a break...'

And that was the end...

There is a lump in my throat as hard as a pebble, smooth and obstinate. I cannot speak. 'Haven? Are you there? I know things are not good with you, and I am sorry for you, I really am, but... I cannot help you if you can find out what you want... and these constant calls, showing me, your changes... is just making me feel bad, you are really upsetting me. OK-ay? I cannot help you anymore, and be OK-ay with this... Go to AA or something, for tran-z-ie's. Um- please, say. You will go to those meetings after school with me, and she got up and sat with her the hot girl, and it was love for them.' I pull the filthy plaster off the end of my finger and look at the pale, wrinkled flesh beneath, dried blood caked at the edge of my fingernail. I press the thumbnail of my right hand into the center of the cut and feel it open, the pain sharp and hot. I catch my breath. Blood starts to ooze from the wound. The girls on the other side of the carriage are watching me, their faces blank.

Part: 16

Haven-

One year earlier-

WEDNESDAY, December 14, 2015

(MORNING)

I can hear the train coming; I know its rhythm by heart. It picks up speed as it accelerates out of Rockville station and then, after rattling around the bend, it starts to slow down, before all ass for the viaduct from a rattle to a rumble, and then sometimes a screech of brakes as it stops at the signal a couple

of hundred yards from the house, and the race is on. My coffee is cold on the table, and I am thinking about it like always, he becomes her, but I am too scrumptiously warm and lazy to bother getting up to make myself another cup, lost in the thoughts of falling for her and she is not really- real.

Sometimes, I do not even watch the trains go past the home when I stay home that used to be a joy to him and I sit out on the roof, I just listen. Sitting here in the morning, eyes closed and the hot sun orange on the inside of my eyelids shows the shape of outlines, my eyes fly open fast, and it is her, I could be anywhere, other than her, I said, now in class, and- I- I- um- do not remember getting here... when... ah... how...ah...? And the through just drops from my mind, like I flopped onto my bed, and passed out, last night.

I could be in at Myrtle beach like I used to with him... um- yes, and that through drops to before fully thinking it; I could be in Italy or France, or somewhere other than this pit of hellish land, that looks like Pittsburgh in the 1900s, (in some ways things have not changed, I thought.) ...All fogged and smuggled, and dim lighted, and graying and slipping away, like my life itself, with the smell of coal smoke in the air, all those pretty colored houses, now gray and dull and gloom- and the trains, grit, is grounded, into everything, ferrying the visitors back and forth, say what it once was and what it is not, it is what is not- they say now, I could be back where I came from, I would tell you if I could remember it... so saying that is not worth remembering, is it... with the screech of gulls in my ears and salt on my tongue, about to spit it out, and she said it's all good, I know, and a ghost train passing on the rusted track half a mile away, fly's by me, as I stand next to the tracks my hair blowing with the whoosh of air it makes, thinking- if... The train is not stopping today, I said standing there think if- or if not; it trundles slowly- and then so fast, I could not think, as I grin at

with no through in my head or behind my brown eyes, it is thrilling to just lose it. I can hear the wheels clacking over the points, can almost feel it rocking, me more than I am rocking myself. (Say it creepy.) Ha- ha- ha- ha he-o I cannot see the faces of the passengers like I should be in there, my mind is split and I am, and she does this... to me... and I know they are just commuters heading to the other side... to sit behind desks, but I can dream, here and there about him and I, and even her too, where it all makes sense: of more exotic journeys, to have then what is real, of fantasies at the end of the line and beyond.

In my head, I keep traveling back to before he got his dick cut off; it is odd that I still think of it, not dangling there for me to suck, or think of in the halls when I look do there at him, you know all girls do that, I remember when I through all-boys what around with boner's in shorts all the time, and a girl had to- um- ah- well- had to take care of it... oh, my... (eye roll,) I was cute he said. on mornings like this, with such affection, such longing, but I do. The wind in the grass, the big slate sky over the dunes, the house infested with mice and falling, full of candles and dirt and music. It is like a dream to me now. I feel my heart beating just a little too fast, think about the sex, I never had with him, like I am 14 and still... original- um- closed ah- righty- tight-y, mmm- hymen face-ed!

V-i-r-g-i-n!!!

What is funny is he lost his 2 times to mine... with dick and without...! And then with...? Go figure!

I can hear his ah- ah- I mean- her footfall on the stairs, she calls my name.

The spell is broken, of the love I have for him, I am awake, by the through and look of him... I men here, she flawless... through, and cuter than me. Should I...

Evening, right in place with her, looking as hot as- the tom boyish Ariana Grande before the nose job. singing like her too in chores also- what the- F! And he, she, is all over her, that girl, that they all want to be, the other one... me I look like Megan Park, you the smile, and crazy christen yah, you got it. It sucks she is the top girl in school like hotter than- Grande, it sucks for only me... and they think hey it is okay.

I do not have much done today. I was supposed to sort out my application out for a job, as a saver at dinner, yet- no... so, this home is losing power soon if my mom does not get her crap together. It has been 3 weeks- where is she...? I know... she does not care, like all us kids today we raised ourselves.

I am cool from the breeze, blowing in the cracked window, and warm from the two fingers fingering I just got done with, and for the yummy- vodka in my martini, that makes me feel even more like a bad girl. All this like- um- before seven a.m.

I am out on the trance, waiting for a girl, Cassandra, to come home, with her on the same line as- me. And she is freaking consumed in sucking face with Scott, and a Bi girl Lakyn, yet anymore they are all for that... the world has gone a little mad, in calibrating the morons!

What do I say to my kid when she wants to marry a girl and she a girl, 'hell that's' a- simply fine and dan-die?' Crazy, boys acting like a girl- girls now are boys, what... is wrong with this world?

Sex, sex, and more sex, that is all we think about for that all we really know with now school and the give up attitude, from the educator. I am going to persuade her to take me out to dinner, this week so I do not look like a freak to call them, she okay, a friend yet she all I really need, something Italian IDK- I do not know. Um- like- 'We haven't been out for

bloody finger masturbating on your period- ages,' I- we- need this her Ex is sucking cl-it on some other b*tch too, other than her, so-o yah-a we have a lot to talk about... NOT! Whatever... This girl to me looks like, boys go through us girls like boxers, we know yet we keep coming for them... he, he, get it?

She looks at me, I look at her... snorting noodles up my nose... we walk home... end of the story. Yah-te- yah-ta-ie... I could still hear her saying come home to me, and things she said she was going to do to was nasty, she has gotten with the times why cannot my mom..., food for through...! It went right through me, like a steel train wheel through my softening head to life, her voice shrill and desperate, hot, and suggestive. 'What are you doing, with her? What are you doing with her? Give her to me, give her to me. She is not spitting out her food, and my girl is in a catfight only I can see, yet she asks' -why...?'

She is cocking the F-er... It seemed to go on and on, though it only lasted a few seconds until I said stop... I love you..., and they all looked at me..., like- like- I was a sick gay dipshit... yet everyone embarrasses that, now, don't they? ..., why is it freaked up when it is me? She through it was for her too... nope it is for the imagined girl, in my head, I said. Yah- see the rainbow... on Facebook, with photos of them doing the movement, yet not feel it when you see it- wha-o, in real life.

I got home, I ran upstairs and climbed out onto the verandah, where we used too, and I could see, through the trees, and the sunset, like we used too, and overall the switch tracks, as we used too, crying, I rock, with her hand on my back, they both were, at the same place at the same time, at various times... years apart, yet all the same, in the here and now, and they need how each other felt, that why 100 years do not matter with two girls that get it...

My days feel empty now I do not have the gallery to go to any length, I wiped it all out, like my friend's list I had, like- 888 on there I did to 10.

I really miss it, yet not, then yes, then no, then why, and then, I get it, and it is fine, it must be, and then, not... aw- ha!

I miss talking to them- I really miss it, yet not, then yes, then no, then why, and then, I get it, and it is fine, it must be, and then, not... aw- ha!

I even miss dealing with all those tedious-ie delicious mummies of whom and who used to quickly visit in tagged photos- I really miss it, yet not, then yes, then no, then why, and then, I get it, and it is fine, it must be, and then, not... aw- ha!

Telling their friends- my day and boys and thing- I really miss it, yet not, then yes, then no, then why, and then, I get it, and it is fine, it must be, and then, not... aw- ha!

Starbucks in hand, pictures, that are only now in print on my dresser, and I take them down for a shoebox, that little girl is no longer that girl, middle school, I said, I do not need this, and the trash is where they went, in all formats in life and make-believe land online, I will not be sorry I said.

He and I are now forever ripped apart like the pictures, never to be again.

I have her, these are the memories that need to last... forever..., not these...! This just shows my mind, doesn't it?

Love forever, and never-ever is for SHIT! So, you- know, like all it takes is one dick, and it is over.

They have been getting, down on me, about him hacking, picking, and prying, about the sex and love and the detail of how he got this THING-IE chopped off, and made to be

this and that, moved about, that I have no, privacy, from thinking I made him this way, or that I should embrace the gay or should have tried praying it away the gay they say. I am trapped, by them, what they say and do not, what they think and do not, and trapped by her love, and not his...!

Part: 17

I thought about calling the police, on her, yet they do not care there is always an AND-OR in what they do, making their own laws, but it all seemed to calm down when they say we can give you to foster or take you away... I was living with him in his bed, and we slept together, without seeping together, yet in school, he said he handed me, in and by the ass hole... yep- all us girls have been there.

Really weird, God knows God well get them, I do not know that but my Grandma used to say that, before she cooked, what was going on, she said was SIN-full, yet I did not see, it until her, and after him, losing his dink-ie, and gumdrops, but it is the most exciting, in my life, I am sure of that, I have had in 6 weeks (about 1 and a half months) now with ME MYSELF and me.

Yah- um- so-o... Unlike all the sluts I go to school with I do have more hobbies then masturbating, and sucking dong, and riding it. I love photography, and the vintage, cameras with the bellows I am some artists, a lot of them would say no, but to me, I feel drawn by hand is what is about, not taking six photos of some else copyright shit and making it your own, by chop this and add that, by magic lassoing tools, in Photoshop and so on. Books- ha, I have some, but like most my age we get to page 30 and stop for we can read it without getting bored, or so frustrated, of having lack of schooling in reading that we slam it shut, and throw the e-reader, or hardback book across, the room. And like how can afford a e-reader, some working a year

at the dinner I have made \$300 and that is with tips and that is a 5 'till 9- 3 days a week, I am going in the hole, not making money I am losing it, why to work, I can make for sitting on my ass, rubbing off, like all the other girls my age... sad but true... and yes he is even doing that, for there is a Trans cam sight, and that how he met her, see her rubbing herself..., on Facebook, mmm- sexy- no? Just what I want to see spread Sp-ed girls jizzing..., wow; even she said I love this world today like she loves the undies of today too, she said look at how we dressed, and then you... I love your bloomers she said, and I giggled for an hour.

Sometimes, I want to see, if I can track down anybody from the old days, to hang with and then she all I need, but then I think nah- I am good, what would I talk to them about now anyway, it has been so long, and I lost touch with what cool and in... They would not even recognize this girl anymore; the happy go, lucky girl I used to be, she not me, there are to the side to Sarah, or so they say.

In any case, I cannot risk looking her over them she is varying defensive, and I going back they say; even in my schooling they say, but not what I say, it is always a bad idea anyway, they say. You know what I do not care what they say, I will wait until the winter is over, then I will look for work, as you can see, I have more money at work then, not, so why... I do not have a car like them, I do not have it, yet they are happy with on that runs, me too, yet you cannot get a car for 300 dollars, can you? And if you question why, you are dumb, I CAN READ, OR DO SIMPLE MATH, OR GET OUT OF THE TOWN, just like they- were all so dumb where happy, and they do not see, I do for I have her to show me the way...

The way...

The way of the past...

The way to see how F-ed we are... as a generation, the boomers took this from us, and we have to suck there but now, and they don't want us to work, that want it all for themselves, all the jobs, that why we are so-o dumb, it seems like a shame to waste these long winter days, working at my age, to work you have to be 16 me I am 15 and ½ they said that's fine, yet with all the girls, trying for my job, they get I don't, I'll find something, here or elsewhere, I know I will, yet college forget it... it's over for me, I might as while facing it. My mom is 35 and whirring around, and that it... my dad makes alimony payments, that is all I must live on, in this home by myself, you feel in the blanks... I on my own... like you too.

She pops in every 4 weeks or so, and it is back, for her looking for what she has not found, and never well... that is her type... in all.

Part: 18

TUESDAY, November 14, 2015

(A.M. sunlight)

I find myself standing in front of my clothing that just throw-ed and tossed and tasseled, around, in the hole I call a closet, staring for the hundredth time at a rack of pretty clothes, the perfect attire for the day, something that would get me arrested I said in my head, and she yes please, something that going to make me beg for it, later...

Nothing-

I say clean or that it all looks 'live-in babysitter to me.'

I get the knife and make it look cool, God, even the word makes me want to gag, seeing all the kiddie thinks I have, with cute all over them, I put on my hole-ie jeans, with nothing under them and a T-shirt, also nothing under it, scrape my hair

back like they do. I do not even bother putting on any makeup, the boys are not looking at my face anyway, there is no point, a little I said, is there, prettying myself up to spend all day with a baby?

Oh, did I not say, yes, a little baby girl, that I look over, that's my dad's, see look who razing whom, it is his kid. And the girl, he is with is my age, yet I call her stepmom, and she 17.

Yet in these parts, all there is making the taller rock, back and forth. You should see this trailer park, window's boarded up with play, all them trashed on the inside and out and shooting up being the thing along with pot, and oh -so ratchet, I look at my dad and her, he 50 and a little to crunk-drunk when he gets home, for my liking and him and her and my sister with some old man that lives next door, are in the living room of my trailer doing the nasty sucking and dropping on top and sideways and all in-between, my dad gets a hold of me, and rips everything off me, it was not long before I was in it too on top of him saying dad f- me, I had no choices, I have nowhere to go on the weekends, I been there all my life, dad has used me, in the night, like all the girls in the trailer park... yet, it's something we don't say yet we all do and know, I am not saying it not the norm here... it is when sex is all you have to do. I do not want to be trailer trash, so I went with my mom... or his pussy hole in the night, that he said is too tight, I remember the first time, I was 13, he was my first, not my boy, yet it did not count, I kissed my dad and his boys like there were lovers... I not going to say it wrong, when it felt right at the time, fit it was something to do, yet high, and laid, it is something to do, in the land where there is nothing.

(Father's love)

Report Abuse, yes right there more AND or OR with that to... and I am the one that gets the hate... ...?...

I am only 16, incredibly young and I have grown up without a father, however, I have read that it is quite common for girls to have crushes on their fathers. I know, sounds creepy and gross but it is the male figure in the house, the one who looks after you and shows you love.

But sex is simply crazy, it is about the upbringing... many children are brought up in a crazy life... it is the certain love between and daughter and father that can make it is something more. Many are not born with those instincts as I said, it is the upbringing, if they are taught that it is a normal thing to think of their parents in a unique way then they will not know any better.

Our society is used to the idea, of this... that we will only marry outside the family, yah but hooking up is just hooking up, but things were not always that way on that day, yes, yes, there where, she said so.

There were times when it was common to marry your sibling, and although I have not heard of daughters marrying fathers or mothers and sons, I would not be surprised if some twisted person did it.

Yes, when I was 14 on a weekend, I was just there on the sofa in my undies. He started feeling me up, and it leads to more, it was consensual always in that we were both curious about seeing each other nude as in my bra and panties, I was virtually naked and dad admitted that was turned on, why he had an erection in his boxers, with the next thing asked, and he said found out, and I did, and I sucked it, as all those girls do, and I do not feel bad about it. One thing led to another eventually with both of us naked and feeling and touching each other and me having multiple orgasms. I told dad I was ready to feel his penis in me and we made love that evening, all night looking over them, my sisters was 13, and she was with the guy

next door, and my dad too, and many other times continuing making love with each other at home, happen. That guy next to use got jail time... for my sis, said it was rape, yet come on, we all know... and now she the one that is detected for a man using her, at 13, and my dad... go figure.

Now find a boy, that's where I'm-a at... that understands that one... some do not care, and if they do not, they are not the right boy, I feel ougie... about who I am and what I did. So, I am alone, he was the only one that got it...

Its Monday, and I home from school, I never even showed it all of me yet, no wonder they think what they do, yet they are no time for the wicked, I flounce downstairs and cry in the showroom her holding me, it is in my mind, I know, half indulging for a fight, with God, yet why... he lets it goes on... why?

I ask making coffee in the kitchen with a girl I called my last hope, my sister, the shy innocent sheepish girl, that would not hurt a fly, yet want it in, and over the fact she tailors' trash cannot, on with want she aloud rise about that... with the groups she in, with-in school. She turns to me with a grin, saying well, I going to have a baby, and my mood lifts instantly, to who, I think its dads, she said, I rearrange my pout to a smile and say wow, she hands me her coffee, half done, and kisses me on the lips like lovers, and wakes out the door, and I like this is normal to me... what? (Am- I- brainwashed or is this all I know... both, to me this is life.)

There is no sense blaming him for this, it was my idea or hers, it just happens. Simpleminded, trailer trash, is what she and I are, and there is no way around that, it is what you are born to that get you here or there. I volunteered to do it, to become a child that wants her boom -boom, from the people down the road too.

At the time, I thought it might be fun, to have fun, and sex they said was fun, and it is...

Completely insane, really, I must have been made, I would do you even, bored, mad, curious, it just sex in a small town, where that all we have, I wanted to see, what you think of me now, I do not care what you did, why should you with me.

She encouraged me- he was over the moon, about it is my dad, saying well just say, yes it happened, when I suggested it, saying it was someone else's, I said that is not going to work, she looks up said, that why he did what he did, I get him back, he knocked me up and will say that why he had the sex change, to get out of it. Dad, he thinks spending time around babies will make me moody, so he said, I should be looking for new home, yet come around for the weekend or he will kill me, in fact, it is doing exactly the opposite; of what I want, when I leave there I run home to my mom's home, cannot wait to strip my clothes off and get into the shower and wash the baby smell off me. I do not know what to do... anymore... I have nowhere to go. Yet this is law and visitation rights... no? And the love I get is killing me...

Part: 19

I quit!

My job, I want to quit life... it what I said...

I long for my days, I had, thinking back on all the galleries that are no longer prettied up, hair done well, talking to adults, about my high hope for the future... ALL FOR SHIT, ALL! ...About art or films AND WHAT TO BECOME A DRAFTER.

Nothing at all would be a step up from my conversations with, God, I know she is thinking I am dull, for this too, yet she gets it! Odd for her age you would think she would

be the believer, you get the feeling that she had something to say for herself once upon a time, but now everything is about the child, now and how it is not mine, it was really his: Is she warm enough, to them through, that I want to kill him, Is she too warm? Funny how God works... he will get you for your shit...

How much milk did she take, I see a girl there with the baby sucking, she is my age, that would be my stepmother? And she is always there, so most of the time, I feel like a spare part, of mine, will be used... her- too, at some point someday... I was sure, yah not, my job is to watch the child while and rests at my dad's, to give her a break. A break from what, exactly. She is bizarrely nervous, too. I am constantly aware of her, hovering, twitching. She flinches every time a train passes, jumps when the phone rings, it is him/her asking, why...? ..., and how, 'They are just so fragile, aren't they, he- she is?' she says, and I cannot disagree with that, we can have found out.

I leave the house and walk, leaden-legged, the fifty yards along Apple Road to their house, if you can call them that, no skip in my step, like there used to be, Today, she does not open the door, for me, you are how it usually flies open from me. It is him, in my mind, then her, and then baby drama.

The thoughts of him and looking handsome in his suit, for the dance, my sophomore year, and even now I find her cute, yet she does not want me, he is smaller, to me now even, I wonder if there is a drug for that too, and his eyes are a little too close together, and the nose, is feminine now, eyebrows plucked, brownish - blonde colored hair, and eyeshadow. When you see him up close, it is still him, I still in- love, yet he is not with me, that way, I snapped a little, but he is not bad, with me or about it, I want him back, yet he is with her. Hitherto, there is so much that has changed, yet it has stayed the same.

He flashes me his wide, smile at me that never change, yet the lips are all shiny and wet looking now, yet he, is him yet now- her, yet I want him and have her, and then he is gone, and it is them I see standing happily, should I let it goes- if they are happy, and it is just me and her and the baby, and that going to be life. I can see it happening.

Up till now, do I want him- I mean him back, like her.

Thus far, would she want me, and why should I take her back?

What would be the right thing to do when it is all wrong?

Could I love her for her, that what is getting me, I do and then not... what do...

(What would you do?)

Part: 20

It a THURSDAY, 19, of some month 2017-

(EVENING)

I feel so much better, now that I kissed her and said I still love her, as if anything is possible, with us again. I am free, in my mind, and she is pissed, yet I am happy, and she is not! I am sitting on the terrace, with my old love, think about all that was before... all, waiting for the rain; the sky is black above me, swallows looping and diving, the air thick with moisture. Besides like all the water washes are faces and we are both wet with, the rain, a cool photo idea in black and white, a photography moment, of course, I ran for the vintage camera, holding embrace we take the selfie, and there are no recent photos on my dresser, the same yet not, yet should I care... I could learn how to fall all over, I thought. She- Louise is not happy with

me... I get it, she feels un-need at this point. You look in the frame and you see her too, all three of us that get it... moment forever... we held hand for those moments and in those moments, I feel the love we had, so long ago.

So, I asked would you, go with me... and she said yes, I looked over the facts of this and that, and that he would never F- me, with his own dick, yet she is the mind I really love and love, and she was there to help me see, that love is not on the outside, is it? I have been making plans, about how this could work, yet it may be gross to say, yet you get it... love is love right, yet I need him to dump her for me...

Will he do that?

The next day, he made that happen for me...

And we picked up where we left off...

I remembered, I had a teacher at school who told me once that I was a lover of self-reinvention, that I would have to find my way, and see what I have and have not had, I get that now, I did not know what he was on about at the time, I thought he was putting me on, but I have since come to like the idea. Runaway, lover, finds the past and see what could give the present of the future, so who do I want to be tomorrow, and that would be a lover to both girls, for being girl... and not caring about others think?

I did not really mean to quit; letting others choices my life for me, the words just came out, saying I want to be with you always, we were sitting there, in her old room, sitting like in the window, with the baby on her lap, that is my sisters, and could not be happy-er in our Fed up lives, it not going to work for some of you, but it works for us.

The girl he was dating found someone else the same day, it was high school, it was a fast rebound. So, was it love? No do we have that; I think so... Worse than that, I felt uncomfortable, as if I were intruding,

when they were together, so I left him/ her go... and with her, it all worked, and to think I was going to end it.

'I've found another job,' I said, without really thinking about it. 'So, I'm not going to be able to do this any longer.' She gave me a look, I don't think she believed me, when I said, you can rest in peace now, you have found your love, and seen what it was like, she just said, 'Oh, that's a shame,' and I could tell she didn't mean it and was happy to go her own way, she looked relieved, that I did not go for the evil pain, she didn't even ask me what the job was, which was a relief, because- I hadn't through up a convincing lie, and that is being a Ghost-hunter and someone that talks to the spirit world.

(Yes, I have a gift of seeing and talking to dead kids.) I do this after school, I do not make much, but it is something, hey I young. And as far as going to college, I not sure I need that either, around here.

The only person who will really be disappointed was my sister about everything, so I must think of something to tell him, I even said I want the baby like it was mine and his, that will put an end to it, all the drama I hear in school about this creepy freaking family we have, it is my junior year, soon I be out or old enough to get out, by singing out, she already did for the baby, girl, we named after the dyed girl that was my imaginary friend that got it, in my time of pain.

Part: 21

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 2017-

(MORNING)

I have not slept in days. I hate this, hate insomnia more than anything, just lying there, brain going around, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick. I itch all over, I want to shave my head. It is just after 7:02, it is chilly out here, but then again, it is so-o lovely like this, all these strips of garden side by side, jade and cold and waiting for fingers of sunshine to creep up from the tracks and make them all come alive. I have been up for hours; I cannot sleep.

I have missed him every day. More than anyone, that is so-o, and I am happy to say I do not have to do that any longer. He was the big hole in my life, in the middle of my soul, yet she failed, or he was just the beginning of it, becoming right. I do not know... I do not even know whether all this is about him, or whether it is about everything or even her, that happened, whom do I blame, or should I?

Everything that has happened since most of happened for an impermeable reason. All I know is, one minute I am ticking along fine, and life is sweet, and I want for nothing, and the next I cannot wait to get away, I am all over the place, slipping and sliding again.

So, I am going to see a therapist, I am sure of this! This could be weird, but it could be a laugh, too, I am sure of that also, for she is going to be sitting with me just as amused.

He does not know half of it, and I am OK-ay, with that now too, love is more than feeling loved, like that kind of love. This is not the same thing, of course, yet nothing in my life was the same as them...

I am a bit nervous, saying all this to you in this interview. but I have not been able to get to sleep lately, and I had to get my story out there, so others see my case, and

somewhere to go, so yes; I invented the AA for transie's, I told him I find it difficult enough talking to people, about nothing regardless, this dog crap, well, it may not be that yet its, a- lot stuff, I know about this stuff, I can barely even talk to him about it, and now I have a room full of them, and I love them for them, and so should you 'all.

He said that is the point, you can say anything to strangers, and make them feel, just ask it in a way that is not prying, or makes them feel Uncomfortable, like that girl Megan, over there, that is being a dick, to the boys- girl that have them. Why should it matter what in your shorts... and she gives an hour-long speech about- why, before thrown out... then a boy named, Ed got up and gave his story of how he became a girl, not by choices, when they had to cut his nuts off, it was cancer, they said, he lost his dick too,

vary said, yet we all just blinked, for her, looks like a she.

Yet he not dealing well, about have a girlfriend, that not in- love with him now, but that is not completely true, they said it was endlessly- permanently and never going to end, love they had that was so cute-ie woo-ie that it makes one gag, like it harries balls, you must suck.

You cannot just say anything, in this room, well sitting by the cross a-crossed, the Frenching 17-year-old nun, and the 50-year-old greasy ass-ed prick, with the caller, that had five boys, and knocked her up, and is bang her, regardless of GOD's Holy F*ck, yet talks shit about the trailer trash, that I am in church, ha- go figure. That why I here to help sinners, ...Yet this is where they say I should have this... where they understand, that children, like us are going to hell, for not picking the life that God gives us. I loved that one coming out of my love's mouth... they did not even know what to say...! I know she-

loves me so much; it makes me ache. I do not know how she does it. I would drive me mad if I had to put up with me... I said that, and then through.

But I had to do something, and at least this feels right for me to do. All those plans I had-photography courses and art classes when it comes down to it, they feel a bit pointless, now that I am doing this for a job, yet live is wired like that like I am playing at real-life instead of living it like they why I was with her in my mind. Crazy, yet to some, it makes complete senses. I had to find something that I must do in my life, something undeniable. I cannot do this, I cannot just be this... whatever this is, I must document it, I am the first..., I do not understand how anyone does it, like living with sickness, and yes, it is, yet I get it now, there is nothing to do but wait, and see what happens, wait for someone to love you for you.

Part: 22

(EVENING)

I got up today, after a quick cat nap, and saw that another officer had been shot in the face, that now five this week, cool, and no one is stopping it, why should they, it is the people taking back the law, and getting their free rights back. I could give a shit, and I snap it off...

I have been kept waiting, for the train, to start my day is now my last year of school, I am living with her in my home, like renting the apartment, our room off my mother- yes, I must pay to live in my own home, or I am out, and she too, a \$1,000 a month with all, and I behind. I must pay for my phone, \$600 and to have what they do, I have taxes to pay into, I must put \$50 or so gas in my car a week, and that I will not pay off until I am 80, and it is a 1990 corolla, that all colors. Or it back to my dad's, and her mom kicked her out at 16, they need the room for the other huger mouth that they have, they said to her, so she is

with me, she was living with her old girlfriend, yet now that we are back together, we are trying to make it. \$500 me \$500 her... And I only make \$300 a year, doing this job, and that is more than them, go to college, add is not paying and my mom is not either, or she makes too much to get it anyway.

I cannot even afford new undies, eating out every day, is \$60 for she and I. and if you do not eat out, around her there is nothing to do, so its sex, eating out, and well eating out.

Half an hour ago, I was wondering if... I going to make it in life, and I am still here, even if they do not want me to be, you get what I am saying. Sitting in the reception room flicking through 3 shows that all I can have, thinking about getting up and walking out, down at the gym, and that is not free either, \$25 for them to look at your face going in the door, I know doctors' appointments run over, all this too, and I do not have coverage for that, but therapists is what I need they say...? I even pay to take a shit, and for me bag shit and taking out, I pay for water, I mean really water... more bills then texted, and they all want to see me and her fall on our ass's... that's life in a small town. The next move is in someone doghouse, I feel it coming, heating for this home is \$900 a month in December.

Films have always led, me a happy feeling, that would be cool if I could keep the power on, halfway through the mount its cut, and there is a fee for that to get that back on, and I have paid mom for it, yet tell them that at the power company... they do not want to hear it, she spent that on drugs, and free sex, and working at bars here and there. And you must have insurance for everything also... more money I do not have, yet I am grown-up at 17, yet I can get a bear, or have sex, or get a pack, without getting carded, yet I am grown up, to them. My car was said to not be on the road when it was in the shop, yet I must work, yet the cope does not get that either, or they are more than happy to the ticket. And funny school tax my mom

pays in one year is \$3,000 and I cannot spell or think over someone that is in 2nd grade they say, and sure, we all are being failed. They get 6 million dollars a year, yet we have no books, no papers, do not need to author a paper, do not need to do math over adding and subtracting, do not need to do anything for they feel we cannot even shit and wipe, and yet the teachers make \$30,000 a year and do not care or want to be there tell, me why, I am living the way I am.

So, the shit I am in I have made a million someone, for doing nothing, but let us sit and rot. Um- me to believe that they kick you out the moment your thirty minutes are up, is the best thing ever they say, I suppose they are not really talking about the kind of therapist you get referred to on the National Health Service, no more like some girl, that has nothing to do with anything is good enough, like me and what I do for others.

Note- to all girls on Facebook, if you and your past lover/ex is no longer, take the photos down, it is just hurting yourself, and go to Walmart, get them printed, for your memory only, and put them in a shoebox, with a ribbon tied tightly, and move on so we can too.

I remember, go up to the receptionist to tell her, that I have waited long enough, to feel that I can do this job, I am leaving, my hometown if I do not get this, when the doctor's office door swings open, for my drug test, he already through I was no good, he is a lanky man, emerges, looking apologetic and holding out his hand to me, asking to piss in the cup, and he must look for he cannot trust my type, yet I must trust him right- go figure. 'Mr. Haswell, I am so sorry to have kept you waiting,' he says, I just smile at him and tell him it is all right, and I feel, at this moment, about letting him look at me down there too, it like the dad I through, in my sick mind... that it will be all right because I have only been in company for a dad and I feel right at home, a moment or two and already I feel mollified.

It is the voice. Soft and low. Slightly accented, which I was expecting, because his name is dock- is- I guess he must be in his mid-thirties, although he looks incredibly young with his incredible dark honey skin. He has hands, nice, I could imagine on me, long and delicate fingers, there, and I was getting turn on by it- good every girl's nightmare, clit showing anyone, I can almost feel them on my hood skin.

I thought so therefore you in practice to see all the young girls... he winks at me, saying all is good, here.

'I CAN SEE THAT YOU HAD SEX,' 'Yet, girls today I see in my office are younger than you, so, whatever-' he gave you should not speak, holding a vagina- cutaway, that is glass, in his hand, Umm-hmm- I roll my eyes and get a free condom- thrown in my lap, so, (it is better than- the poop test) I sit, getting, a handful of tongue depressors, and a half a bottle of germ-x, and placing it in my handbag, he back in the room, as the door opens, I just get my bushing butt back down- knowing I was busted, 'disinfectant-' he said- 'there should be one I hear-hum- have to give the girls hell,' yet this man has a ponytail and wear a leather vest, looking more like a hells angel then a doctor, rough and ready is his style... so washing hands, he can do after, ha, I sure he'll-a doing scratch and sniff, before going into the next room.

We do not talk about anything significant, it is just the introductory session, the getting to-know-your stuff, about your body that makes you gag some of it, there was no jock there, yet you are smelling; he asks me what the trouble, I have been in overtime with my dad and mom, saying- 'I am not the bad girl.' I tell him about the panic attacks, insomnia, I been having yet I think not... I know what that going to do, drugs, and help, that I do not want... so they can talk, no thanks. Just what I need drugs in a drug-ie home... hum, I see that I would not be the one taking them, and all they would be asking for me to give, as a

setup, been there... the fact, that I lie awake at night too frightened to fall asleep, is not the end of the world, to me... even if... YOU FEEL IN THE BLANKS, you think you know me too-right?

He wants me to talk a bit more about that, noggin, but I am not ready yet to say I am a physio tared. He asks me, all the doc crap- if I moody- PMS-ing- think about killing a church full of bible bangers, whether I take drugs, drink alcohol, also- I just said- all the time doc, all the time, he looks at me with that sideward stern, yet nice look, along with the- I've seen you grow up smirk on his face, as if I was joking, rubbing his hand on his ripped jeans, there is mud on his cowboy boots too, his double bar- glasses are at the end of his nose while doing all this, lower lip bitten and tucked into some.

I tell him I have other vices these days, and I catch his eye and he knows what I mean... 'umm-' he said 2 finger typing on the keyboard, Then he feels, my belief, my chest for lump so he said, and back and whatnot, breathing and all that too, this should be this and that should be this, hit, hit, and spit, and those rubbed... too; yep at the doctors. As if I ought to be taking this a bit more seriously, so I tell him about the gallery closing, uptown, and that I feel at a lost all the time, and have no short-term memory, 'it is that is early- signs of- dementia.' 'Not common, yet could be..., ' he said.

My lack of direction, to what he was saying was my mind, playing tricks on me, the fact that I spend too much time in my head.

He does not talk much, as he logs out, just the occasional prompt, but I want to hear him speak more about what is wrong with me, 'so-a, I am leaving, see you in a month- do not do two boys in the same day,' he said-

it is slutty.' While- running out the door- slamming it hard.

'Thanks DOC.' Is what I said.

Part: 23

Dad is waiting for me when I get home. This weekend it is more of the same. He thrusts a drink into my hand, saying go for it. Yet that is a dad he thinks it is cute when I drink, he wants to know all about it. I say- it was Okay. He asks me about the therapist thing I am doing, and if I am keeping it: did I like them, did he seem nice?

OK-ay, I say- again, because I do not want to sound too enthusiastic. He asks me whether we talked about Haven. And how she thinks everything is about me. He may be right, about that all too, He may know me better than I think she does, even when it comes to the way I think.

TUESDAY, November 26, 2017-

(Not long- BEFORE NOON)

I woke early this morning, that was sarcasm if you did not get it; but I did sleep for a few hours, just looking her over trying to fall for what's on the outside now, of her, which is an improvement on last week, she is really a woman now, not the boy I fell in love with-in like kindergarten, I felt almost refreshed when I got out of bed, so instead of sitting on the veranda, and see the steam train go by, I decided to go for a walk, next to the track's not on them.

I have been shutting myself away, without realizing it. The only places I go these days are to the shops, my classes, I still have trust issues with them, yet I have one or two real friends, and her that all I need, and the therapist, God right. No,

I happier now than ever, (thumbs up!); occasionally to some girls, I sit with lunch.

The rest of the time, I am at home, and I end it with my dad, over he was playing with the baby, it is no wonder, I get restless, yet- I'm-a- the bad girl.

I walk out of the house, turn right and then left onto Apple Road, things are all the same, yet I feel new life in me. It was letting go... past the inns, bars and holy places, the ornament that litter the streets. We used to go there all the time; when there was one, and not 2 with more than two in them, at one time; I cannot remember why we stopped going out and seeing faces, I do not. I never- ever, liked it all that much, too many couples just the right, you know boy-girl, all drinking too much and dicking around for something better, wondering if they would have the courage, to say no. That is why we stopped going, because I did not like what the world became, and I was not them. Past the hostelry, past the workshops. I do not want to go far, just a little tour to stretch my legs, and see how the other half live, that are boy- girl. Yet- I have everything, I want right...?

It is nice being out early, before the school run, on the train... before the commute gets going also on Amtrak; the streets are empty and not too- too clean, yet I have seen worse the day full of prospect. I feel good and, yet I steel not like them I still holding on to what I should have lost in 9th grade, and you know what I could give a frap'n F! I am sick of sex before having it, I have it with her, so is that real or not? Some would say know, is it gay, or what is it... you tell me, it not documented yet what we do.

(They say you are not FUCKED until you have one in you, well- then liz-bo's are what, what are we? A gay man is-

what, even if- there is no baby coming out of that, but hole is there.)

So, what are we freaks, or what? I did not want it, yet this is what I have been handed. I still feel that life, and how you are raised has something to do with being transgender. I look at her and say- whatever makes you happy... yet she never truly going to be, and you can get why. And if not, you need to stop and think. I turned left again, walked down to the little playground, and started swinging, like I did as a child, the only poor excuse for the green space we have. It is empty now the town yes going to sleep for the lights to come on in a warm glow, but in a few hours, it will be swarming with toddlers, mothers, and dads that are not freaked up like ours, it is them that did this so she and me.

Half the girls will be here, are just that girls and the boys know what they are too; yet, I look around and think, what this world going to be when things change, and the change is something more than what it is today, like what if you could pick before you are made, or a year into life, by reading your mind or something crazy like that, competitively stretching, manicured hands wrapped around a Starbucks, I am 10 feet in the air back and forth, holding on with one hand. I fly off and all the coffee that was in the cup is now in the air like me, and not a drop is spilled, and it all back in place like me with feet on the ground.

I carry on past the park and down towards Cherry-Berry Avenue. If I turned right here, I would go up past my gallery- what was my gallery, now a vacant shop window-but I do not want to because that still hurts a little. I tried so-so hard to make a success of it, throughout these years, wrong place, wrong time-no, yes not in this economy, I could have done something else.

Instead, I turn right, past the Rockville express line that part of Pa railroad, past the other pub, the one where people from the estates go that have money and look down on me in many ways, and back towards home, that run down, and as they say should be condemned. I am starting to get nervous. I can feel butterflies now, think about her as I did with him, both the same yet like it all new, re-learn someone. I am afraid of bumping into the Watsons because it is always awkward when I see them; it is patently obvious that I do not have a new job, that I lied because I did not want to carry on working for them.

Otherwise, and rather, it is awkward when I see her, just know, that all- of it. ignores me, and my thoughts of what if..., but she takes things personally when I feel lost in her arms and feel as if she should act more like he, her.

She obviously thinks that my short-lived career as a saver ended, because of her or because of her child, and my sister and dad. It was not about her child at all, although the circumstance, that the child never-ever stops whining did not make her hard to love, as she may think, she is being a mom to her like me. Yet a dad is what she needs, she needs and what I need also.

It is all so much more complicated, but of course, I cannot explain that to her. Anyway, and forever- never ever leaving her. That's one of the reasons I've been shutting myself away, I suppose- its, for the reason that I don't want to see the little girl grow up in a brock F-ed home like she and I did- and already the child is F-ed, what is she going to do in school, and the kids are not going to be kind, to trash, trans, shit like us, that the sisters, of the dad, crazy crap... talk... conversations... dialog, all BS. Part of me hopes they'll just move, or that, I do when I have the money to get out of this town, you have to have money to make it and get away, I do not. I know she does not like being here: in this place, yet I love and heat it, all the same,

it is my home town where you can let go, and they will not let go of you, she hates the house, also, hates living among the trash the in it, and dirty laundry, that we do not know how to do for we razed and tea-ch-ed (and yes I seed that for you will get it) our-selfies everything is in this life and it not to munificent, hates the trains.

Cannot read, write without it being text with Spell-Checker saying ever definition, Math I am-a able only with, using a calculator, I's cannot make change, I lost 3 pennies and got fired, can tell time, like my mom can, filed all the places on the flat maps in class, that are not in a 60-mile radius, how many feet in a mile 5,280, funny that I do know... no English, I would say or do it right yet, I need to no other one, yes right, I do not know the first one. Cam. Never had it, prealgebra for 4 years not going past it, was it. And then they have the audacity to ask, why were all stupid? You- YOU- did not teach the US, anything but sex, and feeling like we should just end it NOW.

Bio, I failed, I failed everything, and sat in there doing nothing; I never had to read a book for class, never assigned homework, nothing but rot, 12 years never getting back, I do not even think my school has any books when she and I think about it. I, she, them, did not even really need a pin, nothing to write, they all think we can so, why would we need one, not one in my class is doing anything with their life.

Making babies is all we know how to do, and we can do the after-party, home with mom and dad until they say grow up, and we must ask how you did not teach that either. FAIL- all over with the kid, that is born in the years 2000- 01. Giving up is all we were through, and how-to party, expecting and not knowing know to work for it, yet they need to teach it, don't they?

Part: 24

I stopped at the corner and peered into the underpass, the train overhead, I had to go to my old spot, and remember, something that is getting harder to do, yet something not. I wanted to remember the times in my head with the girl that helped me.

That smell of cold and damp always sends a little shiver down my spine, and I remember her doing just that, giving me that shiver down my back touching it, it is like turning over a rock in Rockville, under the stone overpass, to see what's underneath: moss and caterpillars and earth, that creep on the ground as they do in my brain, It reminds me of playing in the rockery as a child, nothing changes here, I feel childlike... and I feel like I still there, yet the world changes around me. looking for frogs by the pond with him and being like one of the boys. I walk on, lost in thought till I hit the tracks. The street is clear-no sign of the kids, the wind takes my hair, in the breeze, and I understand day in out and day, out that I cannot remember their names, and thing, and places, and the part of me that cannot resist, yet want, yet cannot remember, a bit of theater is quite disappointed, to me as I act it out in frustration next to the tracks, asking- why...?

Part: 25

(EVENING)

I cannot keep still..., even though she just called to say she must work late she is working at the dollar store making 2 dollars, an hour, and drawing a dollar fifty, which is not the news I wanted to hear, having the baby, that they want to take into predictive custody and give to all people my daddy, yet they do not believe me, I am feeling edgy, have been all day, I do not want to go back there, yet, I feel someone or something pulling at me.

I am too frazzled, my heartbeat feels like a flutter in my chest, like a bird trying to get out of a cage; I cannot just sit here, watching the trains, I need her to come home and calm me down, I just know it, I did not go to school today, did she, I do not recall, or did I, need too I do not remember, yet what day is and time? ..., and now it is going to be hours before she gets here, and my brain is going to keep racing around, and around and around, and I know I have a sleepless night pending.

I slip my flip-flops, on my bed with her, then him, and her, and him, my dad rolling around in my head, on and go downstairs, and pull things in and do not remember why I did, I thought it was for toast, yet that was a through, I let go of too, lost in the past of horror, out of the front door and on to Road, I run for the train, to keep all the insane away. I not thinking, yet thinking too much, it is around seven thirty- three, like- a few lazybones on their way home from work, pass me running, for the end, of it.

There is no one else around, though you can hear the cries of kids playing in their park, as I feel in my mind like a child lost, taking advantage of the last of the sunshine before they get called in for dinner, and a bath, by moms and dad that care.

And she is running for me, and I to her... and the light shines in my eyes, and the light is out in my eyes, just clockwork, here... nothing more.

Part: 26

I walk down the road, towards the station. I stop for a moment outside track number three and think about not getting off this time, the bell ringing on the steam train. What would I say to them if I was not to, nothing they do not care? Ran out of sugar, and went to get some? Just fancied a chat, with the officer looking at me like, I crazy saying do not. Their blinds are half-open, on the cars they do not see me, but I

cannot see anyone inside, my mind, thinking clearly, about not needing me.

I carry on towards the corner, and without really thinking about it, I continue down into the underpass underneath the tracks, which is ironically meant to run me over. I look down and notice that there is something on the floor, somehow, I know on the very train, that was under me, is it a new day, or wh-at...?

I have lost it... a hairband, purple, stretched, well used, is my way of knowing that it a Tuesday, and that was the day before I was there, so why is my mind doing this to me? I am a runner but something about it gives me the creeps, that I keep doing this and do not remember why, and I want to get out of there quickly and move on with my life, yet I cannot, back into the sunshine, and thinks that I love.

On the way back down the road, I know where I was the day before, yet this is just in my head too, she passes me in the train car and sits with me holding my hand saying it is all good, our eyes meet for just a second and she smiles at me. I am about halfway through when the train runs overhead, and it is magnificent: it is like an earthquake, you can feel, its right in the center of your body, making your heart pound, stirring up the blood, making the brain feel, a rush, like an orgasm, (God knows that the only way I can really have one.)

It is FRIDAY I know by the pink hair tie, of 2017-

(MORNING)

I pass out cold for an hour or two, then I wake, sick with fear, sick with myself. I am exhausted. I did not sleep; my head was thick with sleeplessness. When I drink and do some drug, I feel more alert, I hardly sleep at all, and do not know why I do and yet do not. If I have a day when I do not drink or do a drug I

feel, empty on the inside, that night I fall into the heaviest of slumbers, when I found Methamphetamine, ICE (I found how to make it sitting in school, and I took notes, funny the guest speaker had a lot to offer me, sitting in the auditorium,) I self-med, they are not going to say I need, yet I do, and I kept that from all them, even her too. It is a deep unconsciousness, and in the morning, I cannot wake properly, without feeling hazed, I cannot shake sleep; it stays with me for hours, sometimes all day long, I in another world like, yet it better than- feeling. I cannot get blood work now or see the doctor, yet he is no help anyways, there is just a handful of people in my carriage today, none in my immediate vicinity. There is no one watching me, so I lean my head against the window and close my eyes.

The screech of the train's brakes wakes me, I lost myself in my room looking out the window, just like her, the girl that lost her mind, a hundred years ago, doing the same as I just in a new way. Snap- then I am at the signal, and she is heading for me, at this time of the morning, at this time of year, the sun shines directly onto the back of the trackside and my house, flooding it with light.

Yet, I see nothing but haze... I can almost feel it, the warmth of that morning sunshine, like the shot of the drug running through me doing the same, on my face and arms as I sit at the breakfast table, eating my food in one bit and galp, going down hard. She opposite me, and worried, her bare feet resting on top, for the reasons they are always so much warmer than mine, and she rubs them on me to get them hotter, my eyes cast down at the magazine, for teen girls. I can feel her smiling at me, the blush spreading from my neck to my chest, the way it always did when she looked at me a certain way as his. I blink hard and all of them are gone, all the faces I know looking at me like they know me. We are still at the signal, and I am sitting there, looking at them looking at me.

And yet, I am the one, that looks normal...!

Part: 27

I can see me as a kid in the garden where I played, and behind her, a man walking out of the house, and it is my day to play with me as the man- I respected at the time. He is carrying something-mugs of coffee and I look at him and realize, at me with love, a man that looks at me with the look you would give a teen lover, that when it all started, that it is not normal.

This man is taller, slender, darker, then I remember, yet that would have been him at the time. He bends down, placing the mugs on the metal table on their patio, picking me up and kissing me on the lips, like I said that is when... the end.

He is a family and friend, and them too; run in my mind also in fragments, like this, my sisters' ant's brothers, an atom that was ant Jimmi, was my dad, was all misfiring, yeah- I that messed up. I snatch air into my lungs and realize that I have been holding my breath and that is not a joke, I did not remember to do so. I could not even remember if I had a brother or not.

As the feeling went through me... I remember a cousin from Australia or was that a singer; (I am thing singer) I do not recall, I slip into madness, staying for a couple of weeks; there I am sure, yet no one cares... but her she is my oldest friend, I love her and she- me, pray to think I was out for a year in a-coma, they said, I almost died.

(whiteness)

She walks towards me I- in the bed in the ER room, she puts her hands around me and holds my waist and she kisses me, long and deep. She was there with me for a year that is love if I ever saw it..., no...?

(2018) the day does not care, the year not imprint... do you give a shit- no – not really, so, why do I? The train moves, through my mind, and body as I am out like it did when I was there, like dreaming the same day over and over- and over- and over, as if it is all a dream, yet I know it was not I know, I cannot believe it.

Why...?

Why would she do that? When have I dumped her for less, then my stupid? She never went back to her girl-ie love all this time, their talk was good for something, was it not, I can see it, they are happy, that I was out of their F-n lives.

That she could be with them not me.

She was the only one that came to see me, yet I was the dumb one, wasn't it? I cannot believe she would do that, and not do that, or that too, yes. On a larger scale, to a more intense degree, of course, I was the one that said this was the way out, but I remember the quality of the pain, I had so- yes, what other choice did I have- really. You do not forget it, I sure either, being that girl, what to OD. She does not deserve that, and I do not get why, I did it, I-s' feel's – um- do not... I'm-a still groggy from sleeping so-o long, a real sense of disappointment, to my mom whom through she was getting money form it all, like my death and shit; I feel as though, I have been cheated on.

A familiar ache fills my chest; I have felt this way before, like when he became, she. School at some point I need I would have to go back and do, yet at home; yet I do not knowledge with no PC or internet as I could pay for it. I found out the way everyone seems to find out these days: an electronic slip, on a text of what really happened to me. Sometimes, it is a text or a voice mail message; in my case, it was an email it is all saying RIP, you have not missed, yet that is not slander, yet I fart and

get it, the modern-day lipstick on the collar, was all around too, it was an accident, really, I was not snooping, in her phone.

I really think they all wanted me to die too...

Part: 28

I wasn't supposed to go near any computer, of I would get my ass in a world of hurt they said to me, you know all the ones that have restating orders for I am a danger to myself and others over; self-helping myself; unlike what they should and could be doing for me, because he was worried, all she was worried about was me, deleting something they need to quote un-quote help me, that's important to them, or click on something, that I would find that would have me sent out, I shouldn't delete, yet she said, the dumbest thing, I can't let you for, you push too many buttons virus or something, that would crash the PC, or that it would be hacked. They took mine, not much of anything on it other than a few porn sites I did not want anyone know about, yet they do, it is not like I have anything to hide, why do they want it- I know it, in the first place is to see if, like- I lost my mind or something like that. Yet, they see, and say what they like about my hard drive, saying I was leading up to something heinous and or sadistic! 'Technology is not really your strong points, she said to me, is it...?

Like- knowledge, skill, and ability.' I managed to delete all the contacts she had, saying- shit about me, what was wrong about that, in her email address settings, I said it was all by mistake, yet they knew better, saying I had something to hide, no I just do not like them talking about me.

So, I was not supposed to touch it, or anything on or within it, not even the screen.

Nevertheless, I was doing a good thing, ant I? Um- I am trying to make amends, for being a bit depressed and difficult, to them all they said, I wanted it to be a surprise, by some that cared or got me, for why, yet not even she got it at this point, so-o I had to check her work schedule secretly, I had to look, to see if she found someone new, other than me.

~*~

I was out all thanksgiving, I was told that she was in my home all alone, but I just bet... I was not snooping, its Christmas, and she did not even get me anything, there are lights, strung up like a 5-year-old did them when I walk through the door, I have not seen my home, in weeks, yet she had, it nicer than ever, not her at all, I wondered. She found time to take over my job also and to keep the home, and make nice with my mom, like the girl she never had, I was um- I do not have words for it.

I was not trying to catch him out or anything, with a new lover, yet I knew, I knew... I knew better than that, in my heart, yet not in my mind that was still fuzzy. I did not want to be one of those awful suspicious girlfriends who go through their girlfriend's bag, and say you have- do this and that- yet I want the truth, and they are not saying. When I answered her phone was off, and that is a never when she was in the shower and he got quite upset, seeing new nude photos of a girl on there looking cuter than I, would ever, I knew it, yet she was in, out of town, she going to leave me, I could feel it, yet I deserve that, don't I? Besides, he accused me of not trusting her. I felt awful because she seemed so hurt, when I said go with your new SLUT, I do not care, yet I do.

Really, I did nothing but stay in my bed, lost in my mind, and dreams, I was- there, lost, and there, lost. Lost with not having her completely. I knew that the big man up there was giving me my hell, I needed to look at her work schedule, I know

that is when they were... um... where... yes... and she had left his laptop on, and I know the password, so I when and did the stocking thing, that is all I can to they say. Why had she run out late for a meeting with their team?

On there is a starting of a book about her story of being a transsexual, and I read it, and there, was a bit in there about me, and I start to cry, she really loves me, I know, it is just me and it is just her, and how we are.

It was the perfect opportunity, to sink in the I love you for life part in there, before she sends it to someone, so I had a look at his calendar, noted down some dates, and say my side of this story also, I know she would say, I was stilling her thunder, yet I sure they would want to hear my side.

When I closed the browser, and MS Word, on the windows, I looked at all the email accounts, see what I have missed, and what they do and do not do that I am not a part of, logged in, laying bare there. The emails where a girl like her, that made the change, and she was saying he said of the story and that they should get together, for its all the same, was it, love, no but I took it that way, I clicked, for more, and it was not, at all what my mind was thinking.

I thought it was spam at first, when I read her posts until I realized, that they were kisses, hugs, and storylines about her life, mine, and hers, all the same- like. What was missing was the why of it all, or what make a boy want to be a girl, and that is where I came in saying I think is the way you are raised, and state of mind, it is a sickness to me, or something over being raised, where a man has all control over you-you do not want that ever so you turn to a girl- for love.

In an email:

I asked for more photos, it was a reply to a message, here to say she wants to meet me and her, and have a hook up also, hey were young why not, 3 girl sex, I would love it, I had to wonder the parts if she were she-boy or girl-ie made, I would, um- well have it, she had sent a few hours before, just after seven, when I was still slumbering in our bed. And said to say she had all that changed now, yet I was in-like with her, and want to see where it would go also.

She is girl-ie made, having the hole nothing more, yet I fell asleep last night thinking of her in dirty ways, I have a thing for this girl now, what can I say they are real, and sweet, unlike other girls, or boys these days, I was dreaming about kissing her mouth, and all lips she had, her breasts, the inside of her girlie-ness. I woke this morning with my head full of her, desperate to touch her, it was fast lust of me touching myself to her photos, and they the video chatting start she saw me doing it, and it was friendship to more in a day or less, do not expect me to be sane, I cannot be, not with you, then her, or anyone.

I read her messages and had the video up, and I was looking at her doing the same things with me: sexting yet with video, I loved it, to thrilling, so wrong, yet right, and she knows nothing about me yet so I, I thought why not, even if it is not long-lasting it is a thrill. in love with her, until and after I welted the shame, why? All girls feel that why it is for we pounded to think touching and feeling is dirty, or sin or it is not nice for a girl, I live once I'm-a going to come. And they- you or she is going to stop me, and God, he gets it also, and she just as missed up as I so, it is all right...

...All right...!

Cheating, nah- I do not think that is a thing anymore... with any girl my age, you do, what you do, with what you do, how you do, and if they do not like you that day, do it with one

that you want too, with you, it is what you do. Get off- is how-to do...

Part: 29

Haven- so being trans and look at yourself like in photos and in the glass, I learned to love me for me I want to me. Others got it, I would say, I am not like all those in your place, where you live, I had friends and a girl that gets it.

I remember when I told her that he had never felt like this before, that he could not wait to be with her, that it would not be long until they could be together.

All true, yet I had to do what I did for me even if it seemed selfish... I had it all, a girl that loved me for being the right boy, I would say why was I not happy with that, it was that I was not seeing whom I was on the inside showing out the out. And that fact I all wanted to feel girl, even down there too.

I had her yet not me... if that makes any sense...

People ask all the time, so what was it like to go through the change and what do they do, when taking all that off and making a puss- puss...?

I just gave them a link to a YouTube video.

And my photo of my new stuff... as you can see here.

A journey starts with the first step, and it goes forward at your pace.

Usually, it begins with the therapist, finding out where you are in your gender variance.

First, you get a whole bunch of hormone injections. They cause you to lose muscle tone, gain fat, and your cheekbones to rise. Your mammary glands also grow.

Then slowly hormones from a doctor again slowly at your own pace.

You should be working closely with your doctor and in the end in control of how fast you go forward.

Some transgender folk does not transition all the way others do and you will find out for yourself as you go.

The hormones and dosage can be done in several methods, pills, injections even patches.

It hurts like hell, you feel and smell like her, trying to get all that is boy off you... everything boy makes me want to sick. I love the pick, mermaids, and all that is girly... I always did, even as a girl-boy up 'till 12, and that when I had to pick what I wanted... They will cause body changes, skin, weight moves around, curves if you are lucky, other things begin to shrink, then if you decide surgery.

And then optional cosmetic surgery can be done. The younger you begin the better.

Done properly, so I had to make a pick younger than you think of what I really wanted in life, and with proper guidance, you can be happy, that what they say, yet you can never really get there, I feel, baby's and girls, to date, or whatever have a lot to deal with... and will be the person you have always been but no one else could see.

Well just end up living together, name change, bathroom, and so on, is not but a cost on whom I am... and what I want to be, if you did not know I was trans you would not, yet those that do, take me as a freak. Unless they are the ones that care for me, you know, that have a brain.

My voice is now sweet and high, and all girlies, you would love me I am sure of it, do not judge what you do not understand.

So back to what happens...

A lot of things happen, first, you take hormones such as estrogen pills and antiandrogens.

Like- you do this to start transitioning through it is optional. They do tend to yield satisfactory results for general appearance through.

Then you would go through FFS (facial feminization surgery) which is done to make you look more feminine.

Then there is the psychiatric evaluation to make sure you are sure about this and that you are mentally stable enough to go through with it.

I passed... they get it, yet some ask why a doctor would do this for money, I get that, it is to make the one in the body happy.

Then finally there is the sexual reassignment surgery which alters your male genitals to female genitals, using the penis to create a vagina, a good place to look is- tsroadmap.com.

It has useful information, and do not be an ass, about it you do not understand me, goes f- off, boys that are dumb, for everything you need to know about transitioning is her.

One thing I hated about being a boy and around them was the dumb they are. Good luck if you are like me!

Then:

After several months of those intentions, at 12 and up and for life, you must proceed to surgical alteration, I did mine at the end of the age of 13- going for 14.

Giving you knockers is the easy part, both implants- my nips are smaller also, a 32B- worked for me, getting a functional vagina is extremely difficult, to spray and do all things you want it too as a girl. I just want to come like all the other girls I know that sleepover and we do that, yet not a sure thing, they think it cute, like them, I learned I am me, not them or anyone other than that, yet it works.

Most transgendered individuals I know keep their original genitalia, so they can still have orgasms. Yet I have had them... its challenging work yet can go off, after an hour or so... of dildo loving fun.

Others in school were not kind to me, I have my girls, we all do in school, yet them, I think there simple to whom I am... nothing more. I have 10 girls that I love, and they get me. That is more than a girl- like me can ask for, and I have her, always, even if she is not coping with me well.

Yet, I been called the girl with a dick, and other names, yet that nothing to whom I want to be, and what I wanted and what God did not do right for me, I am sorry to say, and I do not blame anyone for it, it is just what I was predestined to do, I guess...? My life plan... they would say... a church that gets my type, God loves us all, even if this or that way- it is good to remember that. I am a living bean after all- just like you, yet not in sex. I not crazy- I not unlike any other girl out there...

I am me... I have become me- inside and out, deal with it, or not, you pick. I not that hard to understand... am I?

Part: 30

I do not have words to describe what I felt that day, but now, sitting on the train, I am furious, nails digging into my palms, tears stinging my eyes, the day she said it was over, I remember it, yet even now, I get it, yet I am the same one the inside, yet she never felt that way to me, on the outside.

(Flash Back)

I feel a flash of intense anger. I feel as though something has been taken away from me. I remember it all, how could she... do this to me?

How could she do that...? I thought about it, it is just boobs and a vagina, ...so what? What was the hard then, now I get was not have the sex we planned on, yet I did not want it, did she not get that? I said after we would, yet she yelled, without a dick, with a fake one, that F-ed up, you asshole. Think about what I want she said, and I said all the ways I loved her, yet that was not enough for her hitting and slapping on me and saying get out!

‘What is wrong with her?’ I thought, and she said- I had that twisted, ‘look at the life they have, have- as girls a girl, I want to be,’ I said to her- ‘I want it more than anything,’ ‘more than me,’ she said, if that the way you want then yes, ‘look at how beautiful they are,’ I said to her in the hallways of the school, all over Rockville, all the time really, she was sick of it, and me being here and not the storing loving him!

I have never- ever understood how people can blithely disrespect the damage they do by following their hearts.

Who said that following your heart is a good thing? May not have been trans, it is pure selfishness, selfishness to overcome all, I speculate. Hate floods me, to the ones that do not get it, yet I love me now, yet not every day and she learned

too, it is all about living and finding life, as you want it to be, in finding you.

As I said, 'you do not have to be the one...' yet, like- I know that she is... I just know.

Part: 31

Me- (Back 2014)

Age 15-

(EVENING)

The 5:55 fast train to Rockville, on Amtrak, has been canceled, along with the steamer that we use that the school said, is good enough it is all we can afford, today there is no way over the lake to the town side, so its passengers have invaded my train, there was a derailment over the way, blocking at traffic, upended room carriages, three teen girls dyed- their names or on the news yet not imprint to me.

I, fortunately, have a seat, but by the aisle, on days unlike this, not next to the window, where all you see is high water, and reflections on the splashing waves, and there are bodies pressed against my shoulder, my knee, invading my space, for the entire school body is jam-packed in three train cars that form the 1900's. with no heat in them.

The heat has been building all day, with all the sadness over them, closing in on me, I feel as though I am breathing through a disguise. I have an urge to push back, to get up and shove. Every single window has been opened, just out of them dumb like always, jumping around and about as young kids do, and yet, even while we are moving, the carriage feels airless like a locked metal box.

I cannot get sufficient oxygen into my lungs. I feel sick, over Smalling carnosine heaters. I cannot stop replaying the scene in the coffee shop this morning, and fogged window, in this winter wonderland, something off a Christmas card for sure, I cannot stop feeling as though I am still there in her mind and not my own, I cannot stop seeing the looks on their faces, then and now.

I blame her, the girl the haunts me, for all the loss of life, yet that may just be my mind. I was obsessed this morning about the girls that were lost faces, three girls, Charli- Emily, Ellieddy and Ameliah, all under the age of 12.

Yet, it is not like we have not seen this before, it is in the press one day and old news of we all must move one the next. The is when her hair was growing out, about what she had done and how he would feel, no longer being on the boy side of things, this is when she starts the dress too, and the fresh look, when she was at the start of her teen years.

And I lost my boyfriend, about the confrontation, with the others over her I stood up for her, she was picked on making the change, now they love her, yet she is... like them now, I was walking around in a daze, those days think about him, without thinking, I thought I would never see him again. I have her, yet at the time, I did not see what could be, and what is... and not I went into the coffee shop that everyone from my town uses, on days where everything else is shouting down. I love to have days like this even if you must make them up, I hate school! I was through the door before I saw them, with him/ her now, and by the time, I did it was too late to turn back, and he called me over, saying that he loved me, I thought why you are a girl now that likes girls, is that not wrong, and I am a girl that likes boys only, is that not wrong- being right?

They were beholding at me, and she did too, eyes widening for a fraction of subsequent moments before they remembered to fix smiles on their faces.

All the- girls, there is now a new grope, that love him as a- her, saying he what they have been looking for to round them off, or words to that, that was awkwardness for me, for I not like them, thinking of it, are now beckoning, waving me over her, makes me say how, I not beaming a green monster- I not, yet. 'Rachel! Being one is like playing with them and teaching all that is a girl.' She said, arms outstretched, pulling me into a hug, I will show all that you need to know about boob periods, and whatnot, and boys, or girls, or whatever, even how to do your makeup.

I was not expecting it, my hands were caught between us, saying you understand your part of the grope right, I said sure and walked out the door, fumbling against his body, saying I will not bother, that he needs to pick me or them, that was the start of this... Sasha smiled sneakily as only she can, gave me tentative air-kisses, trying not to get too close. 'What was she doing here, anyway, she is trash?'

'I get that, yet you don't get her as I do,' Haven said.

For a long, long moment, I went blank, staring in at them from outside, thinking why it was, yet I get it now, I am trash. I looked at the ground all icy, shiny, and snow-covered, I could feel myself ruddiness and, realizing it was making it worse, than I could have ever imagined, I gave a false laugh and said, 'I lost him, I lost him.'

Part: 32

Just feel him up- I mean her- as I used to, I was thinking in a moment of rage. 'Oh my,' she failed to hide her surprise when she got to feel her boobs to see what boobs felt like that

where not mine, and puss- puss too, all hands-ie, they are eating there whatever- slop and make him there cute girl toy to be, at the café, while Sasha and the other one the girl that looks like her face was hit by a frying pan, nodded, and smiled, saying you are one of us now, you do not need trash, your popular. 'A truth of life, for a small town- no?'

The girl with the new hole, is a hit with the girls, a boy that is a girl, they get it, it is the coolest thing to them, yet not me, I wanted the dick, not this dick she is. And that girl, make the bullying boys back off, I never- ever had that...

I could not remember the name of a single- one of them. Not one... I could not think of a good name to call them either, I just stood there, rubbing my lower lip with my forefinger, shaking my head, and eventually, the one girl said, 'Top secret, is it, you, and I and what we are doing tonight?'

Are these girls simply weird like that, or what? I do not get it. What do they see in her now being- as well as her?

They did not want to bother before now- why now, and why would she well not bother with them now?

I did not want you to say anything until now, but it is ending, I know so, I changed it today on Facebook, and doing so-o, I lost the little friends I have, the contracts, all have dropped on my phone too, over this all, it is all official.

It is complicated...

It was bullshit, and he knew it, he did it to save me, for have a life of wanting more, yes right, is that she is saying to everybody.

Crazy... no?

(Goo-goo eyes made...)

And everybody bought it, but me, like the whole lot- but everyone pretended they care about me, and they do not, and nodded along, sucking on my food at lunch, ham salad.

The grope of girls was looking over their shoulder through the window, they were embarrassed for me, they wanted a way out.

Part: 33

I see- that girl- put her hand on her forearm, I flowed them through the part they were on their date if you want to call it that I did, 'It's great to see you, Rachel.'

She pity was almost profound about it. I had never realized, not until the last year or two of my life, how shameful it is to be pitied. And that is what I saw there looking out at the bushes, of them sucking face sitting on the bench, with the light flickering at the duck.

God get a room!!! (I thought.)

We never got this far this fast- I through there too.

Look at the tongue flicking ear licking- tit grabbing, lip biting, and ass squiring, and grossness... holding, and puss- puss grabbing, 3rd basing, going on, and they did it- it all, and they did... it all- all the sexy stuff- and stuff- and shit, I'm sure... sex- sex, and more f-n sex- they had it in them all night, and if not together they were soloing and showing it to each other, and then doing each other, I saw it all, I sure- of that too, I am sure of it.

Stuffing anyone...?

I could just see all the toys in my duty mind, then they were, using them, glass, 2-point O in the butt holes- rabbit

wiggling, both at the same time, God, look at them go- side by side, and oh- facing- making.

I was even touching...

I wonder if it is double-sided. You know what it is, don't you? IT! The girl's best friend at the end of a hard day- it! A creeper said- 'sucker her nipples' I swear to you... I hear it far in the park's background nose. I shit you not... Home- run after home run- and fun-

fun- fun- hun. I would know, I saw it all-

on her- Rachel's bed, on hers, they did this- and that, as I thought, and it was double-sided- smashing.

(What I saw)

Pure Enrichment Peak Wand Massager was held on them until, N-joy Pure Wand on her, and it should have been me- me- me, getting the G- spot loving- of my dreams, like this- I want her/him now.

The Candy Cane Waterproof Vibrator was going hardcore, and in her than her, and back. The Conquest Clit Stimulator and I thought I had it bad, with want to come more than 6 times a day, not. Okay, now I am horny, and said not allowed- in my head- I think it me and my own Candy Cane tonight, yet I am trash for 6 dollars, that all I could get, and some others yet I not telling you that.

So, she will be with her in this why yet not with me, how would that make you feel?

I know what it did to me... I know.

I saw all 69 things they were doing- like with- with each other too, down there- you know there... so yah- eating out, it happened. Good for her, like I never had that- and I wanted it

from him, yet she got from him being her- good for the two of them, 4 years of us for one week with the- good- good. I am a girl- you would too if you were me.

I do not get it, I have what she has and more, and it not been used, as hard, or as open as she was just saying.

Then I thought that one over, not so...

Never been there yet...with a lover, never, yet I have... had lots of bad sex, anyone wants me, after daddy... that is why she/he passed on taking me?

I am deserting to have sex, with someone, that is not my dad and my age!

Even- I get it now... even I...

She is even still scared down there, yet you would not know if you did not know, yet she is trying to cover it with a light covering over her brown hair down there, it looks the part... I was blown away. I was standing on a talus... looking in the window, um -like a creep- I know- yet I was in love with the now her- Haven.

'My heart is falling out of my ass' - and you and them could give a shit!

Part: 34

I sat down in the shade beneath a sugar- maple tree, thinking of the unfilled hours ahead, replaying the conversation in the coffee shop, remembering the look on all those mean-ie girls face, when she said goodbye to me, it was all over for me, and whom I was, I am, and was going to me be.

I must have been there for less than half an hour when I got a text message, and I could feel the vibration in my jeans.

I held out for about three minutes or so-o, before, I repossessed the phone and dialed into voice mail, hoping for I want you not them, speech yet did not get it, no all I got was my mom bitching- 99 times, about nothing, and that I should- well just F-n dye! Or find a train, and run into it, head on!

It was her again, texting from the shop saying, this is for me be happy for me, and understand.

I let the text go, and did not say anything back, why would I? I for one, like tried to ignore it, like life! Yet, sucking at it is what I do, so you cannot ignore sucking!

Today, I did the unthinkable smashed it off the ground- the phone that is, and I knew, I could not get another; I put the phone back into my bag, and I did not want to hear any more, not today, was already awful enough and it was not yet ten-thirty in the morning, and I was sick of hearing the drama, of all them, saying I am wrong.

Wrong- I did get it. I the bad one, here, not wanting to go on, yet that is not the whole truth.

I steadied myself for the anguish of hearing his/her voice-the voice, that used to express to me with amusement, and light and now is used only to reproach, comfort, or pity-but it was not him/her.

My skin was itching, so I got to my feet and walked to the cornerback to shop, they were gone, I could not breathe, and I could not stop my brain from racing.

I went in and sat down, there, I opened the first one, and drank it as fast as, I could, grabbing it fasts out-a- the cooler, and then opened, the in like one second less than two- I am sure.

The voice, in my head, was not my own, from that moment on, I snapped, in the head, and like half dyed, to the world, I may have stocked, they say no, yet I say yes. All over a boy and love, it is possible... no?

I could not see them, turned my back to the path, and I got under the table, I could pretend like a child that they could not see me.

‘Them- the two girls, without her, they’re looking at me saying shit.’ Long pause, and I blacked out, and I did not remember, anything more than like a year, or those days, just in patches-like.

I woke up in the ER with no way to pay for it yet, that said I was just fatigued, she was standing there, and I was in one of those sex grows they give, showing way too much of my lower end to the world, and sure the canteen was not drawn. Sorry, my ass was showing, they all saw hair vagina...

‘Look, I know you’re having a tough time,’ she says, as though she has nothing- to do with me feeling like the world has ended or do with my pain I feel over her being the only one that there for me in my life, ‘but you can’t call us at night all the time.’

Her tone is trimmed, cantankerous. I got you a new track phone, and I am the only one/ name/ number in the contacts, ‘It is bad enough that you wake me up, do not call me, take the phone, I do not want it. I see you need more rest to come around, she throws the phone at me, smacking me in the face, but you wake, she said: why- are you not being nice to me? She questioned, and that is just not acceptable, for you to be doing this to me, I was always nice to you, she said, and I screamed leave, and all the NR’s LPN’s- girls at the desk were looking in my room, with glares on their faces.

'I need to talk to you about the phone, she said the next, day laying like un-top of me, in my hospital bed.' Extra-long pause- she is talking to me, and doing something else, multitasking, puffing on an E-cig, through her lime-green braces. You are going to have to go- and get off her bed, we are struggling to get her to sleep through now of it all- the nurse said, along with she has been difficult.'

'We're careworn, trying to get her to sleep through the night, and even day, she doesn't need you here she said.' We, us, them, our little family- so they. 'F*cking bitch,' back off, she said, she was escorted, out by to man, banned for life at Miners Hospital, or problems and our routines, of her being her, and being me. She has taken everything from me, she yelled kicking and screaming, as they drag her out... She has taken everything now; she calls me to tell me that my anguish is inopportune for her? I give the phone to the staff, saying: 'I don't care what you do with it.'

Part: 35

A blissful rush of alcohol hitting my bloodstream, I am-a partying with my N-E-EEW FRIENDS, lasts only a few minutes, and then, I feel sick, not over the drinking over her. I am going too fast, even for me, with my changes, I need to slow down, and think, if I do not slow down something bad is going to happen, I can feel it.

I am going to do something, I will regret. Like losing out, on something or someone, or anything, so on, I am going to call her back, I am going to tell her I do not care about her, and I do not care about her family, matters, and shit, and I do not care if her my child never gets a good night's sleep for the rest of its life, with her dad walking around with dick hanging out- like a dyed baby bird.

I am going to tell her, that the line he used did not work, with me-do not expect me to be sane, I said about it, she used me, and got them that not right... text message: I been think n bout u- n- me if we were alone how it would b, I would kiss u all over till ur feel n hot then give u feel n when I hit the spot, 4 I love yah baby.

Thx U 4 U Bn U

< This passes as writing in my classroom, I think NOT, in life! We do not know to double the coincidence, where to use a comma, how to even write a freaking sentence. We do not know how to drop the 'e' in write, to make it- now present tense, (and yet that was wrong no) we do not know that either, to add an ending.

Without text helpers like everything turned on in a word, that they do not let us use, or electronics where F-ed, and all fail, we are all dumb, and it is not us, is the teachers not doing anything to hear- we are not allowed to talk, or it is being belligerent. We all so dumb where happy, that is why every other word is F*ck- that we use or say- it is all we know, we do not have a vocabulary to elaborate. I love it anyway, like- I knew what he meant, yet nobody, I know has looked at a book, notebook, or has thought about having or using either.

This is how we all write, and it is passed as okay, then the teachers do not care about us, just like math, reading, and life, they do not care, they want to be paid and that all they care about, so we do not take their jobs. When we were first together; she/he wrote it in a text to me, like no-one uses paper to write, are you kidding me, that would be the way of the past, look at all the kids in my class they do not even know how to hold a pen nevertheless use one to spell words on a paper.

My dad got laid off his job, his woman left him for banging me his little girl, and other little girls and he lost part of

his ear, at the Barns- Sterling and Tucker coal mines, now it is finding work, even if it is illegal, around here is moonshining, come done to the old factory, and it you a jar. Or drugs laundering at the music shop in the town, where you can get a mixed custom Gibson, for your obsession, and nose candy for your fixation, and your needles for your relaxation done right, by a man that looks like Tom Patty's twisted fucking tweek.

You walk in there and it looks like a- shit cyclone went off in the store for all the trades for their ho-hum needs. (Starch- starch) a shop where I was told to take my custom guitar and shove it, or I kill you, all I wanted was stings... yet being me all trash-ie and shit, I think he through others thing from what they say, not what I say, what I say is always twisted- in many ways. I was chased out with a shotgun- I shit you not! Life in a small town- that how it is... saying- 'your dad owes me...'

~*~

He was declaring his undying passion, for me, I am sure. Everything she has is secondhand, like me also, how does she know something she not- with new girlfriends, I want to know how that makes her feel, and how that would feel to be her.

I want to call her back, and then no- then yes- then no, and ask her, What does it feel like, being one of them, she is living in my house, for Christ-say-k's surrounded by the furniture, I bought, for she and I, it's all cheap, yet it what we have, to sleep in, the bed is a day bed she and I share, oh well that what we have not had anyone that cares, that I shared with him for years, also, I remember the first time, we were 5 or so, and I was so turned on I could not sleep not know what it was- yet it was not long till I did with daddy.

I still find it astonishing that she chose to stay there, in that house, in my house, even after I said get out, yet she was

there, and I am here in the ER for another half week or so. I could not believe it when she told me, she was not taking all her things, or not leaving my side, never- ever. 'I loved that house,' she said, 'and you and I in it, it's all we have like each other.' I was the one who claimed we keep it, despite its location, and had to overpay to her mom.

I liked life down there on the tracks, I liked- and love watching the trains go by, I enjoyed the sound of them, it is relaxing to me, you cannot take the farm out of me, I never be a city girl, the old-fashioned trundling of ancient rolling stock through Rockville is always going to be me- and she.

'It won't permanently be like this, they will eventually upgrade the line to more tracks, and then it will be fast trains ear-piercing past the home, I am sure of that too, just like me get all new parts, I don't want to see that- either, slow-moving is how this town works.' Nonetheless, I could not have confidence in that it would never- ever- in fact, happen- ever- I am- sure of that. I would have stayed there all my life, with her as me now, feel like me on the inside and out... that is I can keep a \$2 an hour job and make \$300 a year, to pay to live, to those that do not want us too.

I did not, though, and her mom was going to say get you old enough to do it on your own I did, no one is going to hold your hand, it was upon the market- saying: for sale by owner, yet she/ we could not find a buyer for the price we divorced, so instead she said, I give it to you two for rent, if you can keep it if not the town will rip it away out for under you.

Part: 36

Mom- So-o buy me out, she said, and we did, by getting her in jail for drugs, and sexy- stuff for less than a year, and for stilling a car to, that we had in the year of the same length of time, it was junk yet, I dove in to not even thinking it was hot,

yet that's how things are around here. Do- and not think, for you do not know any better, we say- she said, yet their law said it not to be that way. We did not buy her out we set her up to the failure at life as she did for me, and she. 'It doesn't pay, we'll get you back!'

I am in the ER- yet I still freak myself, 10 times a day, if they want to look go head, I not stopping you. I do not change my ways of life for anyone, 5 when I week up and 5 before bed, it the only way I can sleep, and a go why to start the shitty day-ahead, by thanking God for it! I can help loving myself.

I cried and then got happy with movies and MTV, and then said I wanted her and my cat. And then I eat, like nothing and 2- finger away... I hear some little girls say- 'Mommy-mommy, ah- ah- um- I do that too.' And she was like 10! And a girl was looking with an eyebrow up, I just grinned, thinking little slut! And there I am looking for a train tonal start on. All I got was some nares saying attest draw the carton... they took my button thing-ie away, saying I was overusing that too.

Yet, I have a TV that is cool! And I comed and rubbed it all down the walls above my bed, I know it will be there forever, some of me thee for all time, at least I have made my make in history, now, just to show how much I love them, for shitty-taking care of me, that I must pay for at some point... hardcore, the ruff is their style... Yet it not as freaked up as have her before she was fully her, in the school lot looking like- a girl, yet jacking it, you know it, like a boy- still, with her new girlfriend, and yet that on YouTube too. Yet she trans and gets away with mood swings, me doing that I would get thrown out, yet she has a doctor's slip, explain everything. Try taking that down, it is not illegal to post young sex- sorry.

Nope! And get up out of this bed, no do not think so-o.

Haven- The strangest thing was the first day waking up was not having a pee-pee. No- like I had this thumping clit-ie under a pad instead. I love where the girl is underwater, or as the most girl not wear any, and just wear tight leggings to show it all off in the front, and in the back. We would never get the right price for it- it being the house, not in the way all the other one around us look too, it not- uncommon to walk in a home around her and see dog sit on the floor, and a lightbulb hanging down from bar junction boxes.

Me- But we never found the right buyer, even though the sign is still out in the foundation year we all too lazy to take the song down; yet only some dumb butts ask for a quote, instead we moved her in me, and we took the dumb for what it is, and she loved the house as I did- even if, and we decided to stay.

She must be very secure in herself, to show me, and the world what she looks now on Twitter show full nudes; I suppose, she has a right to, I mean- if you want to- there is like no one stopping you, or showing all of you to the world, I think about how, I am wearing my younger sister's clothes, using the same brush for our hairbrush, toothbrush, and hair ties, we share it all, I have to be her mom and dad, yet she still living with him over in the park, on the weekends, I have it made until I can make a payment.

I think to myself, that I have fallen asleep, the lowing glow, and the hot sun comforting me, to do just that. I woke with a start, scrabbling around desperately for my handbag. It was still there, my skin was itchy, I was alive with bed bugs, the sheets have not been changed seen my mom left, and I do not know how to wash, I am only 15, they were in my hair, in my butt crack, on my neck, chest, and biting me; I was scratching them away, I bounded to my feet. The train stops outside, I look from the high up bedroom window.

Haven- my thing to do when sad, and think about her is gone for a walk, I am across the carriages left, on the tracks, there are too many people in the way, upon the path, she and I always said, and the town sucks anyways, way- the tracks where always our get-a-way, make sector.

The spray paint of our names, my real name with hers, I wonder whether if I should change it, and see if it still there, I am sure someone has painted over it after all these years, whether he knows, whether she going to make a full recovery..., or whether she is still living, with some issues, a life she is yet to discover is a lie, the fact that she is living with less in her head the rest, yet I am in denial, about what they say.

~*~

Me- It is some MORNING of someday- and I do not care. I know without looking at a clock, the time, that it is somewhere between seven thirds-five and eight. I know from the superiority of the light, from the resonances of the boulevard outside, about 300 yards away from my window, from the sound of the town over the way across the tracks the chamois hallway right outside my room.

I roll over and fall to sleep again, I get up early to clean the house every Saturday, yes that is, do that, at the crack of noon, no matter what, I have too at some point.

(Thinking back to the change)

I remember- It could be her birthday, all over today, she now a girl, in a way it was a new birth a new identity, it could be the morning of the end of all time, and she would sleep through it, and she will get up early on Saturday to clean if I drop her cut small- jiggly butt out of the bed hitting the floor only. She says it is purifying, it sets her up for a good weekend, and because she cleans the house in a night top and have sweet paints rolled

down at the waist, meaning she can crash afterword's, it means she does not have to go to the gym, if that all she has on... and to do it on that day.

It does not bother me, early morning vacuuming, since I would not be asleep anyway, with her hair backside running around in less than what is decent. More like a nude girl and a sticky pad, just hang, but that's- TMI right... sorry. I love to freeze, snot running, eye bogged girls, a 6 am.

(Mumm-ah)

Ha- she shaves just being sick. I- Haven, like cannot sleep in the mornings; I cannot snooze tranquility pending the middle of the day, with her. The day springs out in front of me, not a minute of it bursting. I wake tersely, my breath sharp and heart racing, my mouth decayed, and I personally know that is it. I am awake and do not want to be. The more I want to be unconscious, the less I can be. Life expectancy and sunlit will not let me be, it seems, I lie there, listening to the sound of the world lost in it like time, with the ghost of it in my brain as another girl from another time. Crucial, joyful, and busyness, I think about the clothes on the side of the railway, we left before he was, she, and I drift into a sleep of dream of him inside me...

The dream- we are next line kissing, loving in the morning sunshine, and the sex is long and slow, what teen girl like me dream about.

2:00-sh.

I could go to the fitness center, for the one that does not have money for membership. I could sit on the sofa with a cup of coffee and watch Saturday kitchen show on TV on channel 3 with bunny ears, and VHS. I could rewrite my report for school- yes right like I have homework. I could wait for her to leave the house, go to her shity job, to support me, being me

now, I crack open some rose wine that was €99, that was left in the cabinet, it was dry, and I want to just get out of my head, even more, and sleep, lost in the dreams of what if. This was that- that was this.

She was already sleeping and me getting into bed with her would not have worked.

Part: 37

I opened my eyes and listened to the rain pounding against the cracked pane window that is slip into fours, and it is now like 5-sh out, I sleep for that long. I felt her behind me, sleepy, warm, soft body molding to mine, her hips just fit ever so nice in my behind.

Afterward, she went to get the snail mail, and I made leftover from like 3 days ago- when I went to the café, we sat in the kitchen drinking whatever bar or alcoholic thing we could find or get our hands-on, we have older boys for that too, and my dad, never really knows where all the bear goes, we went to the pub for a late lunch, at 9- it was the only place open all other places close at 7:30 pm., we fell asleep until then and I had the alarm sit, tangled up together in front of the TV in our room that is nothing but snow.

Transparent plastic over the other window, I imagine it is different for him now, then with me, and then like nothing has changed at all, it is all the same, he is just she, lazy Saturday oral sex and leftovers, and double-sided dildo, smashing and sleep and more than- and sleep- and more that, instead a different sort of joy, or have a man- I have a girl that we will never get me there, you know there, I am just a little girl tucked up with a little and wife is not what I wanted.

She will be just learning to talk now, I have her one day out of the week- all 'Dad-a' and 'Mam-a, she is now, learns to

walk.' The baby is in our room, in my old crib, and we do what we can, on food stamps and welfare, and a secret language incomprehensible to anyone but a parent. Yet, my dad is fitter than us. I do not think so yet that is more of that and or in their own lawmaking in my hometown.

I do not have heat in all the room, just in the bedroom with one space heater, I do not have \$600 a month for heating oil, for this old house, that has no pink stuff- in the walls, its hollow, (yet it is not falling all the way down, they say I have it really- nice.) and there are holes in the roof, and I trapped it the best I could.

And put rugs down at the doors, yet it is cold when it hits -17° out; yet that makes me on fit, for you, all failed me to this point. I walk everywhere I go- in the town, even in the cold, I must, I do not have it- it being money, education, and some that cares. I wonder at night if I should be walking the streets, it is a small town, yet I do not feel safe, being a small girl in a big, small town. I should have a car, a high paying job, a life, and a man... like them, yet no, we do not have that... we have pained fail, by the ones that disrespect us, yet we must give that to them - I do not think so-o.

Yet, no one wants to help someone out, it is all me- me-me, no love anymore in the small town, for someone like me, it is all for them. The pain is solid and heavy, it sits in the middle of my chest. I cannot wait for this all to stop, it is the ache of loss and the thump of something new sparking, and to leave the house, and take my walk along the tracks holding her hand.

Dad- 'Some young girls turn depressed young. No singular motive, it seems, but they are born that way. They bruise easier, tire earlier, cry more rapidly, remember longer, and as- I say, get sadder younger than anyone else in the world.

I know, for I am one of them, and I cannot say I fail them sorry, they do not want to work or try.'

'You can fix ignorant and confrontational attitude!'

~*~

(SUNSET)

December 13, 2014-

Haven- I ran into Santa, and just playing along with the man in the suit, I asked him, sitting on his lap, for a vibrator, and his draw draped, for I was 13, yet looked 10. I have always been same, all the way backs as I remember, I was never a boy in my mind, I love all that was girl-ie, and playing with girl toys pink, and dolls, my little ponies, and things like that, dress, makeup, nail polish, cute girl 2 piece swimsuits, singing, dancing, tag with girls only, boys had coodie's, and were unpleasant, I would not have where pj's to bed it had to be a night top nothing more, with all that tucked under, I did not want to see it. Eyelashes had to be, right long and pushed up, lips had to be pink at 13 and up.

I remember, I think I do not want a boy, I want her, yet be the same as her. I asked him to bring we a girl and put her under my tree, and to make me one, and he said a real girl or a blow-up, I said I take either if you do this for me, I believe in you and GOD! He said both are to help you, why not... believe and have faith?

It for the good of all how is that wrong? I said you are right- thanks, I left with new hope in my fading young heart.

Me- so at the same time at the Salateah mail, I want and sat on Sant, he had a hardon at this point, with all these little sluts asking for- ho-hum- toys. Sant got more than he asked for with Rockville that year.

Haven- I am going to see the new me soon- I said to my mom and dad. I got my sex change, though, Obama care act, it was paid for, for I tried cutting it off and there was nothing they could do in the ER but remove it. 'Good reddens,' I said to my pee-pee waking up, and then it was psychological test, from that day on, all they said is that she is sick, think he needs to be a she, and she wants to be so-o lit her, she over the age mom and dad you do not have a say in the ER, she is now what she wants- and that is her right. And my mom and dad left me there, saying they never want to see me again, not even a handhold did I have someone understanding me, what to be well me! This was my only gift to me, I never got the right toys or the right dress, I never had all the things those girls had, and damn- it ...I was getting it! I was never loved, as the girl, I was on the inside! She was the only one that kind-a sort-a did, and I love her for that too.

Doctor Marshel- 'He used nail scissors, and a sting.'

Mom- 'He was not cut as a baby, was that what he was doing?'

Doctor- I think not, and you should know... it was at the base, of the shaft, -Miss. (judging tone)

Doctor- He thinks she is she, and by the test on the inside of her mind she is...

I- Haven, was going to bleed to death, they said on the ambience, yet I did not care, I want to be a girl- a girl- a girl! And if death was the way to be it- then so be it!

I recall not getting anything under the tree, now if you would do that to your kid, your child would sue. Think that is funny, I heard a man at Walmart- saying just that to me, when I saw his brat screaming and hitting in the left nut. Saying- 'Santa's see you!' 'That doesn't work anymore-' he said.

Part: 38

(Now)

I spent all day in my bedroom, waiting for Haven to go out so that I could have a drink. She did not. I was being lazy in the living room on the lazy boy, at the place where I like to just spare- out, and do my whatever, under like ten blankets, and throw them off at the peak. By late afternoon I could not stand the imprisonment or the boredom any longer, even with coming also, so I told her I was going out for a walk down by the tracks, that when she was done over the way on her sofa, to meet me at the cross-track, yes, we look at each other doing it is normal right? Then, I walked to the station, bought a couple of cans of gin and tonic and got onto the train.

(Back)

Haven- For as long as anyone can remember, the students of 'Rockville High' have been inwards at school on the last Monday in September to find a list naming the prettiest and the ugliest girl in each grade. I was there, as a boy, and want to be on the other end of things, as one of the girls.

Me- I am going to see if I can do something tonight maybe go to a movie but I do not have 50 dollars to blow on shit like that, I thought about an E-book, yet I do not have 10 to blow either, I would rather have a new sex toy for 30, at least I can keep getting what I want. I like to keep all my glass dildo on the mantle of my fireplace, and I love to rub my clit with on hand and use one at the same time and have two go off at the same time- orgasms that is.

Haven- This year will be no different, I remember saying- after I did what I did, I did not regret it though, walking in as the boy with no- ween-n-ie. Four hundred copies of other

girl's photos for photo day, went out, yet not me, I wanted to be one of those preppy girls, I was determined to be.

One cranked up pic. is tapped above, me and her in my locker door, the girl of my dream, if she no longer wants me, for me being me. the urinal in the first-floor boys' bathroom, was no longer for me, I was going in- into the girl's room, looking seeing being one of them, it the smell of new, and girlie pee- it was thrilling to me at 13, I got my first temp. and said, I see what it is all about, even if I do not bleed as they do ever, I bleed in the ER to make up for it.

All the girls were talking about where pennies from Heaven AKA- dick pics, as I was sitting down on the pot- as a girl- what I always wanted- to spray it out of me as they do, one girl has her phone all tucked between her in the next stall over she dating, a football player, violence, is what I here after 5 hours of brainwashing she, get off hard to his pic, and sexy texts, I want that with my dream girl, or maybe just her, yet she is not into me, as me now, and depression, of what to do with me in some class having to ask the nurse's office, about me in PE was getting to me also, I am a girl-girl- girl, I said to the office deal with it.

The list is affixed to locker doors, slipped inside classroom desks, stapled to bulletin boards. They did not know how to take me, yet girls are sweet, they soon fell in love with me in my new class, all new girls, they held me back a year also, saying fresh faces would be good for my state of mind. And I did not care I was getting where I needed to be as the real me, so I am with 12-year-old girls, and love it! A new class of real girls, that is not mean to me.

So, high school was put off for a year okay, I love the idea of getting away from them, the only one I missed was her. To be in the other building with a girl that a not mean to me

was all I really wanted, and I would learn something too with a class that did goof off- all the time, I do what more than they.

I am not going to visit her if she did not want me too if she did not love me anymore, she was at her dad's dump then, and I was with my mom, and her many men, that would flake out, on her after the quickie, I seen it all over them home-gross! I am not going to turn up at his and her house and knock on the door, one it would fall off, too she would eat me out for it. Oh- deadly worded, um- give me hell!

Yah that works...

Nothing like that, nothing at all crazy- or silly. I just wanted to go past the house, roll by stroll next to the train, think about ways to be new, and that was a new girl too, in a new grade, and new school, it felt strange but right, I was finally coming into my own- as a preteen girl. I had had nothing better to do, and I did not want to go home, so I was making my intentions, I just wanted to see her, yet wanted a fresh start. I want to see her- yet it was increasingly- no, I was not caving to her- like always in the past, I am no longer that boy- I am adorable - kick ass girl!

Part: 39

This is not a good idea- I had the immoral thoughts. I know it is not a clever idea, to go over there yet I did, just to look in the window, and I saw her and her dad, doing it, and I was really done, I knew about it before, yet I thought she was joking about him going down on her; I could see some but not this- it was too much, this was the only dirty window that was not plywood boarded up. It is a 1983 carefree, orange and cream!

An embossing stamp has dimpled the bottom right corner of each copy, of my new agenda and notebooks, I was

really going to do it this year, and make the grades, leaving behind the scar of the high school kids that moved on without me, concentrated as a line drawing- that I did, start to bleed, it was all I had of my past life, the new gymnasium, they added on was not what I thought it was going to be after a 3 million dollar renovation, to the middle school, and a wing of high-tech science labs were added, along with removing all that is art-ie. Not needed currently they say.

This stamp had certified every graduation diploma, for 8th grade, and mine was not completed, it was ripped into two, and handed to me by my mom, before it was stolen from the principal's desk two days ago, before my change. It is now a fairytale: illegal imports used to dishearten impressionists or rivals.

But what harm can it do? Trying new things- I through at the time. I want to be closer; I cannot see. I want to be closer to them, those girls I want to be, and I do it, I am making new girlfriends and girls that are friends.

Mine record of BS, that they have attached with the old me, no one knows for sure who authors of it were, yet they have the right to say whatever- and do whatever and I have not to say in my say- I don't say so, so I killed the old me as they would say to do, and started over, or how the responsibility is passed along, with a new record, I knew they would have to pass me, like me, and not make up a me, that is not me, like before, I was calling what they said, or it was under investigation, secrecy it has not impeded practice, her- there making all easy passes for me, or the school we are sued, for my doctors, say it was the school that did this to me. If anything, the guaranteed anonymity makes the judgments of the list appear more absolute, impartial, unbiased, yet the school would not cave to me, passing. Yet I did not care... and my mom

and dad... said do as you want with her pin... scribble on the line
sale me to them.

Three weeks into the 8th-grade year:

My mouth is dry, it hurts to swallow. My heartbeat feels as though it is at the base of my throat, uncomfortable and loud. I roll onto my side; my face turned to the window and look out from my window thinking about what I did- and then I must stop and say this is how I want it and need it.

The second thoughts are killing me as I am failing, and it not on me... even the doctors would say. The light there hurts my eyes, as I look at the old streetlights, that flicker. I bring my hand up to my face- and cry like a girl; I press my fingers against my eyelids, trying to rub away the ache, of not having her.

My fingernails are filthy, so-o unlike the girl, I should be, not all the boy is out-a me yet, and my legs fuzzy.

I feel as though I am falling and failing at everything like I did before the change, and it is not this new me that is the problem, it is not the kid in my grade, the teachers, saying this and that, bullying me. What they say would make a grown man break down... overtime!

Part: 40

You know I could have had my deink in her as a- she-male, yet I did not she was wielded out by me, having the boy and face of a girl and the man's junk, I would have, maybe yet I thought it was wrong, at the time, I do not know what I was thinking and she holds it, agent, me, I mean I was blown to place I have never been by her yet she wants it in her, and I would not give that to her. Yet I was like 12 and did not know what I was fulling doing there, even if I thought I did. I was a little boy yet changing into a girl.

My goal in my change was to look like Ariana Grande that is what I asked for when redoing my face and body. And I know that some may say it too much, but I am going to show you the photos.

(Life tip from a trans girl and what I found out: I would say to any trans boy to girl, find a girl that gets you, for she well takes you as a boy in her mind, even if you are not in your if she loves you, it will not matter. A boy would not want me, for all the gays that are with it!)

Me as a pre-teen boy moving into the girl look.

Photo here... look-it!

The day before, I said, I do not want this thing any longer, going off in my hands. I was stuffing... the top, and tape it down in school!

I am now one of those girls in my grade- I do not have the grades but I have the girls and the look that is all me, inside and out. What it looks like down there everyone asks to see it, so I just show, and say it is okay. Even at lunch at school, you can see me under the tab dropping my jeans for children to see a fast look my first year with them.

This one showing me growing my hair and looking more like a girl with the injections. And when I got my boobs, they were small, yet I love them!

The day after, in the hostel room, recovering, now if you did not know you would not.

A sexy photo I texted to her, saying 'I love you still!'

A pic. Of me getting where I want to be looking like the singer I loved! We could pass as tweens- no? I am happy to say that Photoshop has nothing on me! Ha, I sing no- you would

rather hear an audio-tuned qu*ef- for 3 hours than her that, cracking.

Age 14!

And now I am fully happy with the look of me, on the inside and out!

Part: 41

(Now)

Me- Sleeping next to the girl I love, as though the bed has vanished from beneath my body, I am up next to her, I am there by her side, feeling her covers and her warmth. Last night, any every night since we made up, and yes sex had something to do with it.

Something happened...

The breath comes sharply into my lungs, and I sit up, too quickly, heart racing, my puss throbbing, like my body trembling for her, I learned that she is him still on the inside, and the outside is starting to work for me now too- I think, I may be gay for her- is that how this works?

And so, with every new list, the labels that normally slice and dice the girls of Rockville High into a billion different distinctions, poseurs, poplar's, users, losers, social climbers, athletes, airheads, good girls, bad girls, girlie girls, guy's girls, sluts, closet sluts, born-again virgins, prudes, overachievers, slackers, stoners, outcasts, originals, geeks, and freaks, to name just a few, will melt away, with me I thought at the time, I was the only thing they would be talking about. The list is refreshing in that sense. It can reduce an entire female population down to three clear-cut groups.

Prettiest, what I wanted to be...

Ugliest, where I thought I was...

And everyone else... that does not matter...

This morning, before the first homeroom bell, every girl at Rockville High will learn if her name is on the list or not. The ones who will wonder what the experience, good or bad, might have been like. The eight girls who are on it do not have a choice but to live with it. I wait for the memory to come to me of the ones that were there last year, it is not a list on paper, it is more what we all just know, sometimes it takes a while. Sometimes it is there in front of my eyes in seconds.

Sometimes it does not come at all. And I wanted to be on the top with all the other prettiest girls- no matter what it took, even if that was having sex with the girl to get there, show her what I am made of, I wanted to love, yet loves not how this all works.

I remember being on the steam train, today, my mind was still fuzzy, yet I am getting better. I am breathing deeply, trying to slow my heart rate, to quell the panic rising in my chest, of freaking out over what I cannot handle about it all, I think, and remember it is all going to be all right. What did I do? I got on the train and there she was, coming up the row saying it okay, I do not want to remember my past, why can I delete it- I said to her.

Interval: 2

Haven

Part: 42

(Second term of the 8th-grade year)

I stroll around the sugar maple tree outside the school, it a chilly day... and flurrying out, ice is dripping on all things around, 8° out.

One hand drifting lazily over the thick bumps of black and blue I have under my dress, I was still, oozing, and padded, and was wearing a splint on my nose, yet I was becoming me, I was not the first girl in my new class to have a nose job, a breeze nips my legs.

They were just shaved before school, bare they are like above the new hole made for love, between the hem of her corduroy skirt and I have ballet flats.

It is practical tights weather, but I was not fighting them on, like the other girl I went without, they said I need them I said- no, I am a girl too, but Abby, a new girl that I just oh my god love, will avoid wearing them for as long as she can, without undies too and, stand there in the chill, shivering like she is having a hard orgasm.

Or until the end of her summer tan fades away, from the girls that are skanky. Whichever comes first, I felt odd with them all looking at me, them saying that is the one I was telling you about, and I know all the text buzz standing to go in before the bell- read, the questions of what all that I have or have underneath. She has bigger boobs than me- what, it was a whisper, I could hear the mindless chatter.

The spot is known as 8th Island, is where I stand with them. It is where the most popular 8th graders gather in the mornings and before school. Everyone avoids the younger kids, yet I was okay with the 7th, yes that is me, it is the Island because of the rotten-ness, of we girls are with other girls, yet I look around this year and I know there is talk, yet no hate, as I feel last year for me. It took me doing this to myself to get some

to see what I wanted, and that was a new life, new class, new me.

Some say: I am going backward, saying I am immature for my age... yet no, I do not want to be with them that think they are when they are not. I am frightened, but I am not sure what I am afraid of, which just makes the fears worse. I do not even know whether there is anything to be frightened of- really- there just kids like me, yet I not just a kid like them- am I...? It all comes down to what is underneath- and on the inside- that is all they care about- and what shows on the outside more than that- right? It all comes down to the- sex of it...?

This is fine prearrangement, though, because, by spring the 8th graders will be first-year students and will avoid anything that might identify them as younger, yet that all so mean, the sophomores, are going to bully me like before, yet I have one year of freedom, to make this kid see the real me, and hopefully- like- I well keep 'um.

There was a younger 8th-grade girl there- I remember that I oh so-o love too, brownish hair. She smiled at me, and we hit it off fast like all that is pink and girly and Ariana, it was all that we talked about has she said her but this in your ear, it was a bud, with I am so into you playing, we shared the same headphone, standing there, I felt more loved than ever by a class of kids.

Not the cutest girl, in the group yet sweet, not popular yet not sped either, yet I do not say those kid's ant nice, they are, you just must wonder, what wrong with them or are they okay... to be 'round, you could never really be seen with on, for those starts.

She talked to me, about if I was new to the school, she did not know about me and I did not say, I was shocked, that some girls where this naïve, but I cannot remember what she

said, about her, yet I remember her saying: 'I started shaving there too, itchy- right.'

There is something more to her that I never saw in anyone- but her, but I cannot reach it to say what it was, not judging me, cannot find it in the black thoughts of shock I was in, to recall. She said amiably- 'Add your number to my phone,' and my legs felt as if they gave out from underneath me. So-o, I did... first girlfriend other than her ever, um- like all the boys can go suck it, I never want to be one or have them for friends, they are everything, I do not want to be.

We all rush into the door she holds my hand, running in, and then it slips away as she goes to her known spot and homeroom, and I do not see her the rest of the day and she left me with a small, I did even get the last name, yet I was fluttering on the inside with butterflies.

Um- like, ah- when I was outside my underarms at this point feel chapped, like my legs and lips to under all the pink lipstick and glitter glow of my makeup and green eyeshadow, that corresponds with my olive tank, and kicky jacket green top.

I was doing out with my day as you know it is all about what you are wearing and see all that you will be with for the next 180 or so days, it is a slow day of meeting the teachers and they read syllabi and handing out books and saying your all passing as of now all you must do is keep it.

I look around the room and see all the kids, my phone is on the desk in front of me with just her number in it. My purse is not on the floor, it is hanging over the back of the chair where I usually leave it, like all the other girls, I copy as they do.

I must have had it, yet not the same thing in as they- I would not know yet all I need, I will find out, because I am in a class with mostly girls, which means I have my keys, in there

and a change of everything, and pens, and random gum, and nail polish, etc.

So, walking through the hall going to lockers I ran into the same girl today a school, and she blows me off, I thought how someone has gotten to her already. I thought...

Before, I knew it the day was over, and it was time for the buses all the kids running out of the school, papers flying, to take us home, or just get the train, or have mom get me, yet I do not have them so, I did my own thing, and I did what I always do, taking the train over, its faster. Buses have never worked for me- I thought.

(Day 2 of my 2nd 8th-grade year)

My hands are trembling, more than my body. I get out of bed, I am naked, yet everything now is where it needs to be in my body-mind, and soul. I catch sight of myself in the head-to-toe mirror next to the dresser. I have a cut on my lower lip from biting it; Mascara is smeared over my cheekbones, I am alone, yet, I live with a family that said they would take me in... even if I was at elevated risk... There are bruises on my legs, I must over up too, and I feel disgusting.

I put my head between my knees, waiting for the wave of nausea to pass; as I sit back down on the bed, the bedroom door is just open a crack, I see the woman looking in at me, she was wondering like them I would image. I get to my feet, for the clock is going off, grab my night top, that I took off and placed it in the hamper, and open the door saying: 'I am on my way- don't worry I am fine.'

The home is quiet, for now, I know this woman, has girls of her own- yet I was asked to stay away, that I am on thin ice. For some reason, I am certain I do not want to be here, I want to be home or with her; yet, I do have what I want with me- and

that is the real me, yet not home life yet, nevertheless, you cannot have it all.

The next day- I was looking for her, the girl, that gives me a number, I did not text her, for I did not want to impose, and be nescience. There she was, yet she was not alone, she had two girls next to her that looked the same as her. I could not believe my eyes, I made new girlfriends with three triplets' girls named Baca, Emily, and Melody.

The only way to tell triplets apart is by their eye color, Baca has brown, Emily has green, and Melody has blue, I am sure that two of them are wearing contacts.

Baca is the one, that I meet the day before, I feel as though she did jittery with them standing there just chatting about schoolboy's music and so on, saying I was not into boys - with her sisters, the day before standing next to them we all just hit it off fast, like the same things, I never knew that making friends was this easy. I could not tell them apart, yet I knew that they would be my besties.

I got my first ever tagged pic., on Facebook when she said: 'take a cell phone picture with us,' and I was more than overjoyed! Um- though I cannot remember when, I ever had someone ask me to do this- not even her, she did but it was not like this. Before I went in, to start the day of learning, and groping who was going to become, I walked as quietly as I could out into the hallway, looking down yet, all of them are smiling at me, and I did not know, it was freedom to me.

I asked my new girlfriends over to my new home; I did not even think to ask if it was okay...

Us girls- Baca, Emily, and Melody - I can see that Haven's bedroom door is open slightly. We peered into her room, one on top of the other, just looking at her. Her bed is

made nicely like someone that has OCD; we are not like that we whispered to each other. She may have already got here before us and made it, thinking we would judge her for it or something like that, surely, she is not that neat- us whispering again, all in matching outfits, pink, dress, and ribbons in their hair on the lift side.

Thoughts unanimous- between are the same whispers, but I do not think she stayed here last night the room looks that nice. Yet, I am sure it will not like that tomorrow for where girls are having a sleepover, which is a source of some relief, I am sure to her, we heard about her, like all when the teacher gives the speeches with her in the room, confidential- my butt, yet where not saying or care, she one of us now in is click- she needs us and we love her for her.

This should not matter to anyone, not even the teachers- I feel, and they had no right saying she was a bad apple, the sense of shame, is going to be feeling, that why we are here also if others turn on her now, she has us, three, are mom even said its okay- to play nice. I feel like an incident, as she would, it was what she had to do, though Baca, to get away from, the kids, yet she still has the same teacher as last year, talking crap, about her new life, she loves, and they want to take from her, and where a girl is not going to let, that happens, no, and the whispers where unanimous, proportionate we are with the gravity of the situation, but also to the number of people who witnessed, what was said we had to come, for the heat is going to be all over Rockville- soon. And she is not going to see it!

~*~

I remember the after, saying it was okay for me to be discarded from the hospital, that all was good with me and coming home, to my new home, with them, and just walking

was so hard, I had no one really to have mercy on me, as I went into the home, I recall being at the top of the stairs, I feel dizzy again and grip the banister tightly, as she said you did this to yourself, you can make it is on your own, yet she soon warmed up to me, it was more of that what they say- that she was feeling towards me- judging before knowing. It was not even a day until she was the mom I never had, and she fell in love with a new girl she never had, and she said: talk is cheap is not you are a fine young lady, and I got something I never- ever had by a mom a hug!

It is one of my great fears, was not looking like a girl alive (along with bleeding to death, you never really know how alive you are until you start to feel death.) That I would fall down the stairs and break my neck was nothing like that fear I had of losing ever- and having anybody- other than her, that cared, and even she did not at that time. Thinking about this makes me feel ill again, it like the getting kick in the nads' feeling, and yes those were cut off too, I can never have kids, and that hit me too that is mine, and my mom and dad, said they were not paying to keep with was in my nuts. So-o there- how do you like that? They said- we have been cheating her, with your experiments of gender questioning.

Dad- 'By you being a few cans short of a six-pack.'

...is how they worked it.

Havens real Mom Lynn-Netta- I want to lie down, but I need to find my bag, check my phone, I had to all my friends and tell them about, my break down, and what my son has just done to himself... it was the take going around, and I was with then saying he was losing it, was speed, she has been spending too much time with the trash over the way that is just that!

Parents- well we attest now know that we have lost all our credit cards, to his dumb sucking move- and I am not paying

for this- Haven's dad was yelled all over the waiting room and was asked to leave, and when he would not, he was hauled out the door by five men, along with mom.

...And then that is when 'I got- Haven's real story as too- why...?' Said- the doctor, on staff that night. He went on a no- to me opening-up, all it took was a teddy bear, and me being nice to the now- her- and understanding- and we took care of her expenses- I felt the need and so did the team.

I need to know who all I need to call, she said, 4 days after all this... her handbag has been dumped in the hallway, by her mom, looking for whatever even dugs as to find out the why- of it, just inside the front door, of the sitting room. I got everything cleaned up and made her my responsibility until my shift was over. I had to see what was making this young lady- now tick. (and it was not long to see all that was wrong) Her member was cut, almost off there was nothing we could do, and it was her choice to go all the way anyways, we have the signed document after the fact, by her- and that it was life or death- there was nothing we could do otherwise, and also the school Invalided education program, that where just ridicules to her identified, they had her with the special needs, and groped her a mental, and that she should not even be in the 2nd grade with her dangers of herself and others, that she just too crazy to be around others.

'Lawsuit!!!' - I screamed! 'This is all bullshit to do to a kid! All the staff looked at me, yet it was approved I was right, in saying and going there in calling others to get a case going. There was nothing in the brain testing to say she was not normal yet read this report and the girl will not even get a job clean shit out of a toilet someday. And the whole town knows this... she branded!'

Me- Sarah, my jeans, and underwear sit next to it in a crumpled pile; when I heard that she was going to live, laying my bed after having to satisfy myself, and I just said, ha- I want to see her dye- for doing what she did to me, and my dad said- I get that, the first thing we ever agreed on really. He always just busts in my room, yet it is a small place.

Haven- I can smell the urine from the bottom of the stairs- that I was dripping. I grab my bag to look for my phone it is in there, thank God, I said, it works, I look on Facebook and see all the talk off all the kids, that were pulling for me to dye, they even made a hate page, all in my grade, along with a bunch of scrunched-up twenties and a bloodstained Kleenex, drawings, that show what I wanted, is what was left, and my screen was cracked, and a teddy bear was all that I got for my sickness- I guess you could call it.

Nausea comes over me again, stronger this time than ever and I call the doctor that I had said I cannot take this; and he sees all of what I do on Facebook, I can taste the bile in the back of my throat, and cry, but I do not make it to the bathroom, I vomit on the carpet halfway up the stairs, and my new mother was getting it, and me- at that moment.

Haven- Upstairs, I plug in my phone and lie down on the bed. I raise my limbs, gently, gingerly, to inspect them, and that too. There are bruises on my legs, above the knees, standard drink-related stuff, the sort of bruises you get from walking into things.

My upper arms bear more worrying marks, dark, oval impressions, that look like fingerprints, from being moved from bed to bed, like dog meat by trauma surgeons. This is not necessarily sinister- I thought for me to do, is it? I have had them before, never like this, usually from when I have fallen and

someone has helped me up, playing as a boy on the teams, baseball, baseball- and so on.

The crack they made for me down lower, that I should not touch feel like it would never- ever be right, and I freaked, but it could be from something as innocent as me not knowing what they did to make it right.

I must lie down, when she posted on Facebook, I should have passed, If I do not, I had to lie down, I am going to pass out from the long letter she posted to the world about her being alive, I am going to fall if I do not soon. It was like a page of run on's about her life-ending. So, for a like tree week, we just moved in on her and shared her room, and her new mother was more okay with us girls hanging.

(New day- three weeks into Havens new life)

So, like it is are academic decathlon on Monday- that would be tomorrow, so I need to see if she could help me with my studying along, with my new BFF's, that is the lie I told her, I could give a crap about my grade, they are all fixed, I cannot make them love me, the teachers that are, and I need somewhere to say for the night, I know that it is not going to fly yet I must ask. I am out of fuel in my heater, at my home, and have no cash to get any, so it is bag here for a twenty, just to make it 'till my payday at my job, and now that I do not have her, I am on my own. And my mom wants to see me fall on my face, why- she does not need a why- she just does.

The tree girls- like- our parents dropped us girls off at our older sister- we are living with her, we are living on our own now, even if mom and dad, we should be home with them kissing butt, yet we want to be grownups, our sisters are age 18 she has an apartment up with the low life, also, we do not have much, just like the rest of the world.

She and I, and us girls we are off here using are pulled bikes in like 3rd snow, yet mom or dad taking us to the movies was not going to happen, they have already done more than they felt the need for us, like we have a car either, that runs... ha.

I or we girls do not have the money now to keep a car up. The law forbids us to have bikes on the road- it is all of us doing this though so way to they care if where low life just trying to live, like to drive on the road currently, of the year is nuts. I know that we are going to get pulled over for this at some point, yet- we do not care. All we can say is that we need to have fun to be kids- yet I do not think that is part of life any longer- for a kid to be kids.

I know that I- we, we will all be frozen, by the time, that I- we get there... to the movies, that is where we planned to go, yet that is all we must do, and after that, I will be flatly broke, yet I feel not let them know this, yet oh well it builds character they say, to have nothing and have nothing to lose. What feels like hours ago, is even harsher by the wind chill, as I make the 4-mile bike run, to my sisters. Either way, I knew these kinds of mornings suck on the weekends because Baca must get up extra early to have time to shower, for her mom drags her to do the church thing, she must do her hair and put together something cute to wear. She does it all without turning on the light, so as not to wake her young sister, who is 4-year-old, living with her older sister for her mom is just not right- like all ours, with whom she shares the largest bedroom in the home with. There is not enough room for us all to cram in.

Anyways, it was hard to get them all to just say yes take me, in we did not get much sleep, yet I had a place to stay, I knew that we girls would have to take bikes to school, or hope the train over, for they do not get it at school that we do not have mom and dad or them at the school that care, to see that

we must find homes that work for the moment, yet it was nice just to be warm. The baby does not fall a-sleeps until the last possible minute, because she has no morning of having to shower and go to school and getting up a 4 am to do the routine to speak of, besides brushing her teeth and cycling through a rotation of jeans and boxy T-shirts, is what makes you in 8th grade, and me tripping over them in one old small bathroom- did not help- either.

Baca yawns, we were in class. She cannot remember a thing that we never learned, nothing was right on her test, I could see it on her face. Meanwhile, I think I may have passed this one yet they- the teachers that made me this way- would say not so-o.

This morning, I had proudly put on a new T-shirt that I bought online, the first time that I got a girl's shirt from an online store. The first time, I use a gold card... I have been saving this card for Christmas all this year, and its Christmas again, there was only \$20 loaded on the card; yet I got what I wanted even so-o, even if shipping was more than I thought also. 'Thank you'- I said to my sister shakingly, for caring, when she needs the money herself, I did not get her anything, yet she understood, 'it's cool' she said, yet she must play mom, dad, and family and make holiday for us all, that too falls on us kids.

My sisters and I all got the same series of fantasy novels called: 'Harry Potter,' the form is mom and dad, yet not one of us could get past the first page, we can read it- in 7th grade, mom was shocked, yet not surprised. So, we just called it gay-like every one of us in is class to make up for the fact we have not read it, and took them back, only go half of what they paid yet that was worth more to us and got the money. 8 books- I said- why not just get the movie- dumbasses, my two sisters like I whispered unanimously- we agreed. that would be easier, like who reads anymore? Could have us new cell phones, these

things are older than us. And where stuck paying for the bill, not they said, you are like you have what you have.

Like I- Haven and all my friends are obsessed with the new I-phone 5 that just came out, yet we would have to the sale and ovary just to get one- four the tree of us- to share- and sharing to us is getting old. In my sisters, old beat to hell car, Baca to give me two French braids for school it turns out my sister has a big heart and taking us all to school, one on each side of my head.

I only wanted Baca to give me two French braids, yet all of us girls have them now, I know if the other girls see us looking the same, someone we give us crap about it; even though Baca can do a knot or a twist- hairstyles, she has this look down for us all, Baca feels are better, more classy choices out her two 12-year-old sisters- I feel, they may all look alike yet there miles apart on the inside.

But Baca says no to Emaly and Melody's requests, even though she finds it weird that Emaly and Melody want to dress in what is a costume because the braids do make Emaly, and Melody look better, or at least like she cares a little bit about how she looks. I picked up my phone. There are two messages. One part of the day when we're not in the same classes, it makes us three said, yet that's school, crayons, and glowing shit on paper in 8th grade, and look at: 'See Spot Run,' and doing 2nd grade spelling, yet the teacher feel there right on point with us- I could not even tell you a place on the map where we are from, or who all the face are that ran the US, yet why do I care, they say to me, I don't if you don't.

The first is from Haven, received just after five, asking where I must. She is going to Damien's for the night, she will see me tomorrow. She hopes I am not drinking on my own. The second is from Melody, received at 10:14. I almost dropped the

phone in fright as I heard his voice; her shouting. 'Jesus Christ,' 'what is wrong with you?' I ask, 'I have had enough of this, all, right?' She said- 'they make out to be metalloids-' it read. 'I've just spent the best part of an hour looking at this shit and looking around the room, and there is know why I am getting this Math, Reading, and so on,' I sent back- 'maybe it's too easy.' You have frightened- and frustrated, Melody, you know that? Said the prick teacher, "No one can tell from the others, and does not care too.

And that expulsion for having a phone out in class, yah go suck it, I am in the office, and another for a too short of a skirt with no underwire under them; 'pervert,' I said back, well that all of us, then, right? 'No just you- the smart mouth- GO!'

'No- I don't have to,' and I was dragged out the room by my skirt bottom, it comes off like you would expect before I was out the door.' She thought you were going to... she thought... It is all I could do to get him not to ring the police. Leave us alone, we screamed, in the classroom, stop calling me names, I said- to the teacher, stop hanging around us like we are dumb, just leave us alone.

'I don't want to speak to you,' I said to the principal, 'Do you understand me?' 'I do not want to speak to you either- we can just send you out of here, I do not want to see you, for a week, I do not want you anywhere near this school. And the girl you where texting too Haven- I do not want to see her for a week, she did not do anything, that is no matter to me, she already, a badly-behaved, 'You think you can ruin your own life here in school you cannot, he scrambled at Haven, I make your say- of what you can and cannot do.' 'But you're not ruining mine.' She said back- 'Not anymore- you do not have to be where- we send you to the retard school. I am not going to protect you any longer, understand?' 'Just stay away from us.

Melody said to him- and his bending us backward over his desk with his yelling.'

School buses and cars begin to appear, were still in the office, and were let go- they did know it, but we wanted the 3 weeks off, all of us girl cut- going to drop out at some point we know- yet that they why they want it.

One by one, I am warmed by her and her sister's hugs, 'I don't have any more chances,' I say to Haven, 'your discarnate-on,' they said, and like them all at once- 'and it's not right,' They all spent the weekend sending pictures of potential dresses back and forth to one another for the missing the winter-snowball dance on Saturday night. The dress Baca is completely in love with- a pink satin halter with a thick white bow cinching the waist- is on hold in her size 0 at a store in the mall, she prayed for it too. And is not getting that back either.

Her only hesitation was knowing that her sisters did not seem to know how to dress up, without her, or want to go, and that would not be right, sure we could not all go without all of them there, could we. (Back a week)

'Ooh! Email!' Baca says when her best friend her sister, Melody Krumenacker, comes walking over from the parking lot. 'Did you show Haven your winter- snowball dress? Does she think it is too formal?' Emaly throws one arm around her, in a shop in the mall that has things marked down for flaws, and things like that.

Baca and pulls her in for a hug, with us girls saying- 'I love you all so much.' 'My sister said it is perfect for you to go with that one! Pretty and fun, and cute, and boy-loveable, you are! But not in a trying-too-hard kind of way, I love that flirty too though, sexy- yet not showing it all- undies, or no?'

I would not spend money on them and save, for shoes,
'He will know you do not want lines... and you feel- um
scandalous- and that makes you feel like a WOMAN, not a little
virgin girl, 'well that's what we are?' RIGHT? Baca yelled in a
panic, the three of them all at the same time yelled- YES- with a
look on their face that is too cute you could not help but love
them for it!

Haven- 'that not trashy, though, is it?'

'We're not... go with it.'

Baca- 'Show off your goods, that why God gave yah'
Haven - she screwed up her face, in only a way she could, saying
he did not.

'Oh yes...' she said.

Becca and Emaly are the only two girls in their group of
us girls, who have older sisters who also go to the high school
up there on the hill, and they say to go without having sex with
boys, that boys like that, its Rockville's, only thing boy think
about, the only thing boys should care about is the girl, yet they
do not they just want in your jeans. And the other nodded in a
way only they do, she said I would get that one when I older- I
do not get it.

Becca sighs with relief at having received Emaly's
sanction and approval, about us not have sex at the end of the
8th-grade dance, with are dates like all the other girls or they
say they are going to do, you know how girls are, and a boy is
far worse than that, for lying about the V card.

Becca and Emaly are the only two girls in their group of
us who have older sisters who also go to, and they say to go
without, that boys like that, it is Rockville, only the boys should
care.

Not that Becca's Emaly and Melody is any match for Emaly's, modesty yet I get why she wants little girl undies underneath saying- what if you fall- of something like that.

Unlikely- yet I get- I Haven had other thoughts- to it- yet I was going to do just what they were, as a girl that I am, the bra is built in so why make yourself feel restricted when you are grinding on a boy.

During that week, Baca and Emaly snuck into Haven's bedroom to look around- it the typical girl's room, nothing out of place from any other girl- in this world- all pink and right- for an 8th grader.

They stuck their heads in Emaly's closet, looking for boy things not one, just a lot of different undies, the young girl with flowers and girlie things on them- bras, and T's and short shorts, 2 dress, and jeans that are skintight to her from- like us we said- unanimously, her new mom has been shopping for her I see.

The next night, a school night, it was a Wednesday- I was in the three girls' room, that has three beds, in a row, all in soft pink and lavender with mint green. With white headboards, and white nightstands, with a photo of the boy there crushing on in their matching digital frames, that show all there the girls' days of growing up.

I- Haven was snooping, I found a few boys' phone numbers hidden in Emaly's sock drawer next to all the little girl undies, and her gummy dildo, all the girls have their own, in the same place all in assorted colors so that can tell them apart, she swears off forever- over what boys say, I wonder what that was like to be crushing on more than one a one time, she said that is okay too.

Like before going to be it is this girl ritual to masturbate, there fully nude, I have to say as a girl to it became mine also,

with them... when I sleepover, and on my own, oh there is nothing cuter than seeing three triplet girls doing that as your sitting at the foot of their tree beds looking up at them, and they want to see them coming, it is what girl do at sleepover also, and they are not going to go a night off, just for I there no- was just that close now, I was with them...

I remember the first time- like I-

Haven was nervous about come in-front of other girls, to show my goodies, that may not be right, yet they were, yet Baca said I help you got off, and the girls did it with me, on one of their beds, my back agent the headboard with her and her and she next to me.

...And yet they got me one of those too, just like there is off Amazon, for \$7 it is a blue 7-speed rabbit, that will blow any young girl's mind they said to me.

...And held her charm bracelet, that she was planning to give me, against her undies that were on her wrists, the night before, I said I like it- so she must feel the need too... give it to me.

I would love it- yet I had to abolish the moment for myself. I have always been like that...

I look to see how these girls have everything perfectly arranged atop a white wicker vanity, that they share, I love it- I said you must do this for me- in my room- they gave me so much free crap- in make-up, and things to make my face look cute.

I had always dreamed of having a vanity, but there was no place for one, I thought- yet they did it for me out of an old table, I asked my new mom for that was in the hallway that needs some love...

I and the girls made it white, with a can of spray paint we found, and they did the rest, along with watching makeup scenarios- YouTube videos with me to find my true look; fake lashes and everything; I even had my eyebrows redone by them, even if they were not bad there right now!

The biggest thing they got me was hair extranets, now my hair is down to my butt, they said- 'like if your kind to them you can keep them for years,' 'we put our money together are allowances, we want you to have all this, a bag of girl's make-up things. This was also the money back from the Harry Potter books.'

The next day you have to say, the girls where all looking at her, with that dropped jaw look, Emaly stayed by herself that week, I cannot say why, she loves me, I know, yet she felt like she lost her sisters a little, that week to me- become the girl I never- ever knew I could be.

Ask.FM Bacca is answering her new questions for the day- asked by anyone around the world at age 12, yet there is nothing else to do, by being online.

I just got this on ask. FM- Shaved or hairy cunt innie or outie I said- Shaved, innie, yet Emaly is not right now, she wanted to see what not it is doing would feel and look like for a while.

Do you sleep naked?

All three of us girls do.

When last did, you kiss?

I kissed a girl, and I liked it!

Have you ever made out with someone you wished you never made out with?

Yah my mom- ha

Would you make out with me right now?

No!

What is your bra size?

12? 34B? That would go for all three, dumpy?

Would you pay for sex or rather, get paid for sex?

Which celebrity would you sleep with within a blink of an eye?

Ryan Gosling

Have you ever kissed a girl before?

Yah- her name is Haven and my 3 sisters.

Show a photo of you three.

No creep!

Would you be open to a threesome?

I do that every night with them sully.

Do you like watching porn?

Yes, we all do

Does size matter to you?

I would not know yet...

- Have you ever had an orgasm during sex before?

I have only had them with me...

Have you been caught having sex?

Yes, my dad and mom, yet that do not care, that I came on my own time.

Where do you like being touched the most?

My pussy dah! I am a girl!

If I asked nicely, would you show me your boobs?

NO!

- Would you use sex toys?

I have one, like all girls my age!

- How often do you masturbate?

6- to 10 times a day, like my sisters. Three likes before the long day at school, once or twice as soon as I get home, and hit my bed, and like three more before I bath and shut my eyes to go to sleep. If you must know!

Would you kiss your crush in public?

Yes, would you?

Have you ever watched another couple have sex?

Yes, my older sisters and her boyfriends for the time being.

Would you like to have somebody watch you while having sex?

I do not care, its webcam, so I do not care, girls do that all the time, it normal.

- What part of a man's body would you like to see first?

His DICK!

(I love some of these things boys say Emily rolls her eyes, saying make them goo hard in her pants, sis, play with them.)

Do you want me to kiss you?

Ou- no! You might have coodies- on a scale of 1 to 10, 10 being the highest, what number would you rate your blowjob skill?

G-strings, thongs, granny panties, or commando?

Commando is the thing right now with all of us young girls in middle school, with leggings.

Doggy style or cowgirl? Never had sex

Will you cheat on your boyfriend with an ex with whom you still have strong sexual chemistry?

Um- never dated a boy yet.

Where was the craziest place you ever had sex?

I am a virgin like my sisters, why do you want to change that strange danger?

Spit or swallow?

Swallow- I am a lady!

Do you take it in the butt?

Yes, I think, if you do not mind a hairy butt hole!

What is the craziest thing you have ever done?

Licked my sister's pussy!

Are you single?

Yep- yet Emily is thinking about dating a boy and it may be U!

Rim job?

Gross (all their noses were ranked up)

Wanna f*ck?

Yes please (giggles)

Emaily's ask.fm change over (Baca said)

Virgin?

Obviously-

Giggles coming from the room their mom walks past and just rolls her eyes! As she has seen 4 girls with their 4 heads smash into the apple computer.

Youngest age you would date?

Oldest?

14-18

What song do you love to dance to?

WOBBLE-

Boobs-

My life story...

Are you scared to kiss guys...?

Yes, very much. Lol.

Sometimes I get a boner when I poop. Is this weird/gay?

I do not even know how to answer this lol.

(‘Do you need to jack them off to get that down now
Melody said?’

...Unanimously they did not know if a boy walks around
with one up all the time or not.)

- What was your first paying job?

A babysitter, and what nice is my sisters can trade out
on the mom and dad and they do not even know.

How many books have you read in your life?

HA- HA BOOKS-

What is the best thing about being your age?

There is absolutely nothing good about being 12. You
cannot drive. You cannot drink.

You must listen to your parents. UGHH.

Who was the last person you kissed?

I do not like to talk about that... lol

- What's it like to know that in a previous life you
were a used tampon?

I just hope it was not yours

What are 3 things you cannot live without?

Internet. Friends. Food.

What do you notice first in someone of the opposite
sex?

That they have a penis

Do you have a hot tub full of semen?

Yes, and I want someone to get pregnant

(Wa-wa-wha-t...?!) it was unanimously thought about with three heads tilted to the left side.)

Melody-ask.FM

Ha- you only go the one-

1: Age? 12

2: Height? 5'1'

3: Ever been fingered Um maybe?

4: Single Yep?

5: Virgin? Yes

6: Do you wear thongs? Sometimes

7: Bra size? B

8: Ever given a blowjob? Yes, about three weeks ago, at his moms in their basement family room. So-o yah- I have...

9: Ever had your pussy licked? Maybe

10: Ever have a 69? All the time 11:

Do you masturbate? Yes everyday

12: Have you ever flashed, anyone?

Not meaning too-

13: Ever sent nudes?

Yep, to a boy I liked-

14: Type of underwear you are wearing now- I am not?

(Melody said therefore I am not on this...)

Bacca comes on you like it... yes, when are you...

Becca and Emaly asked questions about what - Rockville High was like, and Emaly gave them lots of helpful, blunt advice, like to be cautious when hooking up with older guys, gossip only with the friends you completely trust, and how to hide the smell of liquor on your breath from your parents.

The day is over, texting her and her friends back home with our many just the 3 girls, and reading a stack of teen magazines, that she had brought with herself, and she only went to the skating rink with Becca and Emaly once for a couple of hours, I could not go I was cramming homework, and my new mom looked over and singed so they could not say I did not do it. But on one rainy night, Emaly let them spend time together with her in her bedroom, and we played on the x-box. She curled their hair with her thick barrel iron, and let them watch a crappie free Comcast movie, like Twilight 1, that I see a million times, from the foot of her big fluffy beds in the girl's room. 'Vampire's suck-' and unanimously we all agreed. 'Imagen the sex' said Becca? 'Ow-ha-' said the other two all cutie and-unanimously!

'Suck' - 'that they do,' I said, with a giggle.

Emaly, Melody, and Becca, meanwhile, offered nothing beyond recommendations of which math teachers at - Rockville knew their stuff.

...And Baca wondered, more than once, if Emaly even knew who Emaly and Melody and I were, although both girls were in the same grade. Emaly is about to go chat with their other friends when Baca leans in and whispers, 'Did you finish the Earth Science worksheet?' Emaly makes a glaring face. 'What do you think?'

‘Baca, you cannot keep copying my homework! You are never going to learn anything.’ ‘Ture yet you know nothing-so...’ then way copy they all said- UNANIMOUSLY- the three girls.

Baca combs her strawberry- yet deep brown hair with her fingers. ‘Pretty please...? I just got too caught up in looking at dresses last night and went right to bed, and bathed, and ate, and there was no time to be available for it, it will be the last time- it well. I- I swear.’

It is bad when she starts stammering. She puts her hand over her heart, and made a pouty face, with her lower lip.

‘YOU- Promise...?’

Emaly just sighs, but she heads to the school to get her homework from her locker, to give it to me to copy in the study hall.

Baca cries out, ‘Love you, sis!’

A minute or two later, Emaly sprints back outside, her black ponytail whooshing wildly. ‘Baca!’ She screams, loud enough so that everyone in the 8th grade turns and looks at her like she is nuts. Emaly dives forward the last few feet and grabs Baca to keep herself from falling. ‘You’re the prettiest freshman girl at - Rockville High!’

Blink- Blink- Baca blinks. ‘I’m what?’

‘You are on the Facebook Page as most Popular, dummy! ON the Facebook top ten girls of Rockville middle school! ‘That’s a thing?’ My sister is on it, too.’ And look- look have is number 3, Emaly looks at the other girls, her braces twinkling in a proud smile, saying good for you Haven- you made it as the girl you truly are. ‘Haven- got named the prettiest girl in the 8th class!’ Yet some dumb boys had to take

the joy out of saying- that all the other girls must be butt ugly then.

Baca's mouth flows open and goes all droopy with surprise, and I Haven hold her up. She wanted it I said, even though she is not sure what Emaly is talking about either, it is news to be excited about a girl like Me- Haven getting top 3 and all of them under me. Luckily, one of their other friends asks, 'What was it all about?' and then everyone turns to Emaly for an explanation, it went viral this year... the top ten popular girls.

Haven- I do not know what I have done, to get this.

What did I do? She said in wondering questioning.

The school day is over I hear the bell right out, and I do not take the bus, I walk along the little pathway between the parks, shops, and the neighbor's garden, climbing over the fence, with the girl and unanimously we chat about a girl like me- Haven has made the 10 teen girls on Facebook.

I think about closing the French doors, that we left open- not thinking, silently creeping into the kitchen all of us girls march, now sitting at the table, we make our food, Havens new mom has not come home yet, from her crampy job. I grab her from behind, and she jumps and squeals, I wind my hand into her long hair saying- I love you like one of my sis's, I jerk her head backward, with her hand- feeling love for the first time, I pull her to the floor and I smash her head against the cool blue tiles, and we play around one on top other and so forth, "rough-housing' aging girls I see," her mom walks in... saying- 'ah- well-a girls will be girls.'

Melody- 'Why is it I feel so unbeloved slut being like all the other girls- like posting photos, online sites and wants, and boys- stuff?'

‘God all this is making me want one, and to suck one-off like I have seen my sister doing last night in the living room.’ Said Bacca- the load one. Unanimously all the girls agreed that they want to try new things with boys, yet, Haven said- ‘I like girls more,’ and unanimously the girls said- ‘um well... um... you can be Bi... these days, and- and- and- no one many cares.’ Said the jittery one, Melody.

Bacca said- ‘would you kiss me,’ she leans in eyes closed, shy yet wanting, and they did for over 60 scents- with tongue, I will not feel boobs can I and she did under Bacca’s top. Experimenting mom said when she walked in unannounced? Girls well are girls she said, do not fall in love- she snickered, making boys happy girls by practicing? ‘We don’t even like a boy we don’t’ they said all embarrassed, mostly if not at the same time.

Part: 43

(NIGHTFALL)

My head hurts, do what I do and start humping a pillow with vajayjay, you just stressed from dumb boys, and dumb freaking school, and dumb flipping homework, that like me you do not know how to do. I can hear someone yelling downstairs, it was my mom on the phone with my new mom saying they can do that I could get sued, she said their young girls- there nothing wrong with them playing around, ‘but she is a boy- she said fast- and harshly- SO-0 whatnot anymore, and my girl’s lover her, it is all good.

Mom on the other end- ‘Okay...’ she said- not sure. ‘I could lose my income too if I do not have her, and yet, I love her for her too, it is not about the money any longer, with us... we know that all and everyone is out to get her... I trust you do not let her and

I down with this.'

'The three girls' mom- Stephany K., 'It is just pillow fights, boys, make-up, nails, girl talk, online and off, and getting off- there is no harm in doing what pre-teens do. This is just going to be the 4 of them, and their hash- hash thing they do... it is fine!' '-Yah-no-'

...?...

'Hair what to do what not to do, boobs and the lack of them, and the period's not starting and then they do, and we want life to be over- we remember that...?'

'Right...?'

'Um- ah... wow- there in your hands now- I trust you to do the right things you have 4 girls so-o...'

'I wonder what that was all about...' said- Haven, oh it is about us- I am sure, said Becca, saying then need to back off with you, yet you are doing a hell of a lot better now, and yah? Haven said- yepper- with a big thumb' up- thrown right on her forehead!

'I do not believe this! For God's sake! girls! HAVEN!'

My new my had to give me the talk... about us girls, and that she said if that is what you all want to do with your time- never- ever would we have done much in our day.

(Lie)

I fell asleep, with my three girls next to me at my home tonight. Oh Jesus, and I did not clear up the vomit on the stairs, from when your new daddy hears what you will be up to. And my clothes in the hallway, like yours all need to be there, so I can wash, Oh God, oh God there all nude, yet all girls I see... so-o well... okay...

'Where are your undies- girls, from the day?'

We do not wear them Haven's mom- and she yelled'

'Mom-a me-a!' she said, "Well, she slapped her forehead with her palm! 4 butt bare girls in one room sharing the same bed, wow...

'It's a sleepover ma-' Haven said... all cute-z!

(Next morning)

'I'm sorry,' Haven is saying. 'I am so sorry for making your life hard, I was just really... well- ah... um... I- I- a want my friends to love me, she is standing their butt bare, still from the night before with the guilt's, as I see three eyes the same looking at me and my staff in bed, I will be fine with them- she got hell for us...' I pull on a pair of these black legging bottoms and a T-shirt out for, Haven, she is standing right outside my bedroom door when I open it., crying having flashbacks of her old life...

'I get it!' Haven, she said hugging her...

'God- girl, I have to dress you too...'

'...same said to you girls...'

'...Good God, and you want to be grown-ups and have boyfriends.'

She turns around, saying to all the girls and they walk towards Haven's bedroom. 'And for the love of God, will you clean up that mess you all made and the toys- and those toys too?' She slams her bedroom door behind her, with her girls holding her saying do not cry.

'Mixed up little girls-' said Haven's new dad...

'Um- yeah- they'll be okay!'

Of course, Emaly and Melody, and she had not bothered to mention this especially important thing, just like Emaly and Melody and Melody would not have a clue about which dresses were right for the winter- snowball dance.

That Haven was in a whole heap of dog doo- at school; Sometimes, Baca wished that Haven was her sister, so they could trade places and she could take the crap for her.

As Emaly fills them in mom and dad, Baca nods along to what mom and dad say- saying, I would have it you are all going- end of the story- if I must stand there and see you all have your dance, all the other girls are pretending that she is not as clueless as the rest of them. They were all going not to go...

'Taking care of girls, you always come to us with these things'...' '...Why... hold back, Becca...?' 'Um- well ah- it's not cool- to tattle tall to mom...' she said...

Oh, is that so... she said all pissed... I am going in with you girls today... (um- do not it is just going to make things worse...)

Dad- 'You all want to go?

'I don't stand for nincompoopery, he said, under his snuffle!'

'Yes,' they all said- all unanimously...

'Then shut up girls!'

Okay... Lots of times..., you and I, we'll-a be making run-up at the meeting at the school if they like it or not- I have singed names about this place, and they are going down... if I go to an attorney!!!

'Your mom is a fighting cat- I no right... don't you just love her for it!'

'Sweeeeeeet!'

The girls said- one hundred percent, at the same time!

Part: 44

Baca's friends take turns bouncing her around with congratulatory hugs, and each squeeze makes her heart flutter a little faster.

Though the 8th boys act uninterested in their celebration, Baca notices their game of hacky sack inch closer to where she is standing.

But it still has not sunk in. There are... a- lot of pretty 8th girls at - Rockville, and Baca is friends with most of them. Did she deserve to be at the top of the pack? And should have Haven been above her?

It is not strange, a foreign place for her to be. 'I'm sorry you girls didn't get picked,' Baca says suddenly to everyone, that is in her class, and she partly means it, she was rubbing it in, moreover Haven than her.

'Please,' Emaly says, pointing at her mouth, saying button it up. 'Who's going to vote me prettiest- oh yeah- you already did that for a girl that you hated; before, I made her over, like at all these girls looking at her with like railroad tracks running across my face, over how Haven, that girl beat them out.'

One of the girls gets up and knocks Haven on her ass, saying she is not even a real girl- and she starts to cry as more hurtful things are running off, in slurs. 'Shut up!' Baca cries,

knocking into Emaly. 'You are so pretty! Way prettier than her and you are real.' Why did you not get this...?

Baca honestly thinks so, it is all over her face, yet she loves her more of them herself on like those girls in her class.

'Actually, she is blessed to have made the list this year- at all one girl- said, because when Melody finally gets her braces removed, all bets will be off.'

'...And do not forget the only reason she got it was for some girl, that made the list was feeling bad for her.'

'You need to hush..., ' said Becca.

Emaly is at least half an inch taller than Baca, with longer hair, that always looks shiny and a tiny little mole at the top of her left shoulder is all that shows them apart.

She has an imposing figure, with curves and boobs. Really, the only thing that is not perfect about Emaly is her braces- same with Melody- yet her ways are what turn all the girls away and the boys too we all say it is so-o.

And her feet are a bit bigger, which are big. But people usually overlook that sort of thing, yet when you have three girls that are all the same, and as perfect as they are, you must start counting hairs on their heads. Said one in the class... 'You are the worst at taking compliments, Baca,' Emaly says with a laugh. 'But this is seriously huge, 2 girls that look alike make and the 3 one that is the same of us is out, and haven is in the top 3.

Everyone in the school will know who we are now- Moldey...yet there are 3 of me- I sure they do, do I not have boobs and the same face?'

'We just don't like you,' Hayley McGraw said, right to her face.

Baca smiles, with now perfectly white and perfectly aligned teeth. Unanimously, the two of the never been more excited about the next five years than now, and Melody, with the look on her face, and hearing what they are saying, has never felt so miserable, that she could just end it now- over them saying she is a shit-faced- BITCH, that cannot get a boy to finger her, and that is why she will never make the list, she has no-swig!

Melody- 'I wish, I knew who picked me the last of ever one in a class of 300 so, I could thank her now for ending my social life.'

Um- BITCH face- 'Like- Why don't you suck bleach, and do us all a favor,' said Haley, and that night she did and was found in her bathroom, at 5 am. by Bacca. And she was cold to the touch and blue, she paled as a virgin, I hope all those sluts are happy said Haven, to their mom! That was not taking it too well.

And life in Rockville was never the same, and the three girls that everyone loved went down to two, and nothing was done about it, and Haven was to blame, all the girls ganging up on her, yet that made Bacca, and Emily even closer.

Mom- when in one day with the issue and the next with her death of her little girl...

(Not a school matter) that was what she got...

'Go to the dance,' said Havens mom, '...and be with your two girlfriends, and never- ever let them go, they love you- you need them, and now they need you, more than ever. Their loyal friends to you- remember that! Haven... she is looking down on you will now.'

Haven- 'Yah- but that doesn't let me see her ever... she said crying.'

(The other two hysterical)

Triplets, dad- "She was just shy and misunderstood" cried Emaly, standing over her dead body at the memorial home.

Only Haven and the family were allowed to attend. 'She was only 12- years- old,' said, her dad- with a life she never had- to live- all over some smart brats mouth I lost my baby girl.'

The girls, extremely excited over relevant everything thing, to a low of what was... The idea of one girl, or even an allocation, giving this honor to her not ever- ever- ever being there again was just too much.

Part: 45

(The dumb dace, that all the others do not care about...

...Us- the girls have on the perfect dress, with the perfect look, hair, and makeup, yet none of that matters now, it is not like having her, is it?

Spoke Emily...

...Three girls sitting all at one table meant for four... spaced out, as they see all the others, swaying to the pop music- having the time of their lives... yet they do not care about anything, but them, and for the moment and high...

'...Hope your happy sister, you're the top bitch at Rockville now...' there was harsh rasp recement in her voice!'
And unanimously-

Haven felt the same.)

Scott- 'Do you want to make: 'I like you- baby's -? -'

'Yah?'

Me- 'NO..., But we can go through the motions...'

Hey girls- Welcome back to 8th grade... at Rockville!

Part: 46

Haven- I remember having a pocket pussy and using it hard like it was her, it is hard to remember her now, dreaming about having one of my own- a sweet tight little pussy to stick my fingers in and feel as a 12-year-old would feel having the shaking after self-pressuring.

She has friends, older girls, she did not even know about, that must take far worse comment... why... why did she have to do this to us? Said Emaly...?

Haven yah me to yet, I never thought about ending it, even if and because.

She saw the list on Facebook, and the ones that should just kill themselves too. The list names ugly girls, too?' In the enthusiasm, she had missed that part.

'I saw a copy on the bulletin board of both lists, and she was on the one that said she sucked hard at life and is too ugly-to get banged' quote on quote, said, Haven... it was near the gym, by the locker rooms.' Emaly says. 'But they are everywhere.' Inside, out, and hairy, and smelly, she has a bad back- said one boy that wanted her for sex nothing more, his name I do not care, then his tipper her butt- we would know, lazy eye (not true) and her shoe does not fit, what the chatter. (Was- her feet bigger? Said Haven...

(Nowhere triplets... of course not! If that was so-o we all have that, it is near to what they think. Just because she never dated.)

It was said with her attitude she should have been the one of us that had the dick... said online... that was mocking her legacy.

‘Do you think I could be someone other than me?’ Baca wonders, and see who made this list, or not be the 3 girls of the one that killed herself, that left to the same.

She wants to keep the copy bizarre special adding it to her a memory box of all the trivial things that were her.

She had planned to talk to the girl on Facebook that made the ugly list and the one that made the cute girls list.

‘Definitely! She thought, I going to do this...

I would become someone other than a triplet of the dead girl in school, I would be... something I not... The girls hold hands as they run into school, saying I will become your 3rd said have if we all get the makeover to look alike- I will try to take her place, I will never leave you said- for what you have done for me... said, Haven.

(Back)

‘So, who else is on these lists?’ Baca asks, not too many girls we know.

‘Beside me and your sister?

‘Well, the ugliest freshman is Bealla Marco.’

Baca decelerates some and slows her speech, in her rambling, when I Haven loses eye contact and start to nod off and my head drops some. I could care less about being one of them, why did she care?

‘Wait?’ ‘A girl asked you don’t care?’

‘Yup,’ Emaly says, pulling her along, saying I do not want it either now that my sis is gone.

‘Wait until you see this... Whoever wrote it this year put funny things underneath everyone’s names, all yet I do not find them funny said Haven- why do you she asked to- that girl. Like Bealla’s called: ‘TRIGGERED AF’n SAUCE.’

Baca had watched Bealla kill it during the obligatory mile run last week, ‘either do it or you fail-’ said... the Lizzie-teacher. Baca is not friends with Bealla Marco, but they are in the same gym class. And was all prissy about that too, yet that is just her and- how she is...

It was commendable, and Baca could have run faster than the crappy seventeen and or eighteen minutes she ended up with, yet the teacher was giving her a tough time, and docking, her for this and that, she said: ‘I have a rum-soaked tampon in my pussy to you want to give me shit about that too bitch.’

Just like in Baca’s case. It is truly the luck of the draw having to run the long jump and see her well not jump but go long and hard to her face... but she did not want to be sweaty for the rest of the day, yet I do not she has to worry herself with all those rocks ground in her forehead, and that chipped tooth-like West Cost has... off Fantasy Factory.

Besides, with any luck, Bealla will understand, that other girls could have been named the ugliest, moreover whatever, and so on. YEP- Unquestionably, she feels bad that Bealla has been named the foulest girl in their class, but Bealla seems tough enough to handle it.

‘What did it say about me?’

Emaly lowers her hand from her mouth as she whispers, 'It applauded you for overcoming genetics,' look at the video that has you splitting your legs on the beam hard when you fall, before letting out an embarrassed giggle, saying so that what it is like to get AF'ed. And all the kids get, yet not the oldies- in the room.

Emaly, Baca, and Melody were named for being well what they were their girls all looking the same yet so different in their personality.

'Oh, no,' Emaly says: quickly; Baca bites the inside of her cheek and then asks, 'Is Emaly and Melody and Melody went from the ugliest 8th graders to the coolest in one year, just hanging- with older boys.' 'It's that freaky creepy snotty AF'ed looking girl Sarah Gernaer, who scowls on the bench near Freshman Island.' Baca lowers her eyes and nods slowly. She guesses Emaly can see her guilt because Emaly pats her on the back. 'Look, Baca. Do not worry about the genetics thing. It does not mention Emaly and Melody and Melody by name. I bet a lot of people do not even know you two are sisters!' 'Maybe,' Baca says, hoping what Emaly says is true. But even if most of the kids at school do not know they are related; her teachers sure do. It has been one of the worst things about going to - Rockville: watching her teachers realize, after the first week or so, that Baca is nowhere near as smart as Emaly and Melody and you.

I cannot blame her after I have finished cleaning up, I go back to my room. Haven's bedroom door is still closed, but I can feel her quiet rage radiating through her things, I see a pic of us all- and burst into tears. Just like looking through her dress too and seeing that those times will never be the same either. I was wondering what we should do this that, and her things... keep them or let the memory's go...? ...I would be all-out like- if I

came home to piss-soaked knickers and a puddle of vomit on the stairs, yet that is what mom got... along with one of us out.

(Lunch at school a half week in without her)

That girl keeps running at the mouth like I when I have the poops... and can help it, yet we not even hearing in at this point of why Melody, just had no swag.

Lacking swagger... clumsy, careless, stuttering, lacking style and grace. a person who makes themselves look pretty-foolish all the time. would be considered 'swagger-less.'

She got all these hashtags too- #swaggalackin
#swaggerly challenged #berto #dummy #messy

I finally like up, blink- blink- blink- I do not give a crap with an irritated eye roll- saying: 'OMG shut up! I am sick of it; you are trashing out a gone girl- that we loved even if you can love yourself! You must get all your homeboys to do that for you too...' '- slut-' in a sneeze, is what she did.

Haven- 'Just because of your 14 and let a boy inside you... you know... all down there- and she points and her slit, does not mean you need to AF them as you do... 'stay innocent... and do one- and hold on to him... not 20... and pump and not dump. On every boy that will give you a tumble, you are gross, I do not like you at all... LITTLE MISS- LADY RED BUSH!' 'ou-u-wah' um like the thoughts I have Haven here are not good... said Baca mmm-ha.'

SHE HAS A RED BUSH? A BOY EATING A HOT DOG SAID?

UMM- YAH- SAID EMELY... leaning in to be seen doing the line of the run of tables, in the lunchroom.

Why did you want to see it?

Um- and his face got pink in color... saying maybe...?

Um- why- do you like that, said Haven...? To Ethan Meryer...?

Maybe...

Wink...?

He the kind of boy that would blush just thinking about a girl's lower parts... and this girl- like- un- yah- even if... I- I- ah- dislike her she ah- um like- has that going for her, or so all the boys that have had say.

And yes, she keeps it all-NAT_ch_A_REAL! Said her girl... said in a very carnal scandalous why- and yes it red just look at a girl brow and you know what she is doing, and a French-fry was thrown on her face.

'Lady red bush? Yep... that is the name she got on the ugly list on Facebook...' Too bad I did not think of that... and she went blank in the face.

Well off to class... all the try's dumped...

(Home)

I sit down on the bed and flip open my laptop, log into my email account, and start to combine a note to my mother.

I think, finally, the time has come. I must ask her for help or get help about all this all that I did, I may have done it all, Beca through doing what was right. I would not be able to go on like this- if I keep all this inside, I will have to change whom I am in and out to keep going with this guilt, I will have to get someone to tell this all to- but who? Not even my sisters... who?

...and it would crush Haven.

Mom or Dad?

Thoughts...

The most beautiful feeling in the world it having a boy lick you up down there, yet you shy virgins would not know that yet for your just 7th graders in your thinking, that is a dick, and then you feel it, and there is not like it in the world it makes you feel so-o good, and her know rankles up, and eyes roll up her hand's clench, I loved it the 2nd time around more... their first was um- ouch. Soft warm round comfort- of love- sucky and tight... girls sh-hh- girl your making half the lunchroom horny!

I cannot think of the words, though, I cannot think of a way to explain this to her.

I can picture her face younger than her last day with us, the sour disappointment when she knew she was always lost in the birthday song and the exasperation over the years. I can almost hear her sigh, with her life, the same as us- yet not always the last one out or in or whatever.

My phone vibrates... there is a message on it, received hours ago, it is Haven again. I do not want to hear what she has to say, but I must, I cannot ignore her. She knows me that well, she is feeling that I am at the bottom of making the list, my heartbeat quickens as I dial into my voicemail, bracing myself for the worst. The guilt is getting me 'CUZ' I loved my sis.

'Haven, will you phone me back?' She does not sound so angry any longer- even if she knows, I one of the top girls on the Facebook list of Rockville, I am holding a secret, and my heartbeat slows a little too.

'I want to make sure you got home all right, even if you're not staying with us and I don't know why- I have to cover for you and I am scared for you and me, you have to check in with me- it's the regulations.'

You were in some state last night.’ A long, heartfelt sigh. ‘Look... I am sorry that I yelled last night, it is your mom... that... things got a bit... overheated, over the girls I love you even if I not your real mom. I do feel sorry for you, Haven, I do, but this has just got to stop, you are kicking yourself over what you did not do.’

‘I do not want to see you go bad... over this... I know that you were over at the Rockville viaduct with Sarah, she got you there before do not fall for it, the girls not right.’ I play the message a second and a third time, listening to the kindness in her voice, and the tears come.

Yet there we are standing under are spot the Rockville bridge kissing, making out, and dry humping as we did in the past when I was a boy, with the steamers overhead... and the mist low... and the mood mysterious, and the look eerie.

Part: 47

It is a long time before I stop crying, before I can compose a text message to him saying I am deeply sorry, I am at home now. I cannot say anything else because I do not know what exactly it is, I am sorry. I do not know what I did to Anna, how I frightened her. I do not honestly care that much, but I do care about making Haven unhappy. After everything he has been through, he deserves to be happy. I will never begrudge him happiness-I only wish it could be with me.

Emaly continues, ‘Anyway, Emaly and Melody and Melody always get the recognition. And every time she does, you are so happy for her. Remember last year, when you made me sit through that three-hour Latin poetry reading contest Emaly and Melody and Melody competed in at the university?’

‘That was important. Emaly and Melody and Melody got picked out of the whole high school to recite it, and she won a bunch of scholarship money.’

Emaly rolls her eyes. ‘Right, right. I remember. Now it is your turn to get some attention.’

Baca squeezes her friend’s hand.

Yes, the genetics comment is mean. But Emaly is right. It is not like Baca herself said it. And she is always cheering on Emaly and Melody and Melody for her academic stuff. She never even complained once about those early-morning wakeups or all the college visits they had gone on this summer instead of a vacation.

Not aloud, anyway.

When they get close to the gym, Emaly jogs a few steps ahead. ‘Here it is,’ she announces, tapping the paper with her finger.

‘In black and white.’

Baca finds her name near the top of the list. Her name! Seeing it makes the entire thing more real, feel more earned. Baca is, officially, the prettiest girl in her 8th class.

She is not sure how long she will stand there staring at it. But eventually, Emaly pinches her arm. Hard.

Baca tears her attention off the bulletin board. Emaly and Melody and Melody are marching down the hall with incredible purpose, her book-bag straps pulled tight over her shoulders, the tails of her French braids swinging side to side.

If Emaly and Melody and Melody know Baca is on the list, Baca certainly cannot tell. Emaly and Melody and Melody

walk in the same way she usually does at school - as if Baca does not exist.

Baca waits until Emaly and Melody and Melody round the corner. Then she pulls the list off the bulletin board, using her pinky nail to ease out the staples, careful not to tear the corners.

From a block away, Bealla Marco realizes that she missed her bus to take the train over to the other side, you know the school where the good folks live, that have more than us and think it too and act so-o.

It is too silent, particularly on a Monday morning. Nothing in the air but the typical morning sounds- chirping birds, the click- click- click of rising automatic garage doors, and old train bells and the sound of steam horns of it the distances over the fogged water, the tinny rumble of empty trash cans being dragged back up driveways, for a mother that does not want to go to work, with a prissy attitude on life and to her young.

Sarah- Late to school- we know, starving for breakfast, absolutely- like- completely- totally- um exhausted and we just awake looking like, that girl off Frozen- eating her hair and yawning.

Not such a wonderful way to start the week, said heaven, that was all naked, when I had to kick her cute butt out of the bed what we were both in, she stayed over. Yes, I have to say I have fallen for her, all over, even looks now too- she one of those girls now- all popular... and I can love her for that also.

Nevertheless, she still thinks last night was worth it, even if we did not get any sleep or our schoolwork was done.

She had been asleep for two hours when her phone rang- it was her mom, looking in on her to see if she could report that she was alive.

Haven- 'Hello...?' she asked, her word-wrapped in a yawn, she said yet I over at a girl's home- staying the night- and she hung up.

'How can you be sleeping; you need to be at school in less than 2 minutes? It is only midnight... no- it is 5:58. If you do not keep up with your work, I have to say back to them. It was in her voices mail.'

Haven checked that her bedroom door was shut, Sarah that is, and it was because she was on the phone with Bacca asking if she was okay. She was saying back off she mines now, not yours...

Like- Sarah, um- her parents would not like her calling in and so late this time were all worried sick.

...Or that was the thing they worried about since Haven was a year older, yet she felt respectable for her and her young life, like a sister... But for someone her parents lumped in the same category as her best friend, Hope, they certainly had a lot of rules about when, where, and how the three girls could spend time with her.

They had lost the freedom to hang out when Bacca said she was the girl that made Facebook, and she did it so she could be IN- LOVVVVEEE with Haven, and wanted to keep her sister away, for she like- like her too. And that she wants to plant kisses all over her... and hug her, and never- ever let go..., and Bacca knew and would not stand for it, she was the first, and only... even if...

There were no more nights of Bacca sneaking through the dark and scratching the screen in the window above her bed, and jumping with her on the bed, and no more cuddle time, either.

No more taking the boys they were into or them either in the night; it had come to that point there where teen ages now, and masturbating become all they thought about with each other, and eating out; all they wanted to try boy or not, or how they were into each other- and it was going more and more; and not just with Bacca- Haven..., had three girls, that was all the same to try, and Bacca wants to win the fight of her affection; more than that girlfriend of there in trash-ville as she calls it; already felt like a million years ago since the days we were kids at 12- now, 13 woman- we are now, ladies even.

Sarah- pulled her comforter over her head, and Haven went there and kept her voice low, mom was in the next room over, 'I want to blow me... with the lights out, she teased her, and she never now she was serving till that moment.

'I am sorry I woke you girls her mom flew in the door, Bacca sighed, saying yes, it is okay- (Thought can I just have her make me Come.) Haven is giggling like a schoolchild saying it does not get any closer than that...! (It has been years, I want it more now than ever... her thought also... and there were so close, and they were come-denied, by mom getting the laundry.)

I am just too amped up to sleep, now yet I hear that the TV is on over in the next room, having to smash sex is not happening either, or dildo loving is out too, yet I must get off, we both do.

(I had to at least once since I was 9, thought Sarah, in a hast.)

Sarrah- 'Ah- ah- ah-AAAA- OH MY GOD....!!!'

Giggles...

'Mom- Girls...?'

Haven- 'Shit- ou- yah- um- um- Im'a

CoMING!'

Part: 48

(School)

Sarah, Haven, and Emaly had watched from the stands that afternoon as Bacca was stuck in a perpetual warm-up routine on the sideline while the football field got torn up by other players' cleats. He would bounce on his toes, do jumping jacks, or run a sprint of high-knee lifts to stay warm. After each play, Bacca glanced over at the varsity football coach, fingers laced around the faceguard of his gleaming white helmet. Hopeful.

She felt terrible for her. It was the fourth game of the season, and he had not seen one minute of playing time. What would it have mattered, giving sophomores like Bacca a chance? - Rockville was losing by three touchdowns at halftime. 'Rockville- little Indiana' had not won a single game. 'Well... I thought you looked cute in your varsity jersey,' she said, that's Scotts Hastening, the boy you have been dating for a week, yet love- love- loves.

Bacca chuckled, but Bealla could tell by the dryness that she was still upset, about it that she was not having one of her own to show off in, yet she had Haven she thought, hanging on her arm. 'I would rather not get called up if I am not going to see any playing time.

Just let me start on, boys too- she said, it is all I think about is being with an older boy. It is humiliating, standing on the sideline, with no boy cuddling upon you, yet, I have her head on my shoulder now- so, it is all good, doing absolutely nothing but feel her love, while we get our asses beat game after game. I could have had nachos with you here all the time, and felt warm and fuzzy like I do now, in the bleachers we went up, for all it mattered, and stayed till lights out- 40 to zip.’ ‘Come on, Bacca. It is still an honor to be here being in only 8th and has a 12th grader falling for you- Emaly was in love with this boy- I could tell! I bet there are a ton of other sophomores who would kill to be on varsity.’ Emaly has moved on simply fine, without her sisters, and is not all clingy with him.

We walk home it was not that cold of a night... In the home and off to my room, I lie down on the bed and crawl under the comforter.

I, Emaly- want to know what happened; I wish I knew what I had to be sorry for- Bacca is giving me the cold shoulder, for them not to hang with them. I took her place, I guess. I felt like the coolest girl there just being a JV cheerleader... with my little uniform under his top...

Sarah- I know I was there- I try desperately to make sense of an indefinable fragment of memory.

I feel certain that, I was in an argument, or that I witnessed an argument, yet I can remember...

My fingers go to the wound on my head, from when I fell on the tracks, and busted my head on the rail, over by the train tracks that I love to walk on- balancing, it was to the cut on my lip, that I remember that I have permanent memory loss- and I forgot that too- yet I have all the past. It is like my day is a dream, and then... I wake up and forget it all, back to

the day of the train almost ran me over, and if not for him- now Haven I would have died.

Sarah- 'Every time... I think... I am about to seize the moment, it drifts back into the shadow, just yonder my reach. I can almost see it, I can almost hear the words, but it changes away from me again. I just cannot get a handle on it.'

BACCA-

Does TUESDAY, November 3 sound right, um- yep- sure, I do not know the day from up- as they go down- ha.

(MORNING)

My teeth are chattering in my head, the tips of my fingers are white with a tinge of blue. Scott will come and haul me inside soon anyway, he will wrap me in blankets, like a child- I just know it thought Emaly- and he did. It is going to rain soon, I can feel it coming, I said to Bacca. I am not going inside, yet. I like it out here, its releasing, cleansing, like a cube of ice, soak in the tub- thrilling having this was me down- the rain that is.

I had a panic attack on the way home last night, said Emaly. There was a motorbike, revving its engine over and over and over, as I was walking home, some boy that we go to school with playing head games, and a red car driving slowly past me also, yet two women with dogs were walking ahead of me made me feel safe on my path- over to the other said- yet I was scared, I need my sisters, I miss having her to do things with; so, I went into the street and was almost hit by a car coming in the opposite direction, I couldn't get past them on the pavement he would not let me though so I finally ran back to the tracks where I hoped a box on a train car that was slowly moving and got over the lake that way, which I hadn't even seen- some one ever do, this boy was pissed that I said no- to sex, and a date

witch all comes down to sex on the first date, not like a winner in but a blowie- and I was not going there. OH MY!

I WAS MORTIFIED, by the thought of it... He yelled something at me, and I ran- I ran. I could not catch my breath, my heart was racing, lurch came up in my mouth, like when you have taken a not get pregnant pill, and you are about to come up, that punch hard that makes you feel gruesome and enthusiastic and scared all at once.

I cut my hand, as I tried to climb over the fence, I wanted to sit on the other side for a while, where no one else goes. I ran home, now over the viaduct- into Rockville, and through the house and down to the tracks, waiting for the train to come, to rattle through me, and take away the other noises. Then I sat down there, I waited for Scott to come and calm me down, but he was not texting me back, so I knew he was on his way from his home, I thought.

So-o, I went inside, and then Scott came back and asked me what had happened. I said I was doing the washing up before he got here, He did not believe me, then he got terribly upset, he knew this boy would not back off, with his- creep...

This retard was in the sped class... so that said it all... said Scott- 'I guess, I should get copes involved?' he said. 'You know, he got to play the whole five minutes and second half, with you and your body that more than enough, for me to do something- ha they do not care, girls like me over here get attracted all the time, you must be someone over her, and I am one of those that are nobody- so the law thinks. Just for sticking up for HAVEN- I have all of them turning on me. Even this boy has something in it- the law wants me to take down- just like the town for sticking with her.

I wish I were big like him, to stay with me the night, and not ever- ever- never leave me- or my side, or Havens either.

They are going to turn you on too Scott over me said: Haven. 'Don't worry yourself- it is fine...' I should do more weight room work, and kick their asses, and try that nasty protein shakes he always keeps going. I am too skinny, to fight said: Haven, ...and a girl too... said the girls, 'I'm, like, the smallest guy on the team,' said- Scott, but you have me.'

'No, you are not... are you? And anyway, why would you want to be like Scott? Yes, he is big... to me, being my height of 4' 2', just like my sisters, but it is not like he is in decent shape... ha- and then he lifted his top, and we saw the six-pack, and little man boobs, that were faultless, and then I looked down- and was thinking about that hard dick, that just so-o you want to rub him and it with my hands- and I did. 'It was the right time for him to have a BJ! -for loving me...' I bet you could run circles around him, said Emaly to Haven as School boxers were on the floor and he was making Came-faces.' I will make sure you are okay- and aw- thanks he grunted out. Oh, my- said- Haven... rolling her eyes at the cute... of her loving him... feeling her darling- love for him.

The next day at school, Bealla was sure Bacca knew she was not crazy about Scott, it was all over the school that she rubs him off... and that Haven and she were getting stocked, it was official, she was his girl, and all other boys need to back the fuck off, or he would kick their ass- the owned her ass, and puss- puss too, yet that what a girl at Rockville wants- no?

The lunchroom and hall were buzzing about all the kids have sex and those two were at the top- in the snickers, behind the hidden look in their eyes to others. Bacca once told her that Scott had a special shelf for his cologne bottles, like his razor, and lube, which he displayed proudly, like that one condom that was meant for her- when she said yes- it was going to happen, and it did that night... they had first-time sex, and it was unanimously a sure thing they were a couple, yes that is what

you do here is this school to show it- have sex and you are- um- ah well dating- dah.

The old man perfume... said Bacca and would not leave the house without a splash on. Scott would even put some on before he would go lift weights in his garage. According to Bacca, Scott was grossed out by the smell of sweat, even his own.

(One week later)

Bacca considered it. 'That is true... she thought about it; the man does eat crap, so that makes you small that way- she cutely taps him on the chest. I do not think Scott even knows what a vegetable is unless it goes on his Big Mac. No wonder he could not get a girlfriend, till I slimed him down- with all the SEX- and she said sex and a knotty and suggestive way. See- see- being a football player is what you need and me too.'

Study hall in the library... sitting at the table- no one reads there texting or dolling... sneezing or wheezing...

(Chat with the girls...)

Scott- God I know right, I jizzed a kid...

Ha- they all giggled...

They both laughed at that, for the entire day.

It had taken Bealla a few weeks to understand the way Bacca and her friends acted around each other, in the ways there were. The guys were super competitive, but especially Scott, now, we were going to be the best he could be for her.

Everything between those two was a rivalry- all the grades back, new sneakers, who could reach the water fountain first. It seemed to Bealla like normal girl stuff but every so often, Bacca would take some stupid 'losses hard.

Bealla was also competitive, and while she sympathized with Bacca's pangs of defeat, she also never pitted herself against her friends. She did not even want to think about how sucky it would have been if she or Hope had not both made the swim team. That said, Bealla did take special pride in knowing that, when it came to the boys having girlfriends, she had tipped the scales in Bacca's favor. 'Hey,' Bacca said. 'Guess what I found out today. Even if I do not play a single minute this season, I will still get a varsity jacket, something you only have if you put it all out there... like the high school girls.'

Some weeks have passed...

She got one... her girls were all delighted for her...

'You'll look hot in it,' Bealla said. It was a silly thing to say, but she knew it would make Bacca feel better. 'I care about the jacket so much- it makes me feel like a sexy lady. It will just be cool seeing you in it all this winter.'

"It is so tiny," said Scott, "Well, "I am tiny," said Emaly.

'You're sweet,' Bealla said, blushing in the dark hair of long stands, from her eyes and small round face, eyes bright and wet. It would be cool to wear her varsity jacket, said Bacca at least until she could earn her own. I do not think so-o... she said to hold her hand laced, tight V-ed, downwards sweetly, and her knees looked together rocking on one leg.

~*~

Bedtime- with him-

'Will you stay on the phone with me a little longer?' he asked quietly.

Emaly fluffed up her pillow- kissing his photo, that was on her nightstand, and she and Bacca clicked through their

respective televisions together, as if their remotes were coordinated.

With the girls- they giggled at the bizarre late-night infomercials that populated the cable channels in the middle of the night.

As if all of them were all still together,

looking up at the pics. they have taken, saying she is looking over us- no? Yes- yes, she is...

Pad programming- swollen, zitty faces...

and Adam and Eve's ten-speed dildos flopping in a girl's hand- mmm- mm- mmm,

Diet pills, Sex pill, Chill pills, Sia's Cheap thrills- MTV- and more TV- based on ancient sex secrets on discovery channel- and Family Guy.

That goes hand and hand said Bacca- and they giggled at that too...

Emaly fell asleep with her cell pressed to her ear, images of before and after flashing in the shadowy... Her battery died around four-thirty A.M. Her alarm died with it; I am sure he loved the snoring also- sexy...?

For love, and having her moment with her lover in her mind, or something close to it, she missed the bus, and that means so did we... yet she wanted- 5 more of whatever's- longer than us... ah- we get that...

~*~

She missed it, but not by much. Emaly reaches for her phone to call that she is still home when she spots a notebook lying open in the street, pages fluttering. She picks it up... Using

it to shield her eyes from the amber sun, she sees, at three blocks or so away, her school bus bouncing along to the next designated stop.

She lowers her chin and stares out the tops of her eyes.

A second later, she is running.

Her body is not warm enough, and she worries about pulling a muscle. Chasing down the school bus is not worth a stupid injury that might keep her out of the water. But after a few strides, Emaly slips into a comfortable rhythm. I dialed his number, hoping he would... and listened to his voice when he picked up, at first soft with sleep- I was, and then louder, wary, exasperated- it was to me. He was already on his way... to high school- though.

I hung up and called back, and got to the school, and said I had a defective alarm. I had not disguised my number, I remembered it for them this time, so they could call me if I were not there in 10- they were worried, for my safety.

This was all over me-I got up in the night, left Scott sleeping, in his bed at his home and no- one really knows but the girls, and went back over to the girls home going the window, and sneaked up to the terrace of the household, and the girls were all out, yet the window was open for me- long story short here- I was off and had to take a latter kiddie bus, to school, one-half hour late.

I get why I am 13 and his 16, he can do that for me... take me to the lower school, the boys would eat his dick off... for it.

Do they do that...?

Part: 49

(EVENING)

Haven makes me oh so-o Horny... thought Bacca...

Sarah- 'Hell I do not have to remember

Instagram does that for me.'

See- see- ...?... yepper...!

Yep- Emaly loves using her pink flamingo- aka, The Lush
- The Most

Powerful Bluetooth one you can get... her boy got it for
her for X-miss or the

Holladay's. We girls call that thing that for it looks like a
flamingo with a broken nick- flopping. We love this thing for it
goes to the music that we love... morning to the beats, and the
rhythms- love this... she even lets in for the boring class and it is
all on her phone and she gets off... you can see her... as she is
taking her tests feeling it...

I want one... I wish I had a rich boy... said, Haven.

Home from yet another day-

Haven- I could never write down the things, I feel, think,
or do. Case in point: when I came home this evening, my laptop
was warm. I start to write down, my days, she knows how to
delete... what was not good she said to me, so I let her edit, my
story, I had plans for it, that some girl out there would be like
me and need it.

Hearing on Sarah- My browser histories and whatever,
was now gone, looking at things she should not, she can cover
her tracks perfectly well- I thought, but I know that I turned the
computer off before I left, and got rid of everything- also. She
has been reading my emails again, and I do not like it.

A pleasing heat ignites her thrusting arms, her whirling legs, as Sarah starts to freak out rolling on the floor, she was that overwhelmed about to think about the day she was going to have during the day... with all of them. The school bus stops for a car pulling out of a driveway, and I had to leave her behind with my mom.

I quickly closed the beach, on the bus with my girls. 'Hey!' she calls out when she gets close enough to recognize the students in the back what well- you know- Haven and Bacca.

'Hey!'

Bacca bangs her fist against the side, of the window to look out, saying we almost died over hitting a mailbox. But the kids are too busy entertaining each other to notice Bealla over there looking at us saying nasty things about Haven, and the girls.

The bus veers to the right and centers hard over the driver's bad sight. She shouts again over the roar of the engine, 'sit down and shut up.' The bus accelerates, and a cloud puffs out from the tailpipe, stinging her eyes.

'You could have gotten us killed, she yells,' the bus driver barks, going in the ditch and we roll. The bus slams to a stop.

The kids looked down at her, shocked. Bealla pushes a few wisps of brown hair out of her face as the folding door opens.

Bealla apologizes in between heaving deep breaths to the girls that looked all cut up, yet she was not. She climbs the steps, hurting, badly, she is holding the notebook, she was working on over her head like a crown, and it was a helmet keeping her from brain damage, she wants to like- um someone

to claim it, saying if I pass, I want someone to see this... 'You're not going to die...' said Bacca- who was bleeding profusely from her now busted nose.

Yes, the most thrilling ride I have ever had on bus 3... Matt, the driver passed out over his cancer, treatments taking over his body and mind... they welcome him over this- said Bealla- and that is simply fine with me...

She passes up the student council bagel sale because anything heavy makes her sleepy and she is tired enough as it is. She woke up too late to eat breakfast, and there was no way she could last until lunch without food. After stashing her coat in her locker, Bealla heads straight to the cafeteria with Emaly. Hopefully, there will be something in the vending machines besides potato chips and chocolate bars. Bealla has been eating increasingly since making the first-year swim team, her body always desperate for fuel. She wants to be careful to feed it well.

An older boy Dany passes us, girls, as they enter the cafeteria, looking Haven up and down, saying wow that doctor did an excellent job, ha, and slaps Bealla on the back. 'Hey! Dan the Man, thanks for saying what you feel, yet know asked you so to shut up!' Said Bacca... with was hanging on Haven's arm, 'Was he talking to you?' Emaly asks, running out of the bathroom a-crossed the way.

Bealla is too disconcerted to react, when Haven, was face to face with her smelling her berth even saying- talk shit... that incomputable, the girls continue over to the vending machine. The entire glass front is covered over by papers. Bealla assumes it is an overzealous school club desperate for members until she tugs a sheet down and reads it, it the Facebook list, it still up yet old and crinkled, just a remembrance of what does not matter any longer.

Melody... the ugliest, well, that all we remember about her..., I can even remember her now. I think ahh- oh well..., do not care..., just like the rest of the school and the world..., do not care..., anything mater..., but the now and happing... she old news and no one cared about her any way's she was a weirdo..., Bacca- saw- a cramp spreads inside her, diminishing every muscle.

To be called ugly is one thing, I remember about her now too- I have just been that mean to her for that whole year- it was all I wanted to remember about her- and it was all over wanting Haven to myself.

Unquestionably, Bealla has heard the insult before, yet she wants to rub it in so- I kill myself over it also for me being a dick to my sister. Can blame her really, I thought... in all the hurting inside.

The word is so generic, without even thinking- I think this- so I must be thinking. Is there a girl in the world who hasn't, out to get me? And while she certainly is not happy about it, ugly is something people say about each other, and say about themselves, it is almost meaningless....

That hurts I thought, even though Bealla knows she is not a particularly girly girl, she was always at the top- even over me. Wearing dresses makes her feel weird, yet I love it, as if she is in a costume, pretending to be someone else. She only puts makeup on for 3 of the school weekdays like every other day, and even then, only a little bit of gloss and some um- mascara- I should have put Melody at the top not her, Becca thought- yet she had to kiss ass to keep popular, she has never had her ears pierced, either like Bealla, because... I am and the three girls that look the same as me are deathly afraid of needles.

But Bealla still has all the essential girl parts. Boobs. Long hair. A boyfriend and is well the shit. Bacca rips down a list

of hers and sucks in a big breath, the way she usually does before plunging underwater.

‘Oh, no, Bacca ... What is wrong...?’

And she said why..., letting it all out to Haven.

~*~

Why do I have this here for touching yourself is a bad-bad thing- and it not- the first time you go in you we break this- thing- that not that import...

(Back to when us girls were 10)

Bacca- How I broke my Hyman, like my sisters.

There is one way to do it that is safe but trust me you will regret it when you find that one special person to make love with and you do not have ‘it’ to give him. Go to your gynecologist and ask for a complete exam, so you can get on the pill- I was 13 like every girl I know- thanks to mom.

The doc will have to insert the speculum and that will break it- nevertheless, I thought would be wrong to lose it to a doc so I did like my sisters myself, but a girl needs to be looked up to- for health and sports, also... so it was like what do you want to do here, and unanimously we three made this choice, we girls did this- ourselves all at the same time... one night in our bed saying here goes.

Unanimously saying pads were out the question for us to forever- so yah girl brake there Hymans- yet it does not mean they have had sex yet.

The bloody brake- You do not have to go far..., that is what we all feel the hymen is at the opening of the vagina. The hole through the hymen is usually quite small. A tampon certainly will break it.

Inserting more than one finger would certainly break it. Or you could buy a sex toy and put that in there. Some women put a condom on a small dildo, but I think that would be painful to a virgin- go with 2 fingers. It will have a burning pain... feeling, but I do not think you can 'mess up' unless you introduce something with bacteria into there and give a day or two before masturbating again that what we did.

Also, a girl wants to come- it what life is all about you cannot do that with a flap of skin in the way of your toy- dumb boys. Do not they teach anything to you! This is something that needs to be talked about, we did not know what we were doing... and there was no place to go for this, and the crap on Yahoo was gross, all we knew was it felt good... and we want to Come, just like all the other girls in are class the was chatting about... secret.

[UPDATE: I did a bunch of research to prepare another lecture, and I found out the actual truth about the hymn. The condensed version does not break; it STRETCHES!]

To my utter astonishment as I became a teen, I found this out, my tongue-in-cheek post about how to break a hymen without a penis has become one of the most read on the blog, due to people, SEARCHING THE INTERNET for the phrase 'how to break a hymen.' I feel guilty that there are all these women out there who want to break their hymens and the advice they get from me is slightly facetious. I still do not know why people are so worried about it, but clearly, they are, so here is the ACTUAL advice:

Option 1: Have a medical professional do it. If your hymen is imperforate, microperforated, or septate, take this option. If you do not know whether your hymn is any of these things, get a medical professional to check. If you are thinking, 'But I don't have access to a medical professional' or 'I don't

want to talk to my doctor about this,' then there is something else wrong that is more important than your hymen.

Option 2: Have intercourse. It is how women have been breaking their hymens for ages. There will be a little bit of pain and a possible (but not usually) little bit of blood, but it is no big deal, from a physiological/medical perspective. If your partner does not have a biological penis, use a non-biological one.

Option 3: Break it yourself. Which means you need to know both how to manage the pain and how to successfully break it.

(Actually, it is not breaking, it is stretching.)

And to stretch the hymen, you mostly need girth, so get a bigger dick or one to use, gradually increasing the girth of the thing, you penetrate with will make things easier; contrary to widespread belief, pulling off a band-aid slowly results in less pain than ripping it off all at once, so do not try to put a mango in there all at once.

And finally, pull out a little mirror and LOOK at your vagina and your hymn before you start any of this. LOOK at it. See where it is, what it is made of. Think patiently and non-judgmentally about your feelings about what you see, as we did as a group of girls, one night- sleeping over... that is another thing have girlfriends, there to help... look at one another before... it a girl thing to do. This is a part of your body- just like theirs, just like your elbow and your toes. Be as kind and gentle with it as you would with, say, clipping an infant's toenails. Be nice to your body or have one of your girls do it for you if that scared- all it takes is two fingers.

Have someone other than you -is- what we did- it not scary that way, if she genital... this came to mine because

Melody was the one to break this for me... good times- good times, and the other way 'round.

~*~

Bealla does not answer, Bacca when she said hand it over or it is your f*cking teeth, and you sucking your boy off looking like a red neck more then you are, Instead, she stares at her reflection in the newly exposed square of vending machine glass. She had not had time to shower this morning, that is why I went there... so-o she just threw her hair up into a missy bun.

Bacca- A haze of short brown strands hangs down up around her hairline, cutely. It should not surprise her, bits of broken, is her things though, like when her hair fills the inside of her swim cap after every practice- to just like that, some falls exactly right.

Scott- I see her over the way in her little swimsuit- I there to cheer her on as she is on the swimming team, she tries to smooth them down with a snappishly clammy hand, but the strands pop right back up. She pulls off her elastic headband that, only us three girls wear- it was the three- girl's thing as they said, anyways and shakes out her hair, and it falls lower than the nipple line of her boobs, and I make and Eifel Tower in my paints for her sitting there, she knew. It is full of love and bounce, yet a little dull from chlorine and yet it does move like normal hair should, just like her sisters, unlike all the other girls.

She turns away from me smiling, amused, tickled, and contented; rolling her eyes sweetly about the fact that I was so taken with her. I knew she was going to f*uck me, after this, we both wanted it..., a quickie at least... She sees that the lockers outside..., and it is time to go... and we do just that in my car in the back seat. The next day we girls take about it in the cafeteria, saying the wonders of first-time sex, also have papers to do and pass 'round to copying- fast- for we all copy the same

homework..., she chokes out- that she had the big-o- with him- that tIN-LOVE

Back I remember Melody asking me this... 'round this time... and I had the flashback.

So, what is it like to suck a boy off? First, you need to get him hard, you can do this by kissing him for a while and then rubbing your hand on his thigh near his penis. You will not be sucking on his penis; it is more of you using your mouth for him to masturbate into, but you are doing the work for him. If you get his permission, you can tell by his body language if he wants you to feel him or not, make sure he is comfortable with it do not just grab him out of nowhere.

After you begin to touch him and get him hard, ask if he wants you to suck on him.

If he says yes take out the penis, and make an O shape with your mouth, then put the penis inside of your mouth. Move your head up and down in a vertical motion. Do not use any teeth because his penis is sensitive. Continue until he reaches orgasm. If you want to wow, he swallows the semen.

Thinking and snapping out of it- I see a girl, I do not know younger tearing down every copy of the list they pass. I look up tearing up... they did not get why- yet it was all just a blurred memory. Without further discussion, the two girls leave the cafeteria, split apart, and begin running, one on either side of the hallway.

Part: 50

Though Emaly is glad for something physical to do, after Math class and English, and Cam. It was nice to get out of challenging work. It is also her second sprint of the morning without any breakfast. She is feeling drained. She searches deep

down inside for the strength to keep going, putting one foot in front of the other, like a straw rooting around the rim of a soda can. She makes it to the end of the hallway and then runs smack into Bacca- all running the length of the long hall for class, who is standing with a few other girls for her turn, to run next.

I know in the library, the class is over in an hour- or so, and I was sitting in the lunchroom in study hall, with nothing- nothing to do, and- asked- more like begging them for something to do, like it is something hard for them to do for us- is make us have work for something more than suck at life, to that is so-o problematic. I do not mind, there is nothing to read in here either that is from this period.

They make us out to be Mongoloid, said, Bacca. Besides, unanimously they all agreed, just like Haven, they put us in our place for being less than they, in whatever they think they can do over us... and that a- lot of nothing... I have a lot of spam emails, I read when I get all logged-in... to the computer, just sitting there with nothing to do..., but see the little clock at the bottom tick my life away, I do not mind, because it reassures me, that nothing is going on, here and no life ahead, that I am not up to anything, more than giving up, Haven is feeling it too...

-And-

That is good for me- it is good for us even if it is not true, I do not care they sure do not. And I can't be angry with them, yet I must blame someone- no? Because he has good reason to be suspicious. I have given cause in the past and will again, with I get written up for speaking my mind. I am not a model student like them... why do I speak my mind? I cannot be, I do not have the ability...

I have said I agree- no matter how much I love her; it will not be enough either.

(MORNING)

Haven- I thought I would be bouncing off the walls for hours, eating nothing but junk food. Last night I slept for five hours, which is longer than I have done in an exceptionally long time, and the weird thing is, I was so wired feeling, when I got home yesterday evening, I could not sleep like I always do- when I come home and just crash.

I told myself that I would not do it again, not after last time, but then I saw my girls walking into the room, and I wanted them to sleep over and help me with my homework, why not?

I do not see why, I should have to restrict myself, lots of people do not. Men do not. I do not want to hurt anybody, but you must be true to yourself- and say where getting A-Fed is schooling, don't you? That is all I am doing, being true to my real self, the self-nobody knows but Scott and my girls, not John, Tom, Paul, Jack, Dick, Jen, Jan, Pam- no one. Just to run on some names to me and my girls that do not matter.

Haven- last night I asked Sarah if she wanted to go to the cinema with me for one-night next week, then if she would cover for me. 'If she calls, back she and I were not agreeing completely on the movie or just things... you can just say- were ended it, and are doing the makeup- you with sex... I am with you, she said in a text- I will go it is not like I have something better to do in this hell of a town, I knew I was looking, and I will ring her straight back, by betoo too sweet?

Then you call me, and I call my girls and we will all go, and it is all cool.' Not all friends here... yet whatever... it is something to do... or just get high... that is all there is to do for some of us, not me and my girls, yet.

She smiled, shrugged, and said- this movie is fine, 'All right.' She did not even ask where I was going or who with, later... I was hoping to stay over at someone's home, though Haven, she wants to be my girlfriend, I just know it, she loves me, she will keep me.

We must be careful, we cannot get caught, by mom and dad- at her home, but by the end of the night, we were coming in hot. It would be bad for her, life-wrecking, hard. It would be a disaster for me, her, and them too. I do not even want to think about what Scott would do if he knew that we all did what we did over a sleepover, everybody's fantasy dream, yet no boy needs to know everything girls do. It was fun. I do not feel bad about lying with her and them, I doubt he believed most of it anyway, even if. I am sure he lies about what he does with boys, too.

~*~

Emaly and Scott- He is lying on the bed, watching me as I got dressed, as I put in my butt plug with the white tell, that night later afterward. He said, 'This cannot happen again if you want it. You know it cannot, with all this and doing that. We cannot keep doing this, I going to have your baby...' And he was right, I know we cannot, keep just pulling out. We should not, we ought not to, but we will- for it feels good. It will not be the last time. He will not say no to me when I dry humping on him sliding all flirty. I was thinking about it on the way home, that I may need to see the doc and see... if... and that is the thing I like most about it, I feel scandalous- doing this behind mom and dad's back, and sneaking around, having power over someone, like a boy is the sweetest thing ever. That is the intoxicating thing, about boys and nasty little quicky F-me sex.

Part: 51

(EVENING)

I said to him- Just shut up...

Stop being a Jill Duggar and F- me!

And take me...

Take it... he said... and I do over and over...

Uhm... I said...

Taken it like a girl... she said, squalling...

With her- Uomo- yah...

Like a girl... she yelled... getting bounced...

Emaly- If you do not have any cold sores, and anything wrong with you- spitting or liking your fingers makes just a fine cheap lube, so use it, girls... I do with masturbating and on my boy when rubbing him off and blowing. I love tugging on that hard dick and having it in my mouth... and feeling it lip inside me oh so thigh wet and squishier. OH, my GOD! And I back out in the come moment with him... 6 bangs inside me down there just went off- him too... my but has his imprints still...

We girl- the triplets all of us have used- Electronic toothbrush on our clits to get off... I remember the first time, around 11... with my girls we shared every moment, I miss her... and I said this was the best part of my day after school, unanimously- we did. A Handle of a screwdriver is what we all use when we started, could not say to mom we wanted yah-no that, things- you know things for this... embarrassing- and like we had the money anyway, so that was safe for us all to use... to get the edge off... this was a year or so after the sharpie, and we were not so tight, this was the next one up, and oh God the faces we made.

I cannot walk even yet now I am down in the kitchen, opening a bottle of wine for us that is mom, yet she has more

than 10 a day so-0 like she knows when Scott comes up behind me and puts his hands on my shoulders and squeezes and says, 'How did it go with the therapist, with Haven good?' I told him it was fine, that she is making progress, they feel. He is used to knowing and-a getting all details out of me, after sex, when I most in-love with him and my voices in the week for the loving. Then: 'Did you have fun with the girls last night?' Oh yes- if you only know, and she rolls her eye in the way that only she can...

I cannot tell, because my backs to him, but the thoughts going through my mind were so wicked, whether he is asking or whether he suspects something, I could see the thought behind them blue eyes. I cannot detect anything in his voice, it all is lost in the sea that is the dreamy eyes.

(Next day at lockers)

'Come on, Bacca,' another boy says, giving her a big shove in his direction. 'Go give him a kiss!'

Scott does the same with John, saying we know- what you like... you like boys like this what-so-ever... hart throbbing COCK.

'Yeah! We support gay rights!' shouts Bacca- teasing.'

Bacca laughs good-naturedly. But as he walks toward Bealla and away from his friends, his smile slips into a look of concern. He leads her into a stairwell. 'Are you okay, and they make out?' He asks, careful to keep his voice quiet, they whisper and kiss and grab.

I had last night a- she-boy, and did not know said, Pat... 'Not bad, considering the sex change operation, said one boy Haven liked and she was off in the hallway looking at him- hearing it all... ...Anyways- she was not sure, if it were mean or not though, you could see it all over her face...' Balla says, a

desperate joke to break the tension, her dick is bigger still. Neither of them laughs at it. She holds up the copies of the list she is torn down, saying you going to kill this one too. 'What is this thing, she has about me being hotter than her?'

'It is a stupid tradition, this girl makes. It happens every year at the start of winter snowball week, the girls have daggers out- and go for blood, and they do not stop, 'till.' She stares at her- looking her down. 'Why didn't you warn me about this so I could just go?'

Bacca runs his hands through Scott's hair. It is still light from the summer sun, but his roots are growing darker.

'Do you know who wrote it, yes her and she points- and Bacca runs scrambling into a room full of kids in class...'

Balla does not have a ton of friends and is unanimously obvious to us girl... but she does not have any rivals, they know not to mess with her dress- if you will... either. For the life of her, she cannot think of one person who would hate her enough to do something mean to her or they would suck her with no teeth.

Bealla glances at the copies of the list in her hands and quickly shakes his head. 'No, I do not. And look, Bacca - you cannot go running around tearing these things down. These lists are everywhere. The whole school knows about it. There is nothing you can do.'

Balla remembers the boy who slapped her back in the cafeteria, and she put him in the ER over it by her boyfriend at the time freaking the shit out of him, the heat from his hand on her spine, was going up to her now.

She does not want to do the wrong thing, yet it is like she cannot help the fact she cannot.

She does not want to embarrass herself anymore, over this but it is too much fun getting to her... then what is already happening. 'I'm sorry,' she says, because that is how she feels, and the girls hug it out.

For many reasons, their friends yet not... 'Tell me what to do, Haven... she said walking down the hall after the fact.' Bacca rubs her arm, 'individuals will want to see you looking upset, so do not be... or she is getting her jollies out of it... They will want to see you react, so do not anymore... blink... blink... and walk away... Everyone still talks about this girl Jen and how she freaked when she got put on the list her seventh. Trust me, doing the wrong thing now could ruin the rest of high school for you, I would know- my life is over next year- I so- going to be Af'd in the ass by all of them and them.' Balla's chest gets tight. 'This is crazy, Bacca. I mean, this is crazy, drop her, and get over it- she is not your friend.'

'It is a big mind game, that all-girl, do not do it... do not...: If you pretend like the teasing does not bother you, it will eventually stop. So, do not give anyone the satisfaction of seeing you upset. You need to be stone cold.' He anchors his eyes on hers. 'Game- Face- Okay?'

She bites her lip and nods, fighting back tears, and I have my arm around her, going down the hall. She knows Bacca can see them, but thankfully she pretends not to and is held back by her new boyfriend one of like ten this week. She has her 'Game Face' on, too.

Bacca- takes a second to compose herself, and follows Balla out of the stairwell, though a few steps behind.

Balla stands in the middle of the hallway looking around in a panic. 'Hurry up, Haven, she stops to talk with Emaly. She spots Balla and rushes over, and Haven spits in her face, just what her mom and the school was waiting for..., her to miss up,

over someone else..., I grabbed her in this hall, and say run, and in the science wing, we went. Let us go check near the gym..., a teacher said.'

She gives a huge whisper giving a hug also, "Do not worry.' I swear on my life that we are going to keep you safe, even if... and make sure they get what they deserve, also- thank you- Haven for standing up for me- her elbow went into hip-saying: 'you would do it for me.'"

'Forget it, Balla,' she says, 'where over forever- and ever- never- ask me for SHIT.' She drops the copies she is holding into a trash can they went- the teachers see that she was not the blame like always, she charmed, where not, I get an hour after and so does she... and another point of her 21- she only has 1 more to go, and they- this school, a trusted name in education (make a go0-ff-ie face) well send her off to re-tard la-la land, for not holding her emotions.

'What? What do you mean?' Balla turns around to glance at Bacca, who has rejoined her friends. 'What did Bacca say, she said F-U.'

'Do not worry, she will butt kiss she has always for you... Her boyfriend all ways say all the right things- all at the right times.'

Which is how Bealla feels, without question, with him and the feeling he gives for her.

Part: 52

'Girls must instruct boys EVERYTHING! Even when it comes to camps! They are so cute, so cute, not know what to do, it is so cute... so... ah... I have been edging myself all day for him too, just to have the oh over- and over- and over- and over... I want that little boy to kiss me all over.'

Part: 53

(The next day at school)

‘What the hell?’

Though it is posed as a question, the three words are not delivered like one, with the last syllable ticking up to a higher, uncertain pitch. And yet she is confused by the copy of the list taped to her locker door, it has changed it all new now.

She drags a raspberry color fingernail down the list, linking the word ugliest and her name with an invisible, impossible line. She frees a strand of brown hair stuck in her thick coat of shimmery lip gloss, then leans forward for a closer examination.

Her lady’s bonces up behind her, wanting to see, why there is a new list of girls, along with wondering who made it? ‘She’s nice,’ I say. ‘You and she would get on. We are going to the cinema next week. Should I bring her around for something to eat after?’

‘Am I not invited to the cinema, with you girl?’ he asks, Bacca said it is a girl’s night only, and chick flicks- you would not like them.

‘You’re very welcome, to see- Haven!’ I say, and I turn to him and kiss him on the lips, ‘but she wants to see that thing with us, so... why not?’

‘Say no more! He says, his hands pressing gently on my lower back, and there on her small tight butt, oh so softly, and sweet, like a boy in love would do with his new girlfriend, after 4 weeks of firm dating, I drive you all. We sat side by side on the edge of the patio, our toes in the lawn, slipped out of our sneakers.

‘They always go for you, the lonely ones, don’t they? They make a beeline straight for you, Bacca said to Emaly.’ ‘Do they? ...’, said Haven... yet..., there so cute together look at them- all hugging and kissing, PDA’n.’

‘At that point, I had already been unmasked as a non-responsible, non-tidy, non-courteous person, so what did I have to lose?’

...And if I speak my mind...

-And-

...THE CRAZY WANTS OUT...

All come to school looking for the list today. Emaly was so excited for its arrival, she had barely slept last night, thinking that someone would have added our late sisters to the list of top girls, but they had not.

‘It’s the new top ten popular, hottest, cutest, priest list of girls!’ one says, tearing up.’

‘Sarah is the prettiest 9th, Haven said!’ ...Another cry, get to are grade already, we know.’

‘Yay, for her!’

‘This was supposed to be her year, also yet she had to kill herself.’ Honestly, last year should have been her year Haven feels the hands pat her back, the hands squeeze her shoulders, saying you have me, I will be there for you... and the said comes rolling in... the hugs, happen. Yet the only ones that care where just the three girls... that where buds.

Haven did not think it was pretty, pretty, one... yet..., there, all the same, she thought, why was she left out- just for being the girl that would not give herself up for any boy that

wanted her puss- puss, that makes her ugly to all the boys and to all the popular girls that do.

Classic slut behavior... for them class virgin for her, and that is how she passes- so what better here? I ask... you tell me... teens, then... mom and dad?

Some would say her head was too big for her body, and her cheekbones were... well, freakish. YET THEY ARE ALL THE SAME... Also, she was the only friend without guy friends always hanging with her, she had no friends at all but us three girls, yet she was the slow one, so they said. She was too skinny, YET THE SAME, but she keeps her eyes on the list, over and over, and never was good enough... was she?

The list She pinches the corner, annihilation the blistered embossment between her fingertips, leaving an inch of tape and a rip of paper stuck to her locker door.

...And then tears down the list...

'I hate to break this to you, girls... but apparently, she is still the ugliest girl at - Rockville- even after death,' Haven announces, like a girl that is losing her mind. And then they all laugh at her for it because it is honestly that ridiculous, to them for her to even care about her and her death that does not matter... to them and their own little lives.

She... and..., her and friends share quick, uneasy glances...!

Haven remains, 'On the plus side,' primarily to fill the uncooperative quiet, 'we know for sure that Bacca did not wright wrote the list this year- no one is that mean. Mystery solved!' it was- YOU- and she points to Balla.

Lynetta uses a seeing-eye dog to lead her through the hallways, yet this girl is more restarted- they say, it does not

have to be nice, when someone has killed themselves Haven screams. She was born blind, her eyes milky white and too wet.

What is wrong with me saying that- Ya'll? So, it is a joke. Obviously, where so is making a girl feel ugly and making her feel the need to not live as you did with this one- and you all do not give a rat's ass- God...!

None of her friends laugh... yet all in the hall, even the teachers looking overdid.

Not until one of the girl's whispers,

'Saying really.'

Haven tempers, grumbles, in a hard berth to take in. Who-a is the absolute understatement of the year. She turns the list around and goes over the other names, expecting other mistakes that might explain what is going on.

Haven- Sarah is the ugliest first-year student, I think not, it stated that though, and we all know that is not so, or she thought, it over me and her, she thought. Haven has a faint memory of who... this girl was and is, that was listed before, but the girl in her mind is forgettable, so she is not sure she is thinking of the right person even.

Everyone in school thinks Amy is gorgeous, so seeing her name as prettiest senior makes sense, yet Sarrah is just misunderstood.

Haven- And, of course, is the obvious choice for the ugliest 9th grader, for loving me. Honestly, any girl other than Sarrah would have been a total letdown, to all of them that are heartless snapping dogs at your ankles, like just- heaters of her, and I.

Haven does not know either of the first-year girls, which is a surprise for the reasons, that she is not the kind-a girl who-a gives-a crap about first-year girls for they were all asses to her when she was with them in that grade.

There is one other name she does not recognize. Weirdly enough, it is her first-year student equal: 'Who's Cassandra Kora?' The prettiest to her ugliest. Haven flicks the list with her finger, and it makes a snapping sound.

'She's that homeschooled girl, that only comes in for the band' one of her friends explains. What a lame-ass...! 'What homeschooled girl?' Haven asks, wrinkling her nose.

Another girl nervously, looking over both her shoulders to make sure, that no one else in the hallway is listening at this point, and then whispers, this...

'Co,e bucket...' 'you know- um the one with the hair that looks like that, all crunchy.'

Haven's eyes get big. 'Crunchy - CoMe - BUCKET?'

She had thought up the nickname last week, for her, 'it's so-o right-' 'fitting, no?' 'Um-hum-!' When everyone was forced to run a mile in gym class and Crunchy- the cream of some young guy- hair all up in her blond ponytail kept swishing back and forth, all good crunch, like, like, like- a boy jerked it for a week on her face, and it was not washed out of her lashes and or hair, as she trotted along, it is all -ah and crunchy. Haven had made a point of whinnying as she passed her saying it over and over because it was so-o freaking gross to let your hair grow that long, without washing boy off you. These slut like her (and she points) wear it well- no- girl?

'Umm hum,' and, '...I'm trashy...' she said to run by...

Picking on the weaker, it is what you do to keep up your image with the others... she thought.

Unless, of course, you had layers. Which this girl did not. Her hair was cut straight in a v- and- and- and- having it up like this just made it look, well- well you get it... Haven looked at her all waist scared with cut marks, and said, 'Yeah what a waste... of those sharp things, I forget- um what where they called... (one-pointed finger- goes up to her mouth, all acting all clueless.)

'...Any- who-o-o- I should have cut that Crunchy baby battered thing off instead...'

'...And- and- Probably with a dull pair of safety scissors...'

...She goes all cross-eyed, and all traded like... saying this along with... 'Yah and you make fun of me, for being in my classes...'

'Well lest- I am clean and smarter than you will ever be- DON'T FOR-get it!

...And her head nods...

'Well... She is pretty,' said a girl passing, one of them- that are there...' shrugging her shoulders regretfully- to what Haven was saying, and I do not think you have the place to make fun of her for whom you are.

'No one asked you-'

'No cars if you alive...'

'...Run Frost run...' her girlfriend said.

Someone else nods...

And one farts on it too... a girl lifts her leg letting it hard... no underwire too, and I saw that thing also... with it...?

(Goog-il-e- eyes made)

'Did that come out of the front or the back...' Haven yield...

'She could use a haircut for sure, but yes. She was pretty... all the girl gang up... at the end of the run...'

Haven lets out a pained sigh...

Bacca- 'I'm not saying Crunch Hair isn't pretty,' she moans, though she had never actually considered her looks, to be in this, she covers up, standing next to all of them, just stuck in the middle.

This conversation is not supposed to be about Crunch Hair- yet all the mean and finger-pointing was towards Haven- for doing as they- do to her.

It is supposed to be about her...

'It does not make any sense, what they were saying about Haven- yet to them it all did, and the run ones were thrashing her; until she ran off- crying- like the- baby boy that she is. Do not forget that; she- scrambled.

She is the sister of one girl that is up in high school that picked on her right, yep, Bacca she is making this for herself, I keep saying do not; yet she must- think out- loud.

I would be picked as the ugliest... if not for her one young lady said, Amy- I would be just that.'

Bacca- Her eyes roll off her friends, and on to other girls, saying: 'Would it kill you to get to know her, and not what is known about her girls- really- your so-o mean- to her...'

...Walking down the sidewalk, back to the school, all downhill- at a like 85-degree angle...

Haven sees them and is standing there in the nude, in the locker room, changing, they look ant point, yet there is nothing different to them, when she looks back, in the span of a few seconds, at least ten other girls are nude as she stands there looking at them, yet the talk about her is- running on... who, what, and where she should be. Ugly girls who deserve this, this, when they are not girls... WHY are you in here...?

Why?

Bacca- 'She a girl back the F*CK off...' and she thought her to the ground by the hair.

And the teacher- well she did not see it...

Balla- said to me, you have no- style...

SWAG-GER-LESS!

'Well, I did not like the wag- of my swag- so I had it cut off...'

Haven- 'Facebook sure did evolve, like fashion, and like it- it is seen through, a lot of pussy and dicks showing!' Facebook is creeping on your book, yet you can NOT get rid of it even if someone is stocking, the shit out of you, so if they want you dead, they will keep going and who is going to stop it, there are now laws yet. I want that changed... in my name, or something like that...!

Havens- Law I like that!

'I mean, come on, you guys. This is total crap, these lists and making others feel bad about being who they are!' Haven gives her friends another chance to protect her, yet Bacca is not it, though she feels a little pathetic at having to lure them.

'Pretty girls are not supposed to end up on the ugly side of the list! Like this one, she said but your mouth Haven is making you look ugly to me also,' It, like, undermines the whole tradition.'

'Well, the list doesn't say that your mouth says you're ugly,' someone gently offers, given by other girls, looking at Bacca like she was nuts for even talking to her. If you do not stop, you are going to end up with NO friends... see what I am saying.

'That's true,' adds another girl. 'The ugliest girls are seriously ugly, like you for having to chop things of like a dick... just to feel, this or that- or whatever and whatnot.'

Bacca- She follows me, and I take off my clothes, into the one side of the locker room, we get changed, as the bell rang... I am going up the stairs, saying glad this day is over, and it was off... end of the school day finally, where now home and when we get there, Scott pushes me down on the bed, saying you are the same as your sister, and we trade, so- sh-h-h- but it does not matter because he does not know that I want him so bad, or that where switch places today, at this point to I am that good at playing Emaly.

I am good enough to make him believe it also and a girl needs to have a boy now and then, I want him more than ever after a long grueling day that I had and Bacca was cool with it, overall, of the BS, I took as her today about a girl, that she is not even in love with any longer. I am not even thinking about him... as I love him, I just want him in me...!

And just as I thought, there pushing Bacca down to Haven's level over her standing up for her, and I do not like it; so, will two girls, that care for her, yet it is getting old, well tradeoff, every other week or so-o; just to keep her safe, and us two from losing it- over it because of well all of it.

(HAVEN)

(MORNING)

Haven called me back just as I was leaving the house this morning and gave me a stiff little hug.

She could not meet my eye.

I felt sorry for her, I honestly, I did, though not as sorry as I felt for myself.

Haven- I thought she was going to tell me, that she was not kicking me out after all this crap this week, but instead she slipped a typewritten note into my hand, saying here are some ground rolls, by the girls and their mom, if you plan to keep being with us and our friends, you need to do da- da- da- giving me formal notice of my eviction, if I do not and to- can it- my mouth that is, and just be- me. The girl that we fell for from the first day, of 8th grade.

Bacca- She gave me a sad smile and said, 'I hate to do this to you, Haven, I honestly do, you're doing it to me- and you don't want to know what I have been doing to get this all out of me- girl you need to stop before they send you to tard school- or out, you don't have any more F- ups, or points to take, your garden is saying she had it, yet it's not you, it's them, the school they don't see it that way.'

The whole thing felt very awkward, reading the run on's of whatever's. We were standing in the hallway of her home, which, despite my best efforts with the bleach, still smelled a bit sick.

From where the dead girl was laying. I felt like crying, but I did not want to make her feel worse than she already did, over something, that was as pointless as I, so I just smiled

merrily and said, 'Not at all, it's honestly no problem, I can do this, so you really can read it?'

'Yes-' as though she had just asked me to do her a small favor, to find out, that too... not to be true. The list just says you are ugly on the inside.'

It is not the rousing defense- Haven is hoping for, for us girls, but now- she just needs to hear it from us in a new way. (It was more of a test, by our mother more than anything, the teachers say she cannot even read, yes, she can...) That was one point of this... the other, scaring her, to think before saying whatever is on her mind, to others that will screw with it.

But as the words sink in, she gets it also, that if she keeps going, she will not be seeing us ever... Haven nods slowly and lets a new feeling bloom inside her.

Her friends do not believe that, or they would not be friends with her! So, what if people think she is ugly on the inside, too, they can see that we can. And pretty on the outside is what counts, to all of them up there- nothing more. F- that... Pretty on the outside is what everyone sees, where not like that are, we girls?

'No- forever- and ever-'

All the girls- 'Always!'

~*~

Haven had announced this as the plan for the morning. pep rally happens on Saturday, before the winter-snow-ball football game. It is an impromptu parade where the students at - Rockville drive around town with their cars decorated, beeping their horns, and getting people excited for the game.

Haven has everything planned in her notebook, how it should be decorated (streamers, tin cans, soap on the windshield,) and what the girls should wear (short shorts, knee-socks, and - Rockville sweat-shirts- so on.)

Still, Haven stares at her friend's slack jawed. 'I can't say, I'm in a very school spirited mood at the instant.' The fact that they did not notice this annoys her, yet she is all for the game tonight and the dance.

One girl shrugs her shoulders, hard like. 'But we only have until Saturday to figure things out, before the next big dance of the session.'

One more adds, 'We cannot leave it until the last minute. We need to produce a concept. We are 8th graders now. We cannot just, like, throw something together.'

Seriously...?

A concept...?

Haven rolls her eyes, at that too.

It is the strangest feeling to have, even stranger than being called the: Ugliest.

Nevertheless, then again, it ensues here is to her, as her friends nod along with each other, that they are going to talk and talk about the pep rally with or without her.

Ten girls are standing in her locker. 'Maybe like six or seven, if you squash.' She quickly changes her approach and rips her page of ideas out of her notebook.

She quickly does a headcount.

'Fine,' she says, handing it off.

‘Here is what I am doing. Figure out who is riding with me because my mom’s convertible can only fit five of us.’

Haven opens her locker door, and stares through the metal slats as her friends walk toward homeroom without her, they are giving her the cold shoulder over what she said about-crunchy hair.

Something about her face seems off, imbalanced. It took her a few seconds of close examination of her face to realize, what elapsed her mind was to put eyeliner on her left eye. Her eyes move to the magnetic mirror hanging inside the door, saying I become a sloppy girl, like an active child... oh no!

Tom Girl!

...?...

Why didn’t any of her girls tell her that?

After digging in her makeup bag, Haven inches closer until the tip of her nose nearly grazes the mirror.

She gently pulls the corner of her left eye toward her ear and traces a creamy band of coffee pencil, one of the samples her mother gave her, across the lid. Then she lets go, her skin snapping partly back into place, and blinks a few times.

Blink- Blink...

Haven’s eyes are her best feature.

Individuals, for the last 6 weeks (about 1 and a half months) ‘till now, over the older girls, like always commented on them, and even though Haven finds that predictability annoying, she of course still relishes the attention.

How a girl, that was falling to you, would suddenly look up from the register and say, ‘Wow, your eyes are incredible!’

They are the lightest blue, thanks to contacts, like three drops of food coloring in a gallon of ice-cold water, dissolving. Otherwise, better yet, a boy would say. Her eyes get more attention than her boobs, and that is seriously saying something, for there so right there wrong to all the other girls in the grade. She is a true C cup without any of that ridiculous padding, which is false advertising.

An insignificant, slight, and dominative um- sagacity of relief washes over her. List or no list will take me down I am still the prettiest. She knows it, too- after being made to be. Everyone knows it also.

And that is all that matters, is being perfect... inside and out, not for her anymore but for them.

Part: 54

Haven and her mother agree the sedan still smells like Bacca dead grandfather, they bought the car off him before he passed, a musty blend of pipe smoke, old newspapers, and drugstore aftershave, of Stetson men's cologne, so they drive to - Rockville High School with the windows open, now that her mom has a real car that like runs, and drive without part falling off. Haven splays her arms across the window frame, resting her chin where her hands overlap, and lets the fresh air rouse her, even if is like 32 degrees' outside, yet that is over the fact that the car was hit, and the frame is bent and the window cannot go up the whole way, yet it was a \$1,000- dollar car, and her mom is making payments on that...

Mondays are always the most tiring mornings, always, you just do not want to get out of bed, because Sundays are always the worst nights, cramming homework and boys and drama, and girl stuff going out till wee hours in the morning.

The anxiety of the coming week speeds through Haven all the up and in- up and in- when she wants to be slowed down, she should speed up. She feels every lump in the old mattress, hears every creak and sigh of her new old house, yet she loves this home, its smalls, and noses, she just feels at home, taking Melody's place in the room.

Today the freaking car would not start, so-o before it got too late it was off to see if we could hop on the train. On the train, tears come, and I do not care if people are watching me; for all they know, my dog might have been run over, they would not have a car, and all over them and the looks they give with their hate. I might have been diagnosed with a terminal illness, and could die in an hour or so, and they would be like F-yah did with the b*tch forever. I might be a barren, divorced, soon to-be-homeless alcoholic, like them, no compassion.

It is ludicrous when I think about it. How did I find myself here, doing this? I wonder where it started, my homework thinks, even if it is good, they are not going to say it is; I wonder at what point, I could have halted it. Where did I take the wrong turn, also think, out a load? Not when I met Haven, who saved me from grief after my sisters died. Not when were all, carefree, drenched in bliss, on an oddly wintry day a year ago, I was content, in the black, abundant.

I have the reminisces of those first days so-o undoubtedly, walking around, shoeless, feeling the warmth of wooden floorboards underfoot, relishing the space, the emptiness of all those rooms waiting to be filled, with them it was, just like me.

Haven- It was then... that was the moment when things started to go wrong, maybe... maybe... the moment when I imagined us no longer a couple, but a family; and took her place, and was there for, like she was for me. Rolls changed, I

thought, up till now, I was still crushing on her, yet Bacca was with Scott and Scott was crushing on Emaly, they think I do not know I play, the game, yet I get it.

...And...and... of that, once, I had that picture in my head, just the two of us could never be enough, yet think back to the first day it was- it was, ha-um-mm.

Was it then, that Bacca started to look at me differently, her dissatisfaction mirroring my own? What she gave up for me, for the two of us to be together, I let him think that he was not enough, I remember when I was just three weeks into this new life and nothing was comfortable, but her and the girls. Which is exactly what she had expected.

The girl's room is nice but old, the slender wood slats on the floor with a loose nail where the wood floor met the wall, squeaks, its cloudy diamanté blinking in the moonlight.

The first pic of all of them, ever taken, she found last night, after the first hour of tossing and turning in the same bedroom, that Melody slept in, the same bed, where her they slept in together when she was sleeping over- the same.

Haven crept across the hall in her pajamas, that being a nightie that is seen through, and short, with nothing under it. Bacca and Emaly's mother is reading the obituaries over and over, of her little girl, died, losing it, slowly, the light cast a warm white glow out the seam of the open door.

Neither of them had been sleeping very well since all that jazz.

That is when Bacca looks at her phone, out of boredom, and it is buzzing like crazy and goes through all the boy's text/vid. messages, and emails, there are 6 photos of nude boys that were sent to her some she doesn't even know, and 3 jerk-off

videos, one being Scott like it is a cute boy, really do I need to see that many at once? Yet, I have to same um- you know- it is a girl thing, I know what I am, masturbating to tonight, umm- I love this boy and his hard cock! (That was thought with an upward eye moment.)

Getting up to pee in the night, the girls all out Bacca snoring hard, like only she can, darling to on her My Pillow, and hugging it like a boy, she mostly uncovers showing her little lady down there, yet that is how she sleeps, the only way it comparable.

Haven cracked it wider with her foot. Pairs of stingy panties hung on the coils of the wrought-iron bed frame to dry after having them washed in the sink.

They reminded Haven of the snake skins shed in the warm dunes behind their old apartment out west. Their old life.

Her mom looked up from the thick manual of tax laws, saying things have changed with our dependences, her dad still a zombie over his little girl, his favorite girl passing, the one he was the shyest and his princes, all those years, she was the clingy daddy's girl, more than the others, the one that wanted daddy dates only the others that felt too old for it.

Haven weaved through unpacked boxes and hopped onto the bed. She opened her hands like a clamshell.

Her mom grinned and shook her head, looking a bit embarrassed, with Haven there. 'I had begged your grandmother, haven for these... to buy me this when I started high school, and that would be the right to keep you with us.'

Haven- 'You would do that for me?'

The girl's mom- 'You hear all the time anyway.'

I know their dad's thought rolling around in he had if it would not be for you, I would have my girl. And... and yet hers was you save me, after what was going to happen anyway.

Back to be, she is thrilled, she looks over and sitting on the stand is her toy, she pinched the barrette between her fingers, for the flicker, examining the fossil of her youth, and puts them in and goes to oh-ville.

The corners of her mouth pulled until her smile stretched tight and thin, turning it into something entirely different.

With a sigh, she said: okay.

'Yes, don't worry about it all taking care of...'

'I don't know if you've ever had this feeling, Haven thought- only doing this has given me that feeling, I have a family now, but sometimes- I think too much, when you get something new, that the feeling I have now, you trick yourself into believing, it will last for more than your given time, it has the power to change absolutely everything about yourself, just like a 36 scorned come, 10 times over, that how to get the girls to adopt me felt.' They did not know... and I was not going to wake them to say... it was going to be the first thing said by their mom, before school... I wondered if they would be happy or not.

'That was quite a lot to ask of old tv batteries, don't you think?'

Umm- ah-hah- she let it all out, saying: thank you- to God, in many ways, even that relationship was getting better, to which is why all the others were turning on her too, the stronger the faith, the more you look odd to the ones, that do not understand.

(Back)

She said this while threading a hair clip into Haven's hair, securing a sweep over her daughter's ear, and pulled the quilt back so Haven could lie beside her.

Haven had not experienced the feeling her mother had described when she thought about love, but this was the love she was feeling for her and the girls, not that love, but feeling safe, and happy was this love... but one much more unnerving. And not that like lust love ether- like when I see Bacca, who sat one desk away in her English class, and I look her up and down.

On her very first day at - Rockville High, Haven had noticed that Bacca smelled amazing to her, a small girl can drive you nuts, even if that coming from down under, I got the hint of that, and she was- exactly right. And now all I need to do is get a whiff of her and she makes me melt.

Every girl is beautiful in their way. To judge another for physical flaws is wrong, learn to love, not hate, this on and everything she has was right for me. That is the only way that true world peace will ever come to be.

She asked me what a vagina feels like on the inside to her and I said: it is- 'wet, slippery, ribbed, soft and very warm.'

If you run your tongue over the top front of your mouth, that is what the ribbed- feeling is like in a vagina- inside a pocket puss- puss, only it is fleshier and softer than you are the top of your mouth, at on the same lines.

This is when I asked her to do it to me and it was young lusting love... for that sleepover on... I remember.

The outside is smooth (if shaved lol,) soft like your lips or cheek. It feels like a soft penis and recall those days too. If it is not shaved, it is still soft like your lips or cheek, but not

smooth because of the coarse pubic hair. When it is wet, it is slippery and incredibly soft.

I first categorized it as when she was turn on to me, when I got her naked for the first time and licked it, I was hooked, the small and test was everything I ever wanted.

It and she feel like a warm wet tight opening of flesh in which she squeezes and throbs her insides. very pleasurable for both indeed. it is like wet hot tight pink slipper flesh that stimulates the sensitivity of the penis, especially the head. you will be stimulated by the warmth of her hole as well as the slipperiness and sensations of her walls and ribbed, then if she is tight, it is a bonus of hot ribbed wet pussy friction that makes me nut every time, nothing is like a wet hot pussy because it is so warm and inviting...

That Haven now knew what she smelled like- she could sense her coming down the hall, long for a hug even, those starting days, of the 8th-grade year, summarized how much her life had changed, whether she had wanted it to or not.

She swallowed this secret, everything she sees her with a boy that she wants more, that she deeply loves her to death, along with so many others- about her- and she because knowing, it could never- ever be right- when she is so-o wrong- Mom new- yet she could never confirm that things in her new school whereas bad as she had been told, yet she got it.

If not worse... she got it yet, unlike all the other moms she had a spot for Haven and a heart.

A while later, after ma- were just going to call her that, the girl's mother and now like mine, had finished studying, with me and Emaly and Bacca, and turned off the light, Haven stared into the shadowiness of the dim and held on to her ma's words.

Despite all these changes, she would stay the same girl. Or even go back to the girl, that Bacca falls for too, and deep down that was what ma wanted too, before falling asleep, she touched the barrette, in her hair saying, this was Melody's- she loves this, clip, wearing it every day, you always keep this on you, she will keep you safe- Haven.

Haven reaches for the barrette, o'er as the sedan slips into a free space along the curb.

'How do I look? And she curtsy's- Like' Ma turns around, asking if she can start working to help, Haven said- 'No one's going to want to hire me. They are going to want some beautiful young thing, that is not me, that is just so wrong.'

'Remember the things we talked about, Ma. Focus on your experience, not the fact that you have not worked in a while, if they see the real you- they get over there- whatever, the hell is wrong with them.'

They had done a mock interview last night after Haven's homework had been finished and checked, yet but they just said to leave no want you here, you suck at life, die... She had never seen her ma so unsure of herself, so unhappy. Well, who the F- are they to say that to you? I will take care of it, as the pre-school, teacher, for the young kids, at Catholic- school, she does not want this, for her job, yet she loves me more than that... She wants to still be Haven's teacher, secret just to make a point to the school she goes to.

Ma- It makes Haven depressed, their situation. Things had not been good the last year out west, and it is not here, it is them. '...She is not the bad girl here...'

The money left by Haven's real- mother it was running out; Haven had not even known her mother had stopped paying support on their apartment. Her grandfather dying and leaving

them the house was a blessing in disguise, also like the car, yet he even said you never worked for, yet you are getting for nothing... to her, I busted nuts getting here and your kid just takes and do jack shit, and her and throw the paperwork, saying take my empire of dirt... take it.

Part: 55

Sarah- When the train stops at the signal, I see her looking at me, I look up and see Lucie standing on the terrace, looking down at the track.

I feel as though she is looking right at me, and I get the oddest sensation-I feel as though she is looked at me like, that before; I feel as though she has seen me, yet I do not remember.

I imagine her smiling at me- before, yet, I do not remember, and for some reason, I feel afraid- and I do not remember that either, of why- I do.

She turns away and the train moves on, wheels slipping.

(EVENING)

‘OK-ay,’ She smiles at me then and steps back again, crouching down a little so-o, that our eyes are level. ‘Are you all right...’

He consults his notes. ‘Haven?’ ‘Yes...’

That girl from the past keeps looking at me for a long time, like she is trying to tell me something, or she is me; she does not believe me when I say I do not remember.

She is concerned with me, yet she is not real, I keep thinking, yet I do not recollect that either.

She thinks I am a battered significant other- like my girlfriend or boyfriend at the time? Or else something like that, or that I am running down the tracks to end it all, and even that I do not get why-why...?... I ever her, stand on these tracks at this point.

‘Right...?... I am going to clean you up a little get in the Rockville River, next to the viaduct, since you look- a bit nasty, do not worry about a thing said- the girl, like she was my girlfriend, from another time.

‘I’m okay,’ I tell her.’

...And the sunsets...

Part: 56

‘Haven, promise me you will talk to your

English teacher about the reading list, God this is Pre-k work- girl... (I know yet that is all they say: I can handle it...,) ‘Well, what the F- is there to handle with this...?’

I hate the idea of you sitting in her class for the entire year, bored to freak’n tears with books we have already read and deliberated, all last year- and we do not even have to read it the teacher- is spitting that out for us. If you are afraid to do it, or as they say not able too, they do it for you, like wiping your ass..., and buttoning your pants- you get it... no?

Haven shakes her head, at the level of dumb, that they subject her too. ‘I will do it.

Today. I promise.’ Ma- pats Haven’s leg. ‘We’re doing okay, right, when she shows her the work, she asked her to do- at eight grades?’

Haven does not think about her answer, she was working hard at getting her schooling, even if they say not, she

knows she was higher than they say, she just says, 'Yeah... we are, doing what they say for us to do, or we get expelled, there is no arguing.'

'See you at three o'clock, that would be when this hand is there- and there, she said to Haven- okay- she rolled her eyes.

'It'll go fast.'

Haven leans across the seat and gives her Ma a tight hug.

'I love you, Mommy. Good luck.'

Haven walks into school, barely a force against the tide of students flowing from the opposite direction. Her homeroom is empty, not for long the haters will soon be in there making their mouth run like runny pop, out of a tight butt hole.

The fluorescent lights are still off from the weekend when she walks in, they come on automatically, and the legs of the upturned classroom chairs spike four-pointed stars, encircling her like oversized barbed wire. She turns one over and takes a seat, chewing her pencil.

It is lonely at school, even when the room is packed full of those and themes.

Sure, a couple of people have talked to her, in the halls but it was all in ways that you or she would not find cute.

Boys, mostly, after daring each other to ask her stupid questions about homeschooling, like if she belonged to a religious cult, or it was to keep her here and not go to the Lonnie-ben. She anticipated as much, her male cousins were just as silly, awkward, and annoying.

The girls were only slightly better. A few smiled at Haven, or obtainable tiny bits of graciousness, like pointing out where to put her murky cafeteria tray after lunch.

Nevertheless, and then again, no one extended herself in a way that felt like the start of something. No one seemed attracted, interested, and involved in getting to know her beyond confirming, that she was that weird- tard-ed homeschooled girl, that was here- well for them because.

It should not have surprised her. It is what she was told to expect, and you just drift off into, your word for its less painful.

Haven lets her chin rest against Bacca's chest, even if they were looking, she needed her. She pretends to read the notebook, lying open on the small patch of desk committed to her seat.

Though, she inconspicuously watches the girls filter into the room, and take chairs beside her. The girls are frantic, whispering like crazy.

Muggy giggles and laughs are all she sees and hears. Wholly, consumed with whatever they are gossiping about, she knows it all about her, and her neck, and body and whatnot... even if... unanimously said by the girls it was perfect. Until one notices Haven watching them, back- and she said skank what are you looking at?

Nothing when looking at you- BITCH. '...and- and- and... like... ah- U's a wonder why no-one likes you!' Haven lowers her eyes, saying and I tard-ed. But she is not fast enough, to not have the look back.

Part: 57

'Re-tard, baby boy dick sucker... that is a baby boy too...'

Haven lifts her head.

'Excuse me?'

'Oh, my god, Haven!

Bacca made her eat her teeth...

And they both were thrown out... and thanks to Ma, she was spared, and the girl, saying shit, got nothing, not even a reprimand. Um- it was more of that and- or, of what do you do to piss her off.

Email- 'You are so lucky; they did not put you out!'

Bacca- 'Do you even know how lucky you are?'

The girl puts on a big smile, the next time saying, thanks to you I have these now, and just like your boobs there fake and now perfect. And she runs on tiptoes over to Haven's desk, doing acting all gay- like.

The girl ritually places a piece of paper on top of Haven's open notebook. 'It is a - Rockville tradition. They picked you as the prettiest girl in our grade.' The girl talks unhurriedly, as if Haven spoke another language, or had a learning disability, yet what is known about her is not what she has.

Haven reads the paper, even if they are making fun of her doing so-o. She sees her name, there. But she is still completely confused.

A different girl pats her on the back, saying you have made it again. 'Try to look a little happier, Haven,' Emaly said, she whispers sweetly, in the same way, one might discreetly indicate an open zipper, that Haven Had, oh yah- get that closed, too 'Otherwise people will think something's wrong with you, down there that you need to let all hang- out- or breath.'

This scrappy little nobody line surprises Haven most of all because it completely contradicts what she is already assumed.

‘Why is after I come, I cry? Asked Emaly.’

‘What?’

Haven’s eyes got big...

Part: 58

Sarah- the plan is to break it to him fast, yet she cannot remember the boy’s name she was dating or was it a girl, yah a girl I was dating, right, as she runs towards the oncoming train, hoping for the death of her life, to get a new one, where she can remember again.

And then the lights flash, and she is home, sitting on her bench, nibbling the edges of a strawberry Pop-Tart. Wh-a-at, the tangy smell of smoke on her fingers sours the sweet, yet was she there, she must have been.

Bacca- at school, in class, she forces down at Scott's, well you know, her favorite part of this cute boy, because all this sugar is not helping, her thoughts, she lost in him and the daydream.

Sarah- looking out the window, in the summer- Let the squirrels eat some of it, she said to her mom rocking. ...And like someone, that has lost their mind; she needs to calm the hell down, said her mom, to her dad, yes, but it is in her mind, it is slipping more, now than ever. She moves a tangle of tarnished necklaces off her chest and feels for her heart, saying I must find her and get her back- I- I -I... (Crazy whispering)

So, there is no scene for her to get off.

Forget dressing it up, explaining things.

That is only going to make it worse.

She will just say something like, I am done, girls. "Our friendship, or whatever the hell you want to call it now, is over," said Balla, with all the girls- that Haven is to off her. So, go ahead and do what you want. Live your life! Become the best bros with the captain of the football team. Feel up the head cheerleader, even though everyone knows Margo Gable stuff. I am not going to judge you.

Scott- I took a girl's virginity today, and she was not you- she- was your sister... I cool with it, said Bacca if you love me more, so do you want to start making love altogether? Did he ask...? Um- I do not see why not, and she seemed grossed out yet loved him, for loving her. Two girls that look and feel just the same, I love you, girls, he said. The sex was awesome, me on top, her and then she... everything a day has ever wanted in his dreams said, Scott.

Every guy is a walking STD it is just what... said Bacca, I am sick of this you do not need a glove every freaking time, if you are in-loved one, and safe, girls remember- if you are willing to spread for the love you should be willing to spread for his baby, think about that one.

Email- My heart, thinking about that boy, it flutters like a hummingbird, so fast the individual beats blur together and make a steady, uncomfortable hum.

That last part will be a lie, for I cannot love him he belongs to her, and I can do that. She will judge me for it too. She will be worried about me, if I do not come home tonight and run off with him, to find a place, to well... you know.

Haven's has a number, I was saying we were going to the woods, with Scott, after school, she asked to come, I knew where that would go, so we did, and Scott was just that cool

about it, Haven had her first bang as a girl, a moment she will never forget, under the trees in the dart, hard- and pounding, just like us with other boys, John- John, Josh, and Jash, all took their turns in our holes until we- comed. I never knew how much she liked being on top, until that moment. Us girls like letting the boys do the work.

Haven will not be worried at all-I am not even late home yet-but I am hoping that the news that I have been hit by a taxi might make her take pity on me and forgive me for what happened yesterday. She will think the reason I got knocked down is that I was drunk. I wonder if I can ask the doctor to do a blood test or something so that I can provide her with proof of my sobriety. I smile up at him, but he is not looking at me, he is making notes. It is a ridiculous idea anyway.

And Bacca and her were making it also, you should have seen. Haven- She rips the cellophane off a new pack of cigarettes, lights up, she is still shaking over it, a leftover of wild carries taste to takes away the smoke, she sips a drink of Emaly's drink.

Remembering last night, when she was hanging half out of his bedroom window, after- the after, she smoked the third-to-last cigarette in her old pack; and told him, thank you; after his depressing play-by-play of his aunt's final days of lung cancer; she would seriously think about quitting, yet puffing with oxygen, tubes in her nose, I was not sorry to see the old bitch die.

(Eyebrow up by both girls that are the same in all Bacca- and Scott- Recollections of that now makes her laugh, puff out smoke. Both dissipate into the chilly morning air, for each other. Before the school day, one last kiss before hell starts too, hell being the school day.

Haven- Last night, she talked a lot of shit, to the one that gets down on her, to all the girls that wanted to be there with him yet would never- ever.

Girls talking- (He did that?)

Nevertheless, Scott had been talking shit since the day they met, that was just who he is, yet he was still saying he had the hot girl in school last night to his friends, you can be sure of it.

Whatever!

Let him bitch about her smoking, she loves to do like she loves all of him and I mean all, like his uncut winkie. It would be a relief to replace her anxieties with something simple and clear, like more sex, or e-cigs, yet that would not do she said, like being annoyed with him, is what she is like without, it is like a girl, PMS when she can have 5-cigs and 6- Oh's a day.

Sarah- watches two junior girls scurry along the sidewalk, as she is on the tracks, looking for her, to hold her hand and get her through the day.

Sarah knows who they both are, but what she thinks is: All the junior girls at - Rockville girls look the- damn same, many for she cannot evoke- anything any longer.

They remind her of sex-dolls with their mouths hanging open- yet, saying nothing- noting, just there for the feelings, keeping the same stripes so predators cannot tell them apart. Survival of the non-specific. 'The shoulder- shearling boots, length hair with highlights, the stupid, the little wristlet purses to hold their cell phones, lip glosses, and lunch money. It is the - Rockville way!'

The two girls stop in front of her seat and huddle, shoulder to shoulder, each clutching a piece of notebook paper.

The smaller one hangs on her friend and chokes out a sequence of high-pitched giggles. The other simply sucks air in and out, a rapid-fire of hiccupping wheezes, thinking about boys, they have a hand, and these they want, and the one they cannot.

Sarah's nerves cannot take it, they are looking at her in school either, yet walking along the tracks is her escape.

'Hey!' she yaps. 'How about you ladies hold your little powwow someplace else?'

It seems like a fair request, by a teacher, yet I think not. These girls have the entire school to roam uninterrupted. Besides everyone at - Rockville knows that this is her hangout.

She discovered it in the 7th-grade year. It had always been vacant because it was situated directly beneath the principal's window. That did not bother her. She wanted to be alone. That is, until Balla came along last spring, and said: 'This is my place, get lost,' like a bully, that she is, and her girls are.

Part: 59

Haven was shy. Cripplingly so. He hated talking in class and broke out in hives whenever his parents argued. It was hard to get him to open, but when she finally did, Melody always felt like she had found a kindred outcast.

She liked begging Haven to torture her with stories of her former was fascinating to her, what going middle school another year was like, the at their hangout is where they wait for each other, to chat about things like this, before, school, and after school each day, where they do their homework and split a pair of earbuds for the right and left sides of an illegally downloaded song. A haven where, like- two kids who once kept to themselves suddenly keep with each other, that where she

got her new name, a safe place just like under the Rockville viaduct, with Sarah.

(Night)

-Sleepover- (plow fight)

Wake- wake- hit- slam... fall onto butt... repeat!

Bacca- 'If you can't handle me at my idiotic rants, then you don't deserve me at my butt plug insertions.'

Emaly- 'I have prune fingers after those faps, with you girls.'

Bacca- 'Cream you slut!'

Email- Eye roll, in lightheartedness, giggling like with her, wanting it so badly.

Haven- sh-hh- or ma well hear...

Sh-h-h- U..., 'YOU'RE A BEARDED TROLL SPERM.'

Emaly- 'I got a glittery butthole man- with this plugin.'

Bacca- 'I am obsessed with butts.

I do not know why.'

(Giggles)

I must pee now- said Emaly- 'That's what apple juice is. It is just apple pie,' said Bacca.

'Damn... My penis just feels bizarre.'

Ha- and one fall of her too- said Bacca pointing at Haven, to Emaly.

Haven- 'I didn't know if you guys know, but if you fap too long you get some prunes.' (o-ha-ha) ...all around by the girls...

Bacca- 'Jesus' titties this shit is ridiculous.'

(I love you, girls) ...said around the girls...

'If you thought I wasn't going to quote while fapping, you were VERY mistaken.'

'Marry had a little I-am- little I-am... Ha!'

...she sung well-doing...

Haven- 'Vaginas are just like socks coming together.'

'WHOA! Sock vagina!'

Emaly- 'Why can't dudes dicks have an extra part of their balls that go in the butt, like the size of a butt plug?'

(WHAT! ...?...)

Bacca- 'I just shot Em's nose.' Emaly- 'It's like a lick worth of an orgasm.'

Bacca- I said today to Scott- 'If I were an asshole, you'd be my butt plug.' He did not get it.

(Giggles) the boy is so dumb yet cute- yes cute.

Email- 'Oh shit he fell in love. He got vagina dazzled.'

'I'm not doing teddy bear porn right now...' she snapped a photo to Scott.

Fast snap- by- Haven- 'I just bejeweled my asshole.' Want a photo of that Scott, all rem-m-m-m-m-m-ie?

(N-ah- not really)

Bacca- 'I just lubed my belly button, hearing you too.'

Why did I get this said- Scott- Because I masturbate and master-bait?'

Haven- 'I just tried to shove a what feels like- um- a trophy in my asshole.'

Emaly- texted- 'My pussy is wet like the ocean because all my salt goes to it.'

Emaly- texted- 'Suck my vaginal dick, Scott'

Emaly- 'I wish I had a dick, so I could try it now.'

Haven- 'Um- no you don't.'

Haven- 'Don't make me shit in your cat litter, and she always looks at us too like I want to.'

Bacca- On the cell- '...I've been practicing my cheek spreads, for you boy.'

Dirty talk... head nod sideways... two times.

(I know right...?)

Emally- in her bed- with nothing but the flicker of the Tv light- light night- 'Jesus please forgive me for my dick addiction. I just love giant cocks.'

(Nighty- night- night)

Part: 60

Bacca- say's all tard-ed- like: 'now remember Haven, a-the light bulb is not a butt plug...!'

(Index finger up and shaking)

'Shut up- all you to do is frap and have sex, so in a way that skewering it in too- ha.'

Once, Sarah tried to carve their names on the bench but discovered the wood was that new space-age treated stuff and broke the knife she had nicked from the cafeteria after the third stroke.

So, she makes sure to have a black marker in her book bag to trace a fresh layer of ink over their initials whenever they begin to fade.

Ma- saw me and Scott doing it, and she was cool with-it Haven, what gives?

She is a cool mom! And I love her for that!

'I too said Emaly, cuz- he was taking turned with you and me, and I know she saw looking through the door crack last night, we- he... being me- and him- like- both- snuck over.'

Bacca- I had been in the library on Ridge Road. I had just emailed my mother (I did not tell her anything of significance, it was a test-the-waters email, to gauge how maternal she is feeling towards me now) via my Yahoo account, about being honest about my body and what comes in and what comes or came out.

It looked like her, she looked exactly the way she looks in my head, but I doubted myself. Then I read the story and I saw the street name and I knew. There it was the story of Melody, at first, I was not sure, about saying all this yet all the teen girls do, about how three girls were so close in all things, even boobs, boys, the red death at that time of the month, frapping, and schooling, so, and boys love it, like how I lost it... and with, it all on yahoo.

Rockville Police are becoming increasingly concerned for the welfare of all the other girls- and even the boys' now, in my school, over Haven, being- 'DANGEROUS.' I FIND IT SICK!

Scott Tipwell, on Saturday night when she left the couple's home to visit a friend at around seven o'clock. Her disappearance is 'completely out of character,' Mr. Tipwell said. Mrs. Tipwell, my son cannot inure mixing with that, she had him busted for busting a nut in Haven. It was quite the scene- outside my home.

Haven was wearing jeans and a red T-shirt, with Scott boy OJ all over it. She is five- foot 1 inch, give or take that inch, slim, with blond, tips, and dark hair and blue eyes, as of today, yet that changes a- lot like all of us girls, from week to week. Anyone with information regarding Mrs. Tipwell, and Haven, stocking, and having sex with boys are requested to contact Rockville Police, she is not even allowed to look at boys- the Police and moms say. Mom and dad are where calling the school saying they want her taken away... Ma- chips in saying- for being a normal teen girl.

Emaly- ...Oh, my... (sighing) Bacca, she was mortified.

Part: 61

She is missing her. Melody is missed.

Emaly is missing her so much. Since

Saturday, when she read the story online.

I Googled her-the story appeared, but with no further details, other than what we wanted to be said as the girls that loved her, and that is how we wanted it.

I thought about seeing all the boys we now like -Scott- this morning, standing on the terrace, hoping to take us to school, like big girls, yet us girls just were standing there looking at one another, thanks to what is said about Haven, she is smiling at me, saying see I take you um- to the bottom. We do not care- (hugs) ...I Emaly- grabbed my bag and ran out for a

train passing by to hope, like the old days, into the road, that leads over to the school.

We all knew that Scott would come around, sneaking around, with all of us- he is a boy like when they had ever had control, with anything.

Part: 62

Sometimes, I do not want to go there, thought Haven, along with the girls it was unanimous, I think I will be happy if I never have to set foot inside the schoolhouse again.

Bacca- As I would even miss it. I just want to remain safe and warm in my heaven with Scott, undisturbed, and have said: 'I want that with you Bacca, you're the only one I can trust.'

Haven- (I LOVE YOU.)

~*~

Sarah looks up. The four girls are gone. It is like a sucker punch to the gut, she got beat up, by them walking through the High school halls, for being, now slow, the surprise worse than the hurt itself, and no chance to hit back, the girls are making her even more gone.

'What's that?' Haven takes the paper, the new list of girls for the week, and she is down, below the low life.'

You know, like- I remember the days, like- when I would have thought this was the end of my life, yet I do not even care, I have you girls. That all that matters!

...And unanimously they all agreed...

Interval: 3

Naddalin and the Magic Railway

Part: 1

In class as a little girl, before coming here- teacher saying: 'I'm going to tell you a story about trains... folks far apart and the magic railroad that brought them together.' 'Every story, like a railroad, has its brave girls, this one is no different.' 'This is a wizardly word, and It is at one end of my special universe.' 'What does that sign say, I remember saying to a girl your age back then...' 'Number 13 Railway.'

'The magic lost Railway...' they all said, at reading time... 'Really unfailing and right on time, all the kids were aw-stuck.' 'We were off... looking...' He spoke. 'At the other end of my universe... far away across oceans of time...' up and over the tall mountain, and deep woods, and hidden deep in a valley... of spooky woods.' 'Those points just round the bend, there is a place like this, that goes to another place, through a porthole.'

A lovely place you will find all that is enchanted good and yet evil.' 'Where the magic comes over you showing up right on time, this is your excellent time, climbing through the universe to your own where there is no limit to your mind...' 'Soft strokes of lightning painting the skies, brightening up all your time, like shadows, cast, and I think someday one of in this class is going to help her, somewhere in this story, I already know, whom she is, do you?' The story: 'I remember 's just trying to make this a better railway for steam engines. Yet those days were ending.'

'He says, the harder we work, the fewer kids like you all would care, it was not the thing, any longer, and outdated.' 'Help her, they always need help! They said.' 'For the reason, that steam engines are cowardly, irritable... worn-out chunks of metal, that should just rust away and die forever.' Away-who: 'Now, I have come back to find a lost steam engine, Number 13. 'I am going to destroy her, and dominate you, said a girl that

was dulling me over flinging this and saying: 'I was crazy-' it was not a real thing!' 'Are really useful engines?' One girl with pigtails said in class! 'Only you can find that out... if you're the one...' 'What lost an engine?' 'You hear that train whistle sooner than it hears itself if, in your heart, you want to find her.' I – at five spoke up saying: 'I've been looking at the map, it not there.' 'What are these mysterious shadowy lines, and you'll see...'

'They look like covary caterpillar lines going no ware yet were railroad tracks... but I can't see any tracks around here, even if I try hard too.' 'All I see are the ones we've traveled on.' 'It's mysteries that make this land so-o... magical!' 'This engine was vital to the magic, that held these worlds together...' He spoke. I said- 'there was something mysterious about this mountain and the woods and her that lay within.' 'Yah.' All mountains and wood and towns have their secrets, covering, yet none like this one. 'Should not surprise a kid like you he said to me, I did not get what he was saying then, yet maybe, just maybe I do now.'

~*~

'She the steam engine was being made on the assembly line, hot steam, sweaty, man at work, for low pay, moving pistons, and belts, hissing, and load pounding, back in the 1880s and as they were making here, a man, was crushed, by the boiler, when it was lowered in place. another had his legs pinned by the cowcatcher in the front, and then yet another had his toes amputated by one of the wheels that run the 20-pound rail, of the old U.S.A- factory.

It is now 2017, 137 years later, in a pall of junk rust, she sits... a flashback of the steam roaring, out and people, getting on to make their way to the school, it was speculated that this was used as a place where you learned wizardry. Sitting in what was the newly painted cab, a black man that worked for

nothing, was puffing away on a pipe, somehow asphyxiated, and to cover it up they just left him there all night, and it was said, they just put his body in the newly made boyar, as if he was the coal to run the trail run, of firing the engines, and he was brunt within, and sold like his soul to the train forever, adding to her lust for the man. What was odd, is her headlight was on, and the room fogged, yet she had no steam to keep it light when they when in the next day.

I have heard this mythical story over the years but did not buy into it. All of them to this point was just black, yet not this one, she was a JGR Class 7100, like them, yet she was all her, class, a lady- some said, wearing bright inflamed red they called it, what was scary the most about her it- her bagging was 13 with the son of the beast, Lord Ghizith, son of all wicked at this school in the story of tells, in Roman numerals was 9-9-9, yet even right side up is still what it is, with the dashes, AND WITH THE V'S IT MAKES IT.

When someone placed it on her upside-down X|X|X, the same man that was given up as a sacrifice to her evil to start. She was going to pull nothing but kids, and her cars were going to be classy white. WE ALL NEW THE STORY, IT WAS TOLD IN CLASS, YET I HAD TO SEE HER MY SELF OVER IN HAVANA.

THAT SCHOOL LED TO THE ONE WE GO TOO, and only wizards know about this lost world, and the magic railway, that leads to a new world of magic.

Holy sh*t! Come on let us go- and see if we can find her- and the resting spot, you know where not allowed, said, Emmah, Naddalin oh come on- and she ran off...

SHE IS coming GIRL, keeps YOUR SHIRT ON, said, Ellie. She is changing his shirt, in the chamber room, where all the girls sleep, other girls seem her do this, they giggled at her size for her age, and her dorky glasses.

That is noise pollution, keep it down others are studying, you girls frolicking and singling gallery like that, 'round the school halls, said Miss. Smith. What you are doing, is not a right girl... as you know... you have been told about your thing for each other, You might as well be sucking face in front of all your classmates. It is like poisonous potions you to have taken with your love for one another," said Smith. Hey, Emmah, I will be right their girl, let me get my wand, and wizard glasses, too. 'Just leave them behind,' 'all you need is you.'

'It's okay- come on.' Go on, girls Smith said, try and stay out-a trouble- I- say, yet that hard for you all- I know. It is okay then, shh- I would say- um... Naddalin, your lunch, said, Emmah! Try and keep it cold, she cast a spell to do just that on the brown bag. There's yogurt in there... 'I no-' 'gross- right?' 'Yah.'

Slow down, girls, a professor said! 'Are you guys having a war, or trying to start one with all this racket?' He said loudly- with authority. This one he is pissed off because, I am not taking metamorphoses shop, inside of a class he said I should be in for lower minded girls such as I, saying I do not ready for this stage yet.

My granddad too, said this about me, even if. It will not embarrass them when you change things, and become something else or someone, or not how to make them a sucking mud frog. What...? Walking into the woods looking all eerie and green in color, misty, and hunting feel. Girl talk begins with the color of nails and periods, and boobs, and homeworking spell; they were trying on random animals in the sticks.

So-o, Last night, we are playing Scrabble, by candlelight; Its neck-and-neck between me and her. We blew Jagger away early, she cannot spell for crap, So, at the conclusion, I had this choice of the ratio for five lousy points... 'or...' she questions looking dumb. 'Um- or what, Naddalin?'

Fellatio for 24 points, 'and...' (oral stimulation of a man's penis.) 'You don't even like that stuff, do you,' she questioned, with curiosity. and the game, I had it.

What did she do? Headmaster- said- She won by seven points... because, obscenities are not allowed, in the school, this was done with the words like magic on the board, making the worlds appear in magic in Scrabble, even getting tops to go with the uniform can be done with the cast of a spell with the wand. And it is in the dictionary, regardless! 'Your jerkoff,' Naddalin, Jesus. You know, Naddalin, I was thinking... 'Uh-oh, smart-ass smirk,' 'No, seriously.' Now that was going to be staring here, and you are about 14 years old, I- I figured it is about time... time that we got you laid, well with one of us girls. You know, like this year, huh? You need a girl to get laid... I do not know anyone, and they do not like me. What about Christin, Rollking?

I do not like her mustache, on both sets of lips. 'Gross!' I have seen her in the shower with all that matted fuzz. 'Freak you!' Why? Why- do you care? Why do you care like- If you get a little black hair in your mouth? 'She has a puss- no?' Okay... How about Haecien Hales, the secret shame? 'She's cute.' 'She is a sixth grader! Her- her wand is up to her but, too about me, after I said she was cut, now- 'I am nothing but wrong.' 'So, what, keep asking?' 'She's a walking- rub off.' 'I know.' 'Come on.' 'I don't have the smallest deposit to open an account, to that honey hole.' Are you kidding? 'You carry your life savings of girl c*m between your legs.' 'Come on, Naddalin.' I think I will just frap off. Are you playing Winged horse racing this year or what? Somebody must pick it up- when you fall off with a little pussy girl.

(Three weeks)

'Look how c*ckeyed she works, this-
this pile.'

'She got fuckin brand-new wheels for rusted out
slanders.'

'Well, the boy does have capable hands.'

'Real good little hands.'

'Bad taste in trains, and hobbies.'

'You know, Papa, you can't polish a turd.'

'Hay you girlie when I said you could scrounge through
that sh*t pile outback... I did not mean you could build your
whole freaking thingy with my stuff.'

'Why do you care?'

'You're not doing anything with it anyway.'

'Hey!'

'Don't think you got the gold key to the sh*tter.'

'Mediocrity takes advantage of me, understand?'

'Yeah.' She spoke.

'If it weren't for me, it would cost you a sh*t pile to put
this heap together.'

'Smith said GO BE SOMEWHERE

and let the girl work on her project.'

'I know that sir.'

'Look, I know you isn't got money falling out of puss-
hole.' Like- If you did, you would not be here, doing this down
here.'

'We could work out some

kind of a deal.'

'You... pick up around the place, you and these little ones too, you call girlfriends, and put the toilet paper on the little spools... sh*t like that, then you'd you can raid my junk pile.'

'Do that and you can... for whatever you want. I might even throw in a few dollars.'

'Sure thing...'

'Look what she's doing to that pencil, said Emmah in class, I wish I were it.'

'Go on, study with her now, asked the other, for their click.'

(Head nod no... and then like.)

'Ask her out...'

'Mind your own business, girl, and do your work... in your wizard notebook.'

'Just read the book and pin.'

'Yeah, come on girl.'

~~~

'Listen, do you like music and dancing?'

'Yes...'

'Then come with me to the dance at the end of the year, the boys for the other school would say- I should be with one of them, yet I pick you or an unpleasant boy!'

'Did you have plans with Emmah, yes, and going to do the sad thing with her today?'

'You are going to have no friends at all if you keep doing this...'

'So-o!'

'They get the bi-ness for there all like me.'

'Get off my back! Old lady!'

'What is going on? Said Smith, 'I don't know- ...but you need to let this kid alone.'

'Ever since he bought that locative, she has been obsessed with it, and that girl too.'

'And you know what else?'

'When we signed the papers, she knew someone had died in it!'

'Does Naddalin know about that?'

'Naddalin doesn't know anything about any further than the girl-on-girl sex and working too hard for something that going to kill her.'

'I know he died choking on exhaust fumes, the last one that was trying to fix her.'

'You don't know sh\*t, kids of that thing.' She said, frantic!'

'My brother died, looking for it in the woods.' Said one girl in class.

'Because she wanted to, she said back.'

Emmah- 'Naddalin would not have bought it if had known somebody died in it, would she-? She had- that gleam in her eye,

I was not talking here out of it.'

'Either you're dumb or you don't know your friend very well.'

'She had the same look my brother always had.'

'Probably the only thing my brother ever loved in his life was that car.'

'No stinker ever came between him and Number 13 of the Skoufyceol railway.

If they did, watch out.'

'I had my five-year-old daughter lost to death looking for it, and I think she did, and she is the last car as remands, and that car is over top the viaduct.'

'My mother back in the 1950's she died the same way she did.'

(Of course, it came back, like new)

Part: 2

'I wouldn't put that in my mouth.' 'You don't know where it's been.' 'Get out-a-here.' 'But we know where it hasn't been- with you, dork.'

I said Hey, Ellie, walking deeper in the jade-sh woods looking for the old rail line, of 13. How is your gimpy knee? It has been better, all the spelling in this world would not help it. Coach wants me to practice, and yet, I feel like riding would be good for me he thinks not- so. Yes...? It is about time. I have been eating dirt with your name on it for weeks. Hi, Emmah, she is tagging along with us. Oh, hey, Ellie. 'How are you doing?' 'I am okay...' They going to let you play Winged horse racing?' 'Yes- I think I did not come in last you know- even if.' 'Yeah.'

'Doc says am as good as new, in three weeks.' 'Then I guess, I will be seeing you out there.' 'I hope so girl,' she said in a hug.

(Three weeks later)

'What do you mean, came back?'

'It went eerie in the room! Then the bell rang out!'

'How'd you ever get that train and all those cars fixed up like that?'

'Magic!' She spoke.

'Oh, only plain unfashionable challenging work.'

'Non-of the girls believed it was- that or that...'

'Yes, we belong together...' She is in the cab rubbing her down...'

'Yes, it belongs to only me, and I.' Eye's bugging.

'You scared the hell out of me, and more said the girls in her room, with all the bed where they all sleep.'

'It happened, Naddalin she lost it over it.'

(Chatter of the girls at night.)

'Everything got bright when I was down there with her, and creepy feeling.'

'So, what are you saying?'

'It has got her soul!'

'She is Falling to IT!'

~\*~

'I thought it was attacking me like, I was just held there standing looking at her like and dream, of evil!'

'Sexually frustrated, she is, that's all- said one teacher.'

Emmah- 'Come on, baby, please, sleep with me and get some rest.'

'I love you!'

'I love you more!'

Part: 3

(Back at the school a day earlier)

'Having trouble with your locker?' 'No.' I said, in a whisper. Did you see the new girl? They were talking about me in nasty ways, in ways that you would not even think of... 'I just got here and off the train!' I am in love, and I am fussy, with this girl, I overheard, and it was gross, what these older girls were saying about young girls, and what they did and did not do. I never- ever noticed you were busy, before now like this. Drop-dead, Maaria.

'What is her name?'

'Naddalin-' 'I do not know.' 'She's in the bureau.' 'She looks smart, but she's got a body of a young hot slut.' 'Oh, crap, here she comes.' I think you will like it here, the principal said. 'Give me something for me to stuff in down here.' (TEMP-handed) We have all kinds of activities, and all things magic. Exploding, this land is something you will love to do, not a bad way to meet girls your age and find friends that last a lifetime. I would like to get involved with the magic yearbook, where all photos and stories come to life, as you flip the pages. We have a terrific yearbook staff, he said Well stocking his long beard. Won a prize last year, for our students, being most crafty...

Part: 4

'They started it, you know,' she said, 'That's not so-o,' I spoke up. Shut up, dickface! 'Shut your mouth! Said the professor.' 'I don't have to listen to YOU- you're not my daddy.' '...And to garbage like that, Elysia!' 'What were you saying to me that you think you can to jack-all?' 'She's got a dagger and my wand.' 'You are fearing liar!' 'That is complete bullsh\*t,

Mr. Sasey.' She said quickly with no thought behind it. 'This girl is lying. I swear to God, or let the daemons take it.'

'Did she hear in this school pull a blade on you?' 'Yeah.' She said squeakily, 'Show it, Elysia.' 'The hell, I- I will.' 'You can't make me,' saying it like a brat. 'If you mean, I don't have the authority, your wrong blood hell you are wrong.'

'TOUCH ME...! Try it, your bald sh\*t, and I will knock you through the wall! 'You two girls go up to the headquarters.' 'Now!' You- (pointing) 'Stay there.' Along with saying girl- 'Don't go anywhere.' 'You have got enough trouble, to face.' 'I am going to call the brigadiers. 'Go to the office, Elysia. 'I will get you! I will eat you out!' Along with saying 'You are going to wish you were never-ever born!

~\*~

'So, overall, it wasn't a bad first day.' I recall, thinking back, Think Elysia, will try to get even? 'No, he's a douche.' She will find somebody else to pick on when she gets back in. They kicked her out, you know, for the year and she will be held back too. 'Good,' I say. 'They kick Ellie out yet for a week.' 'JUST- Probation.'

~\*~

'Stop - stop! Quick! Go back!' 'What's the matter?' She yelled. There- there she is, tucked away behind all the brush,

and over-grown-ness, of plant life. 'I want to look at her! And take a tour of all the cars and the engine.' She said to the other three... 'All right, Naddalin.' 'Just go back with me and hold my hand, it's kind of scary.' 'All right...' she said. 'Jesus...' and they said- 'Wow!' What is it? 'Number 13...!' 'Do you know what this means, um- all the stories are true, she well... like, be here?' 'What?' said the thread one, with them. 'Jesus' girls.' 'Ah- like Be careful, Emmah and you are too.'

"This is a piece of sh\*t," said the second one, 'she could be fixed up,' I said way too excitedly. 'Yah.' 'Oh, she could be awesome.' 'Forget it.' She Emmah said, this babies' girl has rusted away, and is missing everything, to even steam, 'I don't care.' 'I bet it won't even steam if we try, or the horn blow.'

~\*~

'Shell steam still,' an old grumpy man said with straggly hair. 'You need this, coal from the village uptown, is the only place in this dark yet charming land, now where you can get it.' I am getting rid of her, you see... as scrap, and for the money, getting me a new place too, and over the fact, no one cares anymore about old junk.' 'How much do you want for her; I'll get the money?' 'Whatever it is, it's not enough to save the history of the wizarding world.' 'Jesus, Naddalin.' 'Girlie, have you ever owned something like this before?' 'I would say not-so-o, no?' 'Nope, I don't even got-a a- license.'

'Names: LeDay.' 'Naddalin Maaria.' 'What are you asking for this train?' 'I am not one of you, he was, I am not.' 'Let us start her up.' 'Really, can we?' She squalled.

'She was part of the Skoufyceol railway.' He spoke. 'We no.' 'Smart girls...' he wisped.

I like that, there is a lot of magic tell around this railway about it being hunted and evil, but why not it is after all the



start of the wizarding ways of transportation, my grate- grate- Grandmother Road this to the school, she was a wizard, and what I would love to become, like. 'Come on, we got to get going back it is getting dark.'

The headlamp was still bright and shining a creep beam, down on us standing in front. My asshole brother, great-great-granddaddy got this hip, off the line when it shuts down, over this and that... he was an engineer, for the railroad, she the lantern over there this was part of this train also, it glows... even if. I can get rid of it, and his voice trails off... Likewise- 'Made in September 1880.' You got your new model year in September that year. Brand-new, she was, gorgeous. She had the smell of a brand-new steamer. About the finest smell in the world, except for puss. That what always said I would rather go for puss- yet that is me.'

When she got her, she had six miles on her for test on the six days of the month at 6-o-6 she pulled out of the factory, with a hot steam fire within, and flames lick around the door of the feed, hotter than hell, and she came to life and was falling down the test line like a bat out of hell, barking a new record for this model.

Foldamer, my brother he went through hell, and back with Number 13 of the Skoufyceol railway, with the snotty stock up rich kids, not like you all now, but you get what I am saying now. If your brother loves this engine so-o much, 'why is he selling her?' 'Because he is stone-cold dead, some said he was going to go down with her in the grave or be lit up in the firebox- like the story.' 'He was not, was he the one girl spoke up,' asking. He died on the sixth, at 6 p.m. in 2006, in June.

(Creepy)

'So, Mr. LeBay...' How much do you want for her? 'I- I have been asking \$50. I' well make it \$25 for you, with all 6 of

the cars too.' 'The money's not important, the thing here now is it, I want to see it not with me.' '...And there will be no bringing her back... here... because you see, I am selling this sh\*t hole, also along with the line to you if you want it, and buying me a condominium, uptown, so-o- I won't be tracked down!'

'You got a deal,' I said quailingly, to him.

'I will get the slip, saying it all yours.'

'Will you stop, and ponder about this for a moment?' Emmah said. 'Where are, you are getting the money?' Said Emmah. 'I have been saving up for something like this all my life... so-o.' 'it is not that much... either.' Said the other. 'Um-like, I have been saving all summer.' 'Yah but for schooling-books, uniforms, and things you need, to pass here.' 'You get everything you want... don't you?' 'He's screwing you over and may do that too if you don't get out of here soon.'

'You could get a decent motorbike, for that much money, back home.' 'Number 13, is decent.' Yes, but don't you need a track? 'No- not with the magic railway, once the train goes over, she gets her energy back, and it recharges her, also, remember the story. And you stop at the 'Shadow Time' station, that falling- down now, oh but it will not be if I have something to do with it.' 'The guys a weirdo,

Naddalin.' 'Yeah- he's freaking weird.'

'So, that was \$50?' 'Yeah, that's it.' 'You said to her \$25.' '\$25 would do it girlie.' 'It this is a clever idea, let us just come back tomorrow- and see what happens.' 'There won't be one, now or not.' Do you realize 'She's 14 years old- Mr.' 'I mean, that makes her officially historic. Girl's' 'Great- 'Kool with a k- girl, then Parnell's junkyard is full of official historic CRAP.' 'I'm buying her.' 'I don't care what you say.' 'It's your funeral, girl.' 'Would you give Naddalin a break?' She asked. 'She doesn't

know what she's doing.' 'You don't know half as much as you think you do...' 'Skank-er's...' The wizard school and professor Smith, 'you did what?' 'She's all mine, and there is nothing here in this book saying: that I cannot keep her.'

'You're kidding, right?' Said the board.

'You can't buy that junkyard fatter.'

~\*~

'Why is she inaccessible up?' 'No comment, 'She's safe from harm.' Long ago, I made a mistake as Number 13 caretaker, and she was far too in loving me and me- her. I-I all most... and his voice trills away... lost in a look.' 'Wicked was threatened to abolish her.'

Part: 5

She used up all her coal, and the magic she had is now all gowns.' 'Wicked kids, not caring and a man like some of the teacher of the past here, that rain her made her go too fast, trying to keep time.' 'She's as precious as gold.' 'Kids remember that one of you well.' 'That's beautiful, I could cry, and I did... like a baby girl.' It said: 'The journey gets bumpier and bumpier.' 'But if there is a lost engine, there is a lost railway, too... and his voice ends there.' 'I think that's how we travel here, on a secret railway, that we now look over, going so fast- with magic.' 'Taking what belongings to the lost engine, to do it!' 'I have always wanted to go this way. 'We're following some shadowy lines; I have seen on a map.

They are like light railroad tracks without any rail ties. 'Well, 13, what are we to do?' I remember me saying, kids. 'It all seemed so much easier than life and wizardly was of it, like everything else, there are too many legalities. 'I'd given up on seeing her, as she should.'

‘In my pre-teen years, I would over here this too: ‘The Magic railroad?’ ‘Whatever,’ they said. We are traveling miles and miles, taking away the magic, for them to get here to this wizard world, you know. ‘They were more caring about finding wizard balls, and friend life, of seeing who’s best, and was going to make it.’ I recall saying to these girls that are not my bestie’s, I do not know if this railroad’s going to last much longer, ‘till it vanishes like the engine.

‘What engine?’ ‘Emmah said not remembering because girls and dating other girls within the school was more important, there are no boys around, it’s a girl’s uniformed school, and the girl is cute, so you do what you need to do.’ ‘The engine that traveled this railroad, way back when,’ I said, ‘and I never saw it either so maybe it’s not a thing,’ ‘yes- yes it did way on way back, when the school had boys too, yet over legalities, and liabilities, we made the changes to go all-girl school.’ ‘We do not know what happened to it, it goes, and did for lots and lots of time, and thought about boobs, pads, girls, and kissing them all over, their bodies, and yes getting fingered by that one girl that makes me feel- ah, inside coming out.

Hello, Naddalin, the railway welcomed me, along with the hunts of the past, like entities black and hooded, some good some evil ghosts, and other like fallen angels like Jaylynn, whom all is legendary to us at the girl’s school of wizardry, telling tells of their life, and life’s past that, the railway is a link to our shadow world, ‘Welcome,’ the voices said, all spooky and crappy, to my ears, to the wizarding world of being on the long 3-day ride on the magic railway, yet back at the school, that will only think you been going a minute or so, in a time warp.

‘Come on, come on it’s along the green, magical ride, see all that is wizardly, over 200 years or so-o.’ ‘I’m very at home on trains, I said.’ ‘What if send a professor back to fetch you.’ ‘What if... said Emmah...’ We have heard that one before,

about you being worried. 'What's the matter? One girl said to the other, "traveling sickness.'

~\*~

Enjoying the sun, burning through the dense fog? That nothing was something, just young girls panicking, these must be the bumpers, at the end of the station, where these single-track ends, next to the castle, over on the hill.

'Are we supposed to go through them?' 'They do... we just don't see it- like, we did in the past, like a wall, like a porthole?' 'I was supposed to be back by sunset.' Said the one... You know, Naddalin professor- Smith, can guess where you are, or even his rest in peace, that said this story to me years ago, I wonder if we will see him, or his ghost.

'He can... I am sure of that, they all can...' '...Maybe.' 'Because I think he's been here himself, long ago, I bet he was related to the man, his granddad or something.' And there he is it is him in ghostly form, saying: 'I knew you were the one back then, to her and her girlfriends.'

'Now if your job to save history...'

'And if he can help, I do wish, he would hurry, up and say the WHY of it...' then why is the magic in your heart, and if you care about something more than your little world. It keeps all optimism alive.' 'I haven't told you this a long time ago- back when you were just a little girl, but soon you'll be all grown up, and a wizard girl.' The ghostly professor said, 'there used to be an engine that traveled on the magic railroad,' glinting like in his appearance. 'Besides if only we could find that, we could still head back to Shadow Time on time.' The second girl said. 'Oh, that engine vanished... along never to be seen or heard from again, said some of the voices of passed spirits.' 'I have to tell you something, I've heard a train whistle, and it sounded, like it

came from the mountain valley, beep within the green fogged woods.' 'Yes, you are well it's her crying for love and the loss of the magic of the youth like you.' He spoke.

'The mountain valley...?' 'I just recollected another part of the inkling of why I am chosen to be this girl.' 'What...???' 'If he would just believe that you could do this you could,' in a way yes, he said. '13?' Can she whistle? Yes, we hear her at night from the school even faint. 'I've heard her...' 'Me too, me also...!' 'It's because she's magic, just like all of you, on the inside.' 'I identified, it or I thought some when we were out walking.' Naddalin and I were traveling on the ground above it, using our wands, and the last of the magic on the vishing rails, all cover with vines, and tall grasses.

~\*~

'Yeah, so have I, we said to the voices, and ghosts of the past, that are along this railway.' And the windmill, still twist and twirlers where we stopped and looked at them.' 'This must be the map along with the magic railroad, and it was they said, it was hidden, for us not to be bothered by others that abolish.' 'But- but the railroad's energy is fading away, said Emmah even now it is- it is.' The other girls agreed with her. 'The railroad needs us, girls, to care...' 'I don't know her special secret, I do, the coal, and someone to love this that young, and to believe.' 'And I need to know it now more than ever.'

'Why did they want to get rid of the railway, don't you see over us, to keep us safe, from them, as your enemies.' 'Through the bumpers, off the single track, that looks like it's no longer there, the line that was shut down, by the school, the diversion track.' 'And how will I get back again?' we do not know where we are.' 'This railway is all the souls of our ancestors; a place where can hear them and their voices.'

Boys can masturbate 7 - 10 times a day jacking, I am a girl and I can do that, I rub one out on the clit and finger down in every hour or with a dildo- sometimes both, yet I like to masturbate, and there is no shame in doing it, there is nowhere in the bible that says you can't, and it for you and a most for your body and health, so about every hour, as a girl I c\*m, I must, why don't you? And c\*m over and over is not going to make you impotent! Or make God love you any less, for it. Like I have c\*m in my undies now, girls always do, just think about it... and the feeling it gives you, it just happens, like when it pulls for you when you pull them out at the elastic and see that stuff, you are just feeling good, and normal.

~\*~

Then I will try, I- we- and us- promised, we would get you home to your school soon, they said swirling around her. Follow me, us as we tell our stories. Right this way too: Bumper-Ville, to the other side. It just like Just a walk in the park, to do this even if all the track seems to end under you, you are not going to derail.

'We're going through, now girls.'

The porthole is sucking them in... the girls cry- 'It is dark, cold, and bumpy, but we are not afraid.' 'We're not!' 'Oh, there's the missing coal truck, to her too with coal still in it, white in color.' 'We're going back for that coal truck you know here shortly.' 'Bumpers, coal truck, now we're starting to solve the mysteries.' You could hear the happy cries of the voices around them. 'Nothing seems to work. This is the lost engine from long ago.' 'There- there-there... and they are all together, there it is it is also theirs, like all the white old cars.' 'Now we can go back... and bring some to help...' There, it is, they are-being them also, as girls, and voices, and there... is where they are now, in the lost land of the magic railway.

(The next day)

Do you think you could get some, now? 'I've tried all the different coals in the valley.' ALONG WITH SAYING- 'I can't make her steam,' he said. Coal, special magic coal, that sparkles with gold flakes in it, that is that is 13 needs. 'There's a coal truck, we pass the day before...' 'Up at the top of the mountain then down low we go on the covering magical tracks.' 'Unquestionably, I will stop here, and I will be well.'

Nonetheless, I 'But better late than never well see if.' 'It is a beautiful day! Even if wherein the dark thick woods, of this railway, we are down, in this valley now, the sun's rays shining through the trees, that are grabbing on to us as we pass.

'I couldn't fix her in time,' he said, along with 'yet there may not be one, if...' and his voice trails off; and at last, she is alive, and the light is bight and the steam are flying around her, and breathing, like... in- an evil hiss, she wakes to form the dead.

'13 is and was just like me back when I thought, I could not c\*m'n orgasm hard, when it was 12 yet just like steam, building but the right steam, with the train if you work with her long enough, just like she, we get you there, and just like steam building up and letting it out, it makes you happy when you masturbate for a long time,' she said- this to professor Smith and he just giggled, and the girls smiled also at her un-shame. The girls all feel as she did- saying that too.

'The railroad is getting its energy back, and she is she, the inflamed red engine, breathing fire she is shooting it out her side too, by the big wheels, the funnel is smocking too.' 'Well, the lights are singing on you and all ago now, aren't you? 'Bright for glory...' 'He (your teacher back then) would have would have loved this journey, with her all over again.' 'Yes, she would, I said wiping a tear.' 'Besides, he would have loved it that you are



with me now, and all of us too... right girls?' As he said then- 'didn't forget about magic, it's safe inside you, don't let anyone take it.'

'You've found her, and she's steaming, even if she is not ride read yet, that was the next thing for me, the girls did not know, I was thinking about.' 'And she is beautiful, even now yet, I have wizardly photos, that motion picture on the new paper is it comes to life with magic, going on in my mind of the past of what she was, and it was unbelievable!' 'There was enough magic, with us and her the train to get her to movie some, on her rusty power... a big day for us all.'

~\*~

I am glad you were able to find your way back, from your magical stride, through the woods. 'Girls, do you realize this is?

Yes, we reckon this is one beautiful engine.' 'This is the lost engine, we said to others we meet up with back at the school, in the long halls?' 'Are we glad to see you,' the girls said with running hugs.

Part: 6

(One week has passed)

'Now we can go back to Shadow Time, on a chilly day, without the railway the magic can't exist, maybe not now but over time, we don't even see that.' 'Aha!' she said. 'I'll not let you down again,' some teachers said at the school, saying this was not safe for girls this age to be doing. Watch out for the viaduct, one said, as the girls run off, to do their journey.

'It's dangerous!' They giggle. 'No, you won't, because the magic you refuse to believe in... will get the better of you, if you let it do so-o.' He spoke. Also, saying 'You can run, but you

can't hide, form this once it or she gets ahold of you and you.'  
Though the old rail tunnel, that is a mile long, dark, and damp.

'Well, 13 this is your shining time, too, if we do this.'  
'We hope so,' the girls said. 'Come on, 13, come to life today to  
for us, we had some new parts of old trains to try, to see if we  
could get her moving even more, along with our magic.'

'Little engines can do important things, just like a little  
girl like me.' 'Then watch the swirls that spin so well, around her  
as she comes to life for us in an evil hiss.' 'Swirls, of magic,  
around her body.' Like the shavings around as we start to see  
her steam.'

'Let us look around, the inside of all the passenger cars.'  
Girl- 'I promised you something, the right to do this.' 'She's your  
if you want to bring her back to life and part of a working line  
for the school.' 'How can we girl help?'

'I'm ready to work hard for this.' 'There is a railroad  
now, that likes to the past and you making the future of this  
school, for all girls like you that believe, that can do or be  
anything they want to believe.'

~\*~

Part: 7

'What are you talking about, girlfriend?' 'You're 14  
years old, they said yet I say go for it.' 'Oh, girl.' 'Actually, you're  
wrong in thinking you can do all by yourself they say at the  
school other girls.'

'That I did not have the money for it, but buying it for  
cash is no problem, see they don't see that, they don't even  
think about cash.'

'Recordkeeping a train at 14, is something else...' and for that, I need your permission, and that you have missy,' said Smith.

(Board meeting in the larger dining hall, with the stain glass windows, 1911 Underworld type right is typing way magically itself, with magic dust sparkling in swales around it - rip - ding- goes the mechanical devices.)

'You know how we do things, at this school, with our girls, how could you say you would oversee them doing this?'

'It's historic and good for them!'

'You but more Importantly they could've consulted with us.'

'I have consulted with you about everything I have ever done, the girl said, even back with I was little. If it is something I want, I get outvoted, 20 to 1!'

'This is no committee meeting, where we want to hear from you.'

'I say you going too!' said with passion!

'I bought the railroad, and that's it, I can give it back!'

'It most certainly is not it!'

'Sorry but you say sound like babbling to me!'

'How could you have let her do this?'

'I didn't let her.' He spoke.

'She wanted the railway, and she bought it.'

'We, girls here- us- we, tried to talk her out of it- even.'

'I doubt you tried extremely hard,' said one older woman, I did not know her name yet, but she would become especially important to me, and my education over the next 4 years.'

'Yeah, well, I am going to my room.' She said storming out.

'I think you should, she said with a prissy, arrogance.'

'That's it, I am getting the hell out of here.'

'What kind of language was that what did you say!'

'You wanted me in basic wizard courses, I am there, even if I feel, that I am high up.'

'You wanted the band instead of the chess club, I am there too.'

'I've managed 14 years without embarrassing you or landing in the dungeon.'

Asked: 'Is dungeon-ed a word?' 'It is now!' The one girl said.

'You are not keeping this here'

'Fine...!'

'Thanks for the milk and cookies.' They said to walk out.

'What's the problem with it?'

'I am overseeing this, with the girls.' Said Smith.

Stall 20, they pulled her into an old garage.

'Get it over there and shut it off...'

‘Maybe the voices, of them, thought me that is the one talking, out of my mouth, that makes me do the crazies, and act them too, so look and perceive.’

The new track was laid... into the dungeon, parts of the school.

‘Stop running down here before we all choke to death and the place burns down.’ Old man said

‘Kiddo, if you sold him that piece of sh\*t, you ought to be freaking ashamed of yourself.’

‘I didn’t sell it to her.’ Emmah said-

‘I tried to talk her out of it.’

~\*~

‘You’ve should-a have tried harder,’ he said slurring.

‘I knew a guy who had done something like that once, once too with a train like this. The fuckin bastard killed himself in it, now a kid is doing it.’

‘The Son of a bitch was so mean... if you poured boiling water down his throat... he would have pissed icicles.’

‘Okay.’ she said, awkwardly.

‘That is the last time... you run that mechanical asshole in here, without ventilation. I catch you doing it one time, and you are out. You understand, and this thing will be sold for scrap.’

~\*~

(The workshop)

‘I am going to tell you something else right now. I do not take any sh\*t of girls like you, I know you and your family.’

'This place is for learning, not for skewing off, it's not for rich-ass-ed, snot-nosed kids, to do just that.'

'I don't allow any smoking in here either.'

'You go out in the junkyard, over the way.'

'I don't smoke what you do.'

'Don't interrupt me, smartass.'

'That right I am smart and have an ass!'

'Don't interrupt me...'

'Don't get smart one more time.'

'Ah, sir?'

'What do you want.'

'Those men over there are smoking pipes and cars, yah-better tell them to quit.'

'Are you trying to help yourself out of this school right, girl?' That is when Professor Smith walked in the door and said, 'what is the issue?'

'Then shut your pie hole.' He spoke.

'There kids trying to do something other than lying on their backside, for entertainment.'

'I know a- slut when I see one, I am looking at one right now, all

they know how to do it.'

'They can read they can't write, or even think for themselves... either... so-o what else is there to call them?'

'You are on probation as of this moment.'

'You get it, stop piss'n them off, if you want me to help you with this.'

'You screw around with me...' He spoke.

'I don't care how much money, and that is not what this is about now is it?' 'You'll pay up in front... and it's now part of your schooling.'

'I will throw you out on your ass! You got it?'

'Yes, sir, Good.'

'Now get out of here, this is not a place for young kids.'

'We're closed for the night, and you need sleep.'

'You going to be, okay?'

'Yeah, don't cry.'

'You know, you better find yourself some other charity besides me and

Number 13 of the Skoufyceol railway.'

'What is it about that car?'

'I don't know.'

'Maybe it's just that for the first time I've found something uglier than me.'

'You are the cutest girl in the school what are you saying he's an ass!'

'And I know I can fix her up.'

'You're not ugly, Naddalin.'

'I know what I am.' 'Gay but not ugly.' Suck YOU!

'Ha- I would like that!'

'Oh, bug blow out, Emmah.'

'You don't need this sh\*t.'

'Where have you been?'

'You had us worried sick, said the girls in their nighties  
in their bed in their room!

Part: 8

'I just must get my wallet out of 'Number 13' of the  
Skoufyceol railway.'

'Want to come in with me?'

'Sure, I think, I love you,' she said to me, and I felt  
butterfly is and felt the same.'

(Back)

'I'm fixing up Number 13 of the Skoufyceol railway.'

'Listen, miss, you've been rude to us once too often!'

'You apologize to your family right now... but...!' ...And  
his voice trails off.

(The magic in the train of 13)

Show me, and she fixed herself!

'AND THEN IT WAS TRACING KIDS DOWN!'

'Is that you, Maaria? 'Hey, you aren't mad, are yah?'

'Oh, sh\*t.' SHE SAID!

'You are a dead girl now! As she was running down the  
magic highway, due to her cast spell, or payback.'



'Where have you been, they asked back at the school?  
You hear about what happened to Ellie?'

'Yepper.'

'Almost makes you feel sorry for the little slut-butt.'

'How's Number 13 of the Skoufyceol railway coming?'

'Oh, sweet, nicer than new.'

'I heard she was totaled, after a test run.'

-AKA runs her down...

'That is not how it was...'

'After I cleaned up the broken glass, it wasn't so bad,  
and using magic, you see that she and I can do anything.'

'Nobody better do- anything to me.'

'What does that mean?'

'I got to go.'

'I hope you didn't think I could hang around here all  
day, I want to see the world of the magic railway, and all the  
town that was lost, like one called Rockville...'

(Questions)

'I like this shade of red.,' said a teacher.

'Didn't think they made this anymore.'

'Well, they must, we have it no?'

'I want to have deep, meaningful sex with her, I am in-  
love!' 'Oh, my God she smiled at me.' 'Like- do you think it was a  
clever idea, to say she was a cute girl with blond locks, said to  
the other?' 'Go get her, Sara.' 'Yah- Think I should?' 'You've got

nothing to lose but your virginity.' Emmah, can you give me a hand?' 'I- I can't...' 'Yeah.' She does not have a chance at all, it was said.

I do not think so-o either. She is much too elegant for her. There you go, Sara. 'Lucky girl, see you at lunch...' 'What did you do?' 'Hey,' Have you seen-

Naddalin? 'Yeah.' she still in the class...

What is the matter? Elysia has her in a wand war, over who knows more, with the last class, or transformation, it like a thunderstorm in there, with the back and forth and the cracking.

Elysia, 'Hi, Emmah...' she said deviously, looking for you knew a friend. Come on, dick-weed, you want it? ...Get it!' If it is yours, for the taking, come to Naddalin, you think you are the best in the class, here, your little girly wand... Just take it, I say, and let us go, that is all you got to do. 'Come on.' 'That's funny, Elysia, really cute.' Put the dagger down, put down the dagger, give it back to her.

'Go get Mr. Sasey.' I say 'Come on fast.

Picking still- 'You want to go for it?' '...jump for it little one...' 'You have a knife, and she does not.

That makes you a hose sh\*t.' 'Yeah, all uneasily agreed.' 'Put it down.' Glass falls off her face as she jumped one more time; and then she stepped on them, breaking them into smithereens. Yes, put down the dagger, put down the dagger, okay, I am not going to say it again. 'Get her, girls!' 'How do you like that sh\*t faced? Puss-slap...' 'All right, break it up!' Said the professor... harshly. 'Right now, ... even more, harsh. 'You kids take a walk and get lost.' Not you, Ellie. 'I have not been doing anything.' 'You all right,

Emmah?’ ‘Yeah, am okay holding herself.’ ‘Real cute, girls real...’ ‘Three on one young little girl.’

Part: 9

‘She was so shaken up, giving me all the details... of this girl, being chopped up by getting run over by you and your train with the kid inside the cars, for the hell of it!’

‘She broke down crying, saying it was not my doing.’

‘I understand... they said at the board meeting.’

‘A girl one of the perpetrators defecated in the cab, and therefore you did this...?’

I said I was not driving this; it was doing its own...

‘They looked at me like yeah- right, knowing I hated this girl.’

‘The kid was cut in half. They had to scrape her nude body up with a shovel. I’s is not that what you are theoretically meant to do with crap... scrape it up with a shovel?’ ‘Don’t get smart with me, girl.’ She could not be saved...’

‘We deserve one more try.’

‘Naddalin would never do that said the three girls that know her best.’

‘Yah- not in a million years.’

‘I don’t think she’s Naddalin.’

‘It’s that train, and the evil of the man that passed with the story.’

‘I swear it is.’ She went on saying.

Part: 10

(Three weeks more have passed)

And then it happens, like a dream yet was not a dream, she was running for her life it was running her down like the girl forms the past that was a legion, to them all in the town and schools. She was one of the brides too with nowhere to go, and she falls to her death. Now she is a fallen angel, just like Jaylynn! I am sure we will see her again; I know that you did she was lost within another girl- like you reading!

Interval: 4

Untitled

Part: 1

Number 1

Number 1

Number 1

That 'is' I- STEVEN YOUR NUMBER 1- NOW!

-AND-

I LOVE YOU!

Anna- this is my 'UNTITLED' story- she typed the line in her bed with the laptop. That is died, to the outside world. Of how I love my family, friends, and boyfriend, and how I may die, at the hand of a man that is my -lover.

Steven- Fuck'n sh\*t-

What? She screamed, lost in confusion.

He then said...

'You should be SH\*T-ING YOUR SELF TO HOW GOOD I AM.'

Her face went slack again IN THE THOUGHTS, SHE BLINKED AND SAID THE SAME LINE BACK, and she looked sullenly at the wall. That is a good opener- no- that what she said... ha. He thought she was going to blank out again, but instead, she fetched a sigh and lifted her light body of like 99 lbs. from the bed. 'You do not have any need to use such words in the Nevaeh books, because they did not use such words at all back then.

They were not even invented, I suppose, but that was a better time than with the first parts. You might as well stick to your Nevaeh stories, Anna. I say that honestly. As your number one fan.' I would like to let you know and see that... I see it- you twisted tit- smacking pussy licker! She said- suck on that- okay you well... here my bar of soap that I use on the dicks of the horses uses it! Suck on that! She went to the door, out to the hall, locked it as she looked back at her. She tried to smile some and love the thought that she could make it as the writer. -yet was it worth the lack of freedom?

'I would rather not have you livid- or heating on me- you need to love me- for real... I depend on you; you know.' 'I will I put that manuscript back by all your movies, this is my copy, it not finished, Nevaeh's you need to do some over- for me- to love you more than I do- think of what we do as your writing lines write as you would act. I may go back to the other one later when I am done.' 'Don't do that if it makes you mad,' he said- but I want to feel you as I read the pages inside and out.

She did not return his smile-

'Yes,' she said. 'You do. You do, don't you, Anna?'

He left... going for a drive... to clear his mind- or to get things for the livestock... the wolf was left in my room teeth showing and the drip- dripping with spit at my bare body

chained down to the bed like he was just on a long enough chain to like my toes... I could feel the breath of her wet nose... ticking me- and I could not back down of she would have bitten down hard!

She began to wait for the clock to chime outside the door along with the coo-coo one overhead reminds her that just like that she was looking and sound crazy also. Two chimes. The chimes over and over and for days he was off to do another kill on some little girl and to drag her back to his hole in the basement or to light her up in front of me like before.

He lay propped up on the pillows, watching the door. She came in. he was wearing an apron over his naked body as I watch him chop this little bond girl up into a ham-salad for the wolf... with a hatchet, he kept her six-year-old skirts, and underwear as a keepsake- and the bones that were not licked up by the wolf named after the girl in the story was ground up in a woodchipper- and her head was crash in the wood splitter- the manway she died. On one hand, the floor-bucket of her young little sweet- red blood- saying drink it- it shows love.

‘I presume you want’ your tent-sucking-bull-sucking-medication,’ he said flighty. That was him though- calm and nice to oh my god- run! If you can... ‘Yes, please.’ He tried to smile at her ingratiatingly and felt that shame again- she felt grotesque to himself, a stranger. ‘I have it,’ she said, ‘but first I must clean up the mess in the comer- you see what you made me do- with fling your sh\*t out of the bed pain- if you could walk you would like that up to clean it. The mess you made.

You will have to wait until I do that.’ Baby Dick Baby Dick Baby DICK! THAT IS, YOU! DICK OF A BABY!

She lay in the bed with his legs spared eking in the head- reading what she has said- making shapes like broken branches under the misspelled text that he cannot say for... and

cold sweat running her nose- wearing shabby clothing her face is down now smashed in the dirty pillow looking out now she sees him make a dive over the creek outside, as she lay and watched as she crossed her eyes over the room of how to get out- now back after letting all the pop in pee in the corner he and set the bucket down and throw Anna at the wall- whole body to picked up the pieces of the sh\*t bowl and took them out and came back and knelt by the bucket and fished in it and brought out a soapy rag and wrung it out, and began to wash the dried soup from the wall.

Done- she said after sitting there for hours- okay back to bed the fucked man said- she lays and watching yet again with him fiddling with her body- and at last she started to shiver hard, and the shivering made the pain worse, but he could not help it. Once he turned around and saw her shivering and soaking the bedclothes in sweat, he knew that he was taking it to far- and the sweetness was starting to come out with him... so unlike what was shown before... and he favored her with such a cunning and knowing frown, that he could easily have killed her.

'It's dried on,' she said, turning her face back into the corner. She gobbled them into his mouth, and when he looked up, he saw her lifting the creamy plastic floor-bucket toward her- lick never.

It filled his field of vision like a falling moon over the water that was little ingrown in relation to.

Gloomy-sh muddy water slopped over the circumference onto the quilt.

Nonetheless, instead of leaving, she walked over to the bed and fished in her apron pocket. She brought out not two capsules but three. 'Now,' he alleged sympathetically. she

gawked at her, and his face was all eyes. 'Shampoo them down with this,' she said.

Her voice was still tender.

'Do it fucker do it,' she said. 'I know you can dry- gulp them but thrilled to believe me- when I say I can make them come right back up o'er.

It is only rinse-water. It will not hurt you.' he tended over him like a monolith, the bucket slightly tipped. He could see the rag twisting slowly in its dark nadirs like a drowned thing; he could see a thin scrum of soap on top.

Part of her groaned but none of him hesitated.

She drank quickly, washing the pills down ever so hard like, and the taste in her mouth was yuck and was as it had been on the existences when his mother made him brush his teeth with soap. Her tummy hooked, and he made a thick sound. 'I love you,' she said and kissed him on the cheek. She left, not looking back, carrying the floor bucket. 'I would not throw them up, Anna. No more until seven-thirty tonight.' He looked at her for a moment with a flat empty gaze, and then her face lit up and she beamed.

'You won't make me mad again, will you?' 'Nope,' she whispered. Irritation- was there- as the moon outside was all the hope she had left in this world. What a bad idea! He lay back, tasting grit and plaster in his mouth and throat. Tasting soap as she was sucking it, I will not throw up ... will not throw up ... will not throw up. You do and you will eat it and if you throw it up for that you will eat that too.

She fantasized along with dreaming she was being eaten by him over the nights she was at rest not at peace



though. It was not a noble dream. There was a bang and he thought, Naturally, good, all right!

Discharge it! Shoot the damn thing!

Then she was awake seeing a gun at her temple for real, knowing it was only Steven pulling the back door shut. And then she out as he injects the fuck sleep add to do just that... She had gone out to do the chores. she heard the faint decisive moment of his footsteps in the snow outside now. I love he said- and she just gives him the pink and stinks sing with her left hand- oh such a fouler... he went past the window- with the plow- I need if I could run, I would be chased down with its v- ing at my hills wearing a parka with the hood up.

Her breath plummeted out, then broke apart in her loving face. the way a sturdy compatriot might carry a milk pail, slightly away from her body with no thought at all, so that none would spill. At last, the insistence of this thought began to disappear, as well as he realized he was going to slumber. she had held everything down long enough for the medication to begin its work.

He had won. This time... she was going to do it... he did not look in at her, intent on her chores in the barn, he supposed. Nourishing the animals more than I, and I see this I get the same mile I sewer to olefin god I do it is the same pig slop, cleaning the stalls, casting a few runes- he would not put it past her. had to think about this bizarre situation while he was still capable of something like the worst thing, she was discovered, was that him- that did not want to think of it even while he could, even when she knew he could not bring the situation to an end without thinking about it.

Her mind kept trying to push it away, like a child pushing away his meal even though he had been told he could not leave the table until he had eaten it.

Yet, miserable, or not and he was... she still wanted to live and love yet not either with is a creeper. Think about it, dammit! Jesus, are you already so cowed you cannot even try? Nopper- but that cowed. Look now he said- staring out the window- The sky was darkening elaborate- sunset. Five-four, seven o'clock lost in it she did not even know.

She could have gone back to sleep looking at all the stars and wishing on one for the hope of freedom, wanted to go back to sleep, but she balanced thought. She did not want to think about it because just living it was hard enough to bar with. she did not want to reason with it or about it because, on every occasion, she did ill-disposed descriptions facilitated, the way she went outright, the way she made him think of idols and stones, and now the way the green metal floor- bucket had sped toward his face like a colliding moon. Thinking of those things would not change his situation, was, in fact, worse than not thinking at all, but once he turned his mind to Steven and his position here in her house, the thoughts that came, thronging out all others.

Her heart would start to beat too fast and then drop off to a stall, mostly in horror, of what evil creepy thing was next there he was creeping- creeping- creeping in her room thinking of something to do to her body and mind... it was just a matter of creeper time. but then again partially in humiliation, too. She saw herself putting his lips to the rim of the bucket, saw the bleach- water with its film of soap aid the rag fluctuating in it, proverbial these things and yet in a swallowed anyway, never hesitant a bit of it.

I will make you drink this- if you do not shout the fucking hole in your face!! She would never tell anyone about that, presumptuous she ever got out of this, and she imagined she might try to propaganda about it to herself, but she would never be able to do that. Then an odd, angry thought occurred

to him: She does not like the new book because he is too senseless to apprehend what it is up to.

Per capita time he had taken a year or two off to put pen to paper one of the other novels, what thought of as her 'grim' work with what was at first certainty and then hope and finally a species of grim anxiety- she had acknowledged a flood of protesting letters from these women, many of whom signed themselves 'your number-one fan.'

Surely... Plus while she might be crazy, was she so-0 different in her appraisal of her work from the thousands & thousands of other individuals transversely the kingdom- 100% of the females who could scarcely wait for each new 2,000 page's chapter in the tempestuous life of the foundling who has risen to say, 'I do' a peer of the monarchy? Nope, not at all.

They wanted Nevaeh, Nevaeh, and Nevaeh. she could author an outdated story of would not matter to teen just old creeps like him that want at trill or feel loved.

Thoughtful about the things he had said was at least a new avenue and feeling angry at her was improved than feeling scared of her, and so he went down it with some eagerness.

They would still want Nevaeh, Nevaeh, Nevaeh. It is hard to follow ... she is not interesting ... and the vulgarity is too freak'n much it this do it over or you will eat the stapler! How did that feel going down on your earlobe...? ...?... He asked... Then he specked it on her forehead asking the same question- with a sinker... doing it. The thought was not just odd; under the circumstances, how she felt about Untitled was immaterial. The tone of these letters varied from puzzlement (that continually hurt the most, one way or another,) to admonishment, to outright anger, but the memo was always equal: It was not what I expected, it was not what I wanted. Please go back to Nevaeh.

I want to know what Nevaeh is doing. Too senseless...? No? Too set... Not just averse to change, but hostile to the very idea of change. He recollected her coming in here, withholding the capsules, coercing permission to read the manuscript of Untitled. she felt flushed and shamed with humiliation and warming his face... now they were mixed with real fury. It had come into bud from a spark into a minuscule recessed blaze.

The anger sparked again. Anger at her obdurate density, anger that she could kidnap her, keep her captive, and the strength of her choice between drinking dirty rinse water from a floor-bucket or suffering the pain of his shattered legs- and ripped open girlie hole, and then, on top of all that, find the nerve to disapprove the best thing he had ever written.

Suddenly, she felt better again, felt even though he knew this uprising was petty, pitiful, and meaningless... she had never shown anyone a manuscript before, & she had proofread it and then retyped the thing.

Never- ever not even the dead girl did that- Never. Why, he did not even- for a moment, her thoughts overdrawn off cleanly. she could hear the dim sound of a cow mooing and the wolf howling... laying in her bed... they made friends if you well. I going to get you out of here, so she said. Why? Why- she did not even make a copy until the second draft was done.

4 years of challenging work now she has worked nonstop, she did not like it, and she was cracked. Hitherto he had to see it... The manuscript copies of Untitled which was now in Steven ownership was, in fact, the only existing copy in the entire world. He had even burned his notes.

Nevaeh was what she liked; in the story yet the face was the one losing it like the girl in the storybooks did... funny no? Absolutely- The work, the pride in your work, the worth of the work itself... all those things faded away to the magic-

hurricane lantern shades they were when the pain got bad enough.

She remembered thinking: Turn the pages all by hand up and down the screen, of this 1,000 pages' book/manuscript into paper hats if you want, just ...delight... The annoyance, humiliation, and heat gushed again, developing the first dull re-joining throb in her legs and hips. She was an idol, and if she did not kill her, she might kill what was in him.

That she would do that to him- that she could when he had spent most of his adult life thinking the word writer was the most imperative description of himself, made her seem disgraceful, something she must seepage.

Now she heard the eager yell of the wolf- he had thought she would not mind, but he thought Nevaeh was a wonderful name for a wolf dog. He remembered how she had imitated it, the way her upper lip had creased toward her nose, how her cheeks had seemed to smooth, how she had truly- looked like a wolf for a moment:

How!!!

From the barn- I see him standing, I hear the sound through the glass of the window- the voice strong. Making the sound of the wolf- imitating it. she lies on her backside now, and puts her arm over his eyes, and tried to hold onto the anger, for the reason, that the anger made her feel fearless. A brave lady might meditate. A coward could not. Here was a man who had been a doctor & he was sure of that also. Even so, the thought was hell- no, because he did not go work- much other than being a baby killer- or so I saw on his pc, which I hacked into looking around the house when I would get out without him knowing.

Why did she no longer practice her trade? That seemed obvious. Cutting babies heads off sick and having a sexual thing with them to twisted fuck! Not at all her gear was stowed right; heaps of it were rolling around in the holds. If it were understandable to her even through the fog of pain she has been in, it would surely have been obvious to her age group. She missed being a younger teen, and the kids she knew- and acting... and life outside 4 walls.

The police and ambulance were called to the scene as you know yet there was no Anna to be found- she was going or so they thought it was talked on the tv, that she was dead- or that someone would report her to a hospital, or something along that line.

She had connected no one about all this just so he could keep his love for himself- in the guestroom, put IV drips in his arms and a sh\*tload of dope in her body to make his Mr. Happy well- happy! he had dragged her from the wreckage of her train car and instead of calling and do what he should have done... He had told no one he was here, and if she had not by now, that meant she did not mean to.

It has been 5 years now since that day- he a sideshow of all that went down. Sufficient so she had gone into what she called breathing depression at least once- and only plain depression over all this that was becoming her life- and books all she had to do in life now where this dumb book. 'She's my number-one fan,' he muttered and put an arm over his eyes like a gay fag.

Its eyes, it is the face in the night it the feeling of cold and hot. It is creeper Steven in my bed... with the throbbing in his legs began to cycle up. No. No, No-o-o-o. She pressed the felon of her elbow more tightly against her eyes. From the barn, he could hear spaced thudding noises of another dead girl, that

he was making into mulch. Unbearable the sight and smells I would get from this man- that was not human to me at all.

To tell what they were, of course, but in his imagination- I love it as I love you, he said to her lying next to her in her bed without her doing anything about it. She could see him pushing bales of hay out of the loft with the heel of his boot and yet cover over my young girl bodies that he had dragged in by the hair, could see them tumbling to the barn floor the roll like dead logs.

Chop- Chop- Chop! It is all I am here for the day! The killer Steven was back- why not me? Then, cutting cleanly through this like a sharp knife, came her agitated as he was run to her bed for his playtime with her... even the dog was getting fucked over- screaming voice: I heard them all get fucked and killed in the barn-like all under 14 years of age too- you like it do not say you do not- he said to me as he slit on open with his knife in- front of my dead her head feels on my chest- I freaked- in horror. The little hand now at my lower hips the body bleeding out down my skin... I would not have thought the eyes of death looked like this.

Name- Steven

(‘So intense!’)

My name is Steven King.

He was on the stand for some of these, yet he got away with all the Killing’s there was not anything I could do- but lay in my bed. All the weeks he was off at court in other counties. I could do nothing but author this story!!

...And I did!!!

F\*ck- YOU! MOTHER F\*CKING C\*CK SUCKER, I SAID!

‘Come on,’ She muttered, her arm over his eyes this was the way he thought best, the way he imagined best. He could see the courtroom in Bedford, could see Steven on the stand, not wearing jeans now but a rusty florid-black dress and an awful hat. He could see that the courtroom was crowded with spectators, that the judge was bald and wearing glasses. The judge had a white beard. There was a birthmark beneath the white mustache. The white mustache covered most of it nonetheless not all.

Steven-

‘I’m afraid this is going to take a while, Anna.’ He rubbed, what I did not get bizarre higher the stain slowly disappeared from the plaster, but she went on dipping the cloth, wringing it out, cleaning, and then repeating the entire process. She could not see his face at this point, but the idea- the certainty... of that- she had gone absolute and might go on scrubbing the wall for hours tormented her. He read he tells of who- ‘Can you imagine!’ That spirit of ... of fan-love ... I was all there’s... ha- you have no idea who loves me... he said on the sand mocking them... know he would be going back to her. At last- just before the clock chimed once, marking two-thirty- the days started blurring.

Then her eyes drifted to the corner, where no sign of the splashed soup remained her of... of what was lost and what was gained... cast their eternal damaged shadows. She came back and stood for just a moment inside the doorway, observing his wet face with that same mixture of sternness and maternal love through all this. Living alone as I do is no excuse whatever for stamping the job.

My mother had a saying, Anna, and I live by it- do not f\*ck up of your dead to me. Bath time- ‘Now I must rinse you,’ he said, ‘or else the soap will leave a dull spot. I must do it all; I



must make the whole shebang right. It hurts he had blubbered out. It hurt her legs and it hurt her heart- yet it is the pain he loves seeing the most other than the twisted thoughts of the love she was not ever going to give him. 'All nasty, never neat,' she used to say.' 'Please,' she groaned strongly. 'Please, the pain, I'm dying I have to be.' 'Nope.

You are not dying- not all the way yet.' 'I'll shriek,' she said with power behind it, beginning to cry harder. It is nobody's fault but your own, you see this is what I have to do with you to understand me and what you do not understand- understand? "I will not be able to walk- you can help it- but you will never-ever.' 'Scream,' she said.

'Remember that you made that mess- now you paid for it with your hip- humbled with the bat. Not me. she watched as she dipped, wrung, and rinsed, dipped, squeezed, and washed. One way or another she was able to keep from screaming.

She is going to go out and I will hear her pouring the rinse-water down the sink and she will not come back for hours because she has not done punishing me hitherto. At last, just as the clock in what he assumed was the parlor began to strike three, she rose and picked up the bucket. She is going to go out now. 'She's always writing things down, not making things up to add to how she was going to die yet the story would live on as her memories.' Her thoughts- he said- okay- Now I just rinse.

Also- she thought about how her legs and arm must be booked at least 10 times now by his hands over those 5 years to keep her from running, he whispered, but could get no further- with the ditty talk with her- it was like she was almost falling for him- times before.

The bailiff asked her to state her name, and over and over again- she said- it was Steven that did this to me in the text- so someone would read- but she said about all the kids

too- yet would the story get out- if she could find a way to hide the pieces of the lines in-between; she sat there with her fibrous solid gloomy body displacing air and said her name repeatedly but no more than that.

Still trying to imagine why the ex- Dr. who had taken her prisoner might have once been put on the stand even if she did not make it the story would say it all, Anna drafted and then drifted off to sleep. Saving a copy- and stashing a copy and hiding in the pipe of the bedpost rolling.

30 relief swept through her- seeing a plane goes over heed- and some trains, so great he felt like crying. Something had happened when he was asleep, someone had come, or Steven had reconsidered or mind- saying when I should let you go- I, not your type you need someone that loves you more then I if that is possible- you need to have your life back- I was in awe.

It did not matter... that would change his mood I was sure of that- yet that side of this man I liked... he was not all bad. He had gone to sleep in the monster- man's house and had awakened in the hospital to get the things he needs- being a Dr. there were no questions asked as for why- he was a Dr. like Mengele- an angel of death- running a test on girls like me. You can hear all about his works and struggles here in the untitled book- that I hope someone will see...

'You ... you ... you dirty- C\*NT!' 'YOU DIDN'T'- HE SAID. Crawling from room to room- when he was out- she got out- she would be more than happy to crawl to the telephone, no matter how much it might hurt. He would crawl to the telephone over broken glass if that were what it took. And it was a heart attack ... but not the right kind. She came toward him, not staggering but rolling, the way a sailor will when he has just got off his ship at the end of a long voyage. Run- Run- Run-

Run- Run she could not do that, yet she tried- Hell- she tried to psychiatrist away from her, but there was no place to go. There was only the headboard, and behind that, the wall.

‘You were moaning,’ she said. There was a glass water-pitcher on the table. She seized it up and brandished it on her. Coldwater splashed his face. An ice cube landed beside his left ear and slid down the pillow into the hollow of his shoulder. ‘I had a bad dream.’ ‘What was it about?’ That was P\*SSIE- she falls asleep... he walked out.

The door at the far end of the huge ward opened and it came to Steven- only she was dressed in a long-aproned dress, and there was a cap on her head; she was dressed as Nevaeh in Nevaeh’s Love parts, of the story.

Nevertheless, surely, they would not have put her in a long word like this. It was a big hangar to do this right! Identical rows of men (with identical bottles of nutrients hung from identical IV trays beside their beds) filled the place. she sat up and saw that the men themselves were also identical- they were all him. Then, distantly, he heard the clock chime and understood that it was chiming from beyond the wall of sleep. This was a dream she thought- yet did I get it down- was it a dream?

Sadness replaced relief.

Over one arm she held the book copy to her chest- all the same, nothing changed. There was a cloth over the contents as she slid the script back down in it holding the place. On the other side were all the hidden pills she did not take BUSTED Here- flung it open one night into the face of the first sleeping Anna-. Anna’s face had turned a ghastly white as soon as knocking over the stand- fear jerked her out of the dream and into the bedroom brawl, where Steven was losing his mind...

saying this is where my money on you goes? Yes- standing over her face as the storm crashes.

He was holding the fat hardback of Nevaeh's in one hand. How could you call yourself in the story- and say it was me how could you! She suggested he was about three-quarters of the way through not to stop that he was not the one that did it. Yes- she came awake at once, jerking up on her elbows. (She knew better- yet did not care.)

The first thing which was not the truth that popped into her head was what he replied- what she could have said- and that was a name change in the text- yet she wants people to know if they read this story. She came in late the following morning, her face the color of ashes.

She had been dozing, she had had a heart attack, it felt like it was happening over and over with no rest, she thought, and there was a moment's alarm which was directly replaced by joy. Your Just a name in a story- you can have this one... and no one will ever know. Let her have one- you killed her to let her have something to be remembered by! A big one those he said- I did not want it!

A f\*cking chest-buster! He said if I get in trouble for this- and I did I find you- and I will kill you! 'No!' She reached the side of the bed, bumped it, wavered, and for a moment seemed on the verge of falling on top of her. Then she just stood there, him- looking down at her feeling her out- like her paper-white face looking up, the cords on her neck standing out, one manner pulsing in the center of her forehead, and one down lower.

Her hands snapped open, hooking his t-shirt- shut into solid, then snapped open again when she was injected with strong drugs.

WAKE THE F\*CK UP! He yelled... 'What- don't- she said-' suddenly he did- he pulled her out of bed by her broken legs- and the bitch lapping started over the dead girl in the story, and his entire midsection first turned hollow and then to entirely disappear as the drugs took over, and he had a free well of 4-play. She reminded them that the bookmark had been last night, three-quarters of the way through. Not to freak like this that it would be fine at the end- She had finished it- right- that she an actor she would know what to do, and what not to do. She knew all there was to know. You can read the story for yourself- all of them- like I did- all 1,0000 words. It is good... I know you would love me for saying that ass holes. JUST F\*CKING DO IT!!

'She can't be dead IN THE STORY FOR SHE IS HERE TOO!' Steven shrieked at her. Her hands snapped open and hooked closer to his face than ever before in fear.'

Marcella- in Neveah- CANNOT BE DEAD!'

'Steven- Steven, please- cool it- man.' In his mind so-0 bright! she saw her bringing the pitcher down into his face, she saw herself dying of a fractured skull or OD-ing or something sick like that or too much f\*cking!

And a massive cerebral outflow in a freezing flood of ice-water while goose-pimples formed on her arms. Or he was peeing on her in her dreams I will go with that one- it went into the story anyways she said. She wanted to do it; there was no question of that- get out and read this thing to someone that would get the story of the worst horror of her life, and to make some money for it too why not she a little cracked now too.

At the very last moment, she turned away from him- flung the water-pitcher at the door instead, where it shattered as the soup-bowl had the other day. He looked back at her, and she brushed her hair away from her face- two hard little spots

of red came up- had now bloomed the white- with the backs of her hands.

‘Dirty Girlie- wh\*re!’ He panted.

‘Oh- you dirty Girlie, how could you!’ What is wrong with saying what happened that what you wanted no? she spoke swiftly, immediately, eyes flashing, engrossed in her face- she was positive in that moment, that his life might depend on what she was able to say in the next 30th seconds. ‘Steven, childbirth can have died in stories like this- with some based on you as the killer.

U- U- You have used my name!! he said...

Nevaeh gave her life for her husband and her best friend and her child. The spirit of Nevaeh will always be there,’ ‘I do not want her spirit- I f\*cking want- here!’

I am right here she said- confused she not real- she screamed; you are a f\*cking retard! hooking her fingers into claws and running them down his face until he guessed out blood, both shaking as if she would tear his eyes out. ‘I want her! You killed her! You murdered her!’ Her hands disintegrate shut into fists o’er and he drove them down like pistons, one on either side of his head. he screamed. kill her! - Her legs flared, and he cried out. They pressed deep into the pillow, and she rebounded like a ragdoll. ‘I did not kill this girl- she not real! IDIOT!!!!’ She immobilized, staring at him with that narrow black expression that looked like the crevasse.

‘Unquestionably not SO-O, ‘she said, excessively mocking. ‘Then if you did not, Anna - who did?’ ‘No one,’ she said more quietly. WHO DID- HE SAID ALL P\*SSIE- ‘She just died LIKE THE OTHER GIRLS AND BECAME THE SPIRIT AS AN ANGEL ALSO?’ Ultimately, She- knew this to be the truth. If Nevaeh had been a real person, she knew he might very well have been

called upon 'to aid the police in their explorations,' as the euphemism went. She had a motive- he had hated her FOR IT.

Ever since the third book, he had hated her. It had been called Nevaeh's Hobbies to live on. In- it Nevaeh spent a cheerful, that we loved anyways not that she was a real girl like me- is that so he said then if I kill you-you should haunt me then too just like the story? Your nuts she said to him- what is taking you so long just do it you sick vain f\*cking bastard. Depth may have been the outcome- but he had not. After a while, despite his having grown to admire her, Nevaeh's death had been something of a surprise to him.

'You must think I was born yesterday,' he said. Her lips drew back from her teeth.' she had remained true enough to himself for art to imitate life however feebly- I did not think you even need to add about the girl Marcella at all, why not- the part of it now- to the very end of Nevaeh's adventures she looks over this one that what I said, what is wrong with that? Like she is me now- as here... (Nevaeh) She had died a most unexpected death. His cheerful capering had in no way changed the circumstance. 'You fib,' Steven whispered. 'I thought you were good, but you are not noble.

You are just a lying old c\*ck sucking bitch- that I use as a whore. He put the table by the bed. The one shallow drawer spilled out. I could kill you- now and not even think about it you are not here- you are not here... are you.' I just played a part-so-o no... if you want to think that she said- lost in his crazies. 'She fell away, that is all. He was dulling all over her body- and ran back and forth all around the creaky wood floor, from time to time that materializes. It was like life when someone just... it works for him any longer without this fiction-sh girl.'

His wristwatch and he picked her up by her feet saying empty your pockets- for she would not he was fearing that she

was hiding more- about her plans- to do whatever- hanged upside down now the pocket change spilled out- yet there was nothing found- only Anna knew where that was- and her angel- that she wrote about in the night and day and year after year.

I said- the writer is like God that we play to the people in a story - this just pissed him off more blasphemy he said- I like her and Marcel Ray Duriez made them up, just like God made us up and no one can change what they do there the gods for the story- no you why did you do it then if this is what you want? The gun was at my head for that one... for I can do it that is why- and driving me crazy! And then it is not as real to me... she is U- you! Not me- I just do not have that knack- He explained, all right, okay she said to put it down, there was far there- as the gun when off yet it was empty... at her eardrum. He giggled saying I see you pissed your pants...

## Part: 2

He stood there, and Anna lay in his bed, with 'round marks in the pillow beside his ears and looked at her. He could hear the water which had been in the pitcher dripping on the floor, and it came to him that he could commit murder.

If she had not thrown the pitcher, he would have devastated it on the floor himself, and tried to shove one of the broken pieces of glass into her throat while she stood there, as inert as a nightstand. She went blank then... to all this- She straightened up with her hands hanging limply by her sides, looking at the wall where an old photograph of his girl's photos was hung- even the one he did in and eat out as he called it.

Explain about this god that you have become, all right, okay, she said- but as far as Nevaeh goes, I will tell you one thing to you I have the power to do as I want with her, for the write said... you know him- you are the dirty bastard here doing this to a story that quite frankly never used to do that with-



him- Marcel Ray Duriez could sue you, we- I see his ass in court then will not I...I will tell you that God just happens to have a couple of broken legs and God just happens to be in My house eating My food and ... and ... that night- I got out of bed he was not noting that I was getting stronger I hobbled to the door and picked the lock, and in the kitten, there was a door at the far end, I went to it yet it was looked from the outside and inside, two-way key- I get the big knife- as I hear his car make its way up the lane.

I did even have the door to my room shut. He was in the home- looking in at me saying what have you be doing- and I just said MASTURBATING! Okay, he said- wow- do I stay or go? Did you want to finish?

She came back a little at a time, and the anger, at least, was gone. She looked down at him sadly. She looked down into the spill from the drawer, but there was only the change, a pen, a comb, and her watch. More important, no knife was found as he turned down the bed.

Nothing unlike always he said to her... little did he know- that she was plain to kill him in his sleep if she could- just to get out- or not kill him at all if she could get out without him knowing about it. This was a question which had occurred to her from now and then was, strictly theoretical, of course like Academia, only now it was not, and he had the answer. 'I better go now. I do not think I better be around you for a while. I do not think it is ... clever.' 'It does not matter. A place I know- is where I want to go, she was talking to her mind here like it would talk back to her.

If I stay here, I will do something unwise- and end this all. I need to think... yet my thinking is muddy- I know this... Goodbye- he will be saying to this girl here —> Anna.' She strode across the room. 'Will you be back to give me my

medication? - she giggles insanely...' she asked, alarmed that she was talking to herself, and answering it too.

Ah- ahh-ha She grasped the doorknob and pulled the door shut without answering the obverse he was out there too. Yet she was going to make the run for it- naked as the day she was born into the riches of having a gold spoon up to her ass, and then now into this hell where she is getting f\*cked with it, For the first time she made the key she made work it rattled some in the lock and she got away.

The hunt was on for the star- he loved- and hated all at the same time... he had to get her back... or she would squall this story. 190 days (about 6 months) of freedom... in the woods living off the land... she was found naked and week- he drugs her back to his house by her hear... she was half dead... she was too crazy at this point to get help... or get that she was not locked up. And when she was free- she was alone, she did not want to be after 6 years of that you would do the same? Just look at her slit wrists and you can see the story...

Thump- Thump- Thump- tugging- in the brush- she heard her footsteps coming for her as she runs through the woods now- able to do so... yet in his hand he took the bass ball bat and mashed both of her small feet yet again- the bat facing downward both hands on the hand perpendicular to the ground Uh- Uh- screams in eked in the hells like haunting ghosts of the past. the motor sound began to go away. It dwindled to a snore and then to a drone and was finally gone. An engine cranked over and then started up.

The low, crunching squeal of tires turning on packed snow. Alone in Steven's house, locked in this room.

Locked in this bed. In the room- In the ROOM- In the f\*cking Room!

Rocking- Rocking- sitting in the bed- nuts in my mouth and head.

Ha! She said- This is nice- no f\*cking sh\*t c\*ck damn -it. She was screaming bad words- and not giving a sh\*t! Anna had gone a little crazy- I hear the same steps now going off down the hall; I sit their passive- staring now at the typewriter that is mocking with its F and U being said. she lay in bed looking at the ceiling, his throat dry and his heart beating fast. throat dry from all the come going down that he had headed back for the 190 days (about 6 months).

And all the drugs too. She grimaced as she cried out angrily- words he could not understand, and something else fell and shattered. A door slammed. Now after a while the parlor clock chimed noon, and midnight and she was now in her 20s.

Year seven- she had dozed, but never really slept. The chiming of the clock woke him each time, the hour came around, and went and passed fast and slowly.

She knew just how long since the last go about; he had been carrying in his love not being his love- at the time of the crash he was in love with the girl- yet not the real girl. He had not been able to reach down hand have her sign it yet- the book that is- he has all his books with her name on it now- every time the clock- he sees looks at those books thinking how are these books that go me here?

She had spent much of the night alternately dozing and waking in a cold sweat, sure- she was dying. When she came back by noon of Twenty-Four- has passed, she realizes that as bad as the pain in his legs and pelvis was, something else was also making her hurt. It was also the finger f\*cking- too. There were ten groups of five and one extra. The little groups, neat at first, grew increasingly jagged as his hands began to tremble. He did not believe he had missed a single hour. It was the

withdrawal of the toys in and out also that he shoved in her hard-core style.

She needed the pills in many ways. She thought of trying to get sitting up in bed, but the thought of the thump and the drop and the supplementary growth of pain continually deterred her. she could imagine all too well 'So bright and there!'

After a while, he began to feel hunger and thirst even through the pain. How it would feel... stricken he made a mark on his arm- four perpendicular marks, and then an oblique slash to seal the quintet. It became something like a duel. I am a Pretty Thirstily... she said- oh just drink your piss... he said. Not happy with yet another long type up for a new chapter of the never-ending Nevaeh storyline.

I am becoming Marcel Ray Duriez- Anna said! I will soon have done as many words as possible and tossed half! f\*ck that in the ass with a 2 x 4! She said- I like it way to rewrite it- for I said so- he said. I SAY SO...! After a while, she began to hope She was dying.

Anything to be out of it.

Part: 3

This was not the first time this man- The offer of the town- Fudd- was on his ass he was the case from day one- (with his touchy feelie wife- trying to make him during work hours.) the stopped by the home- and drove by in the night my hands waving out yet he never saw- he ran in on me- injecting me with sleep aids, and he put me in the addict nude- the places man was on one end of the wall with a doorway and I on the other ha-ha we giggle 4-times- side steeping in an out the door sing what we were going to do or go.

I am up here I called out fast- he was climbing the steps- I could see his face- and the rain after him- and hit him over the head with a Gibbons guitar carking his skill, sprinters spinners- the light bulb- over the head crack in the swing- will he shoving the splinted nick down and through his nick as he runs freaking out.

I tried even to hop a haling ass train one night when I got out, yet my legs could not keep up... and Steven was coming at me with the snowplow- and he ran my legs over with the 1953 farm tuck.

Back up and going over yet again.

I saw Steven now chasing this man down as he was going to his car Steven got on the farm tracker- and ran his head over with the spinning blade! With an evil glimmer in his eyes as he looked at me with my mouth hugging open looking out the addict window- as I was coming to it. His head spread like a watermelon that was Julie- in your mouth- it was that wet- and gushy.

Anna closed her eyes to all this think I am next, swaying unsteadily on his twisted, aching legs, waiting to see if he was going to go mad or cry. She was suddenly very scared... Steven's feet as she approached him. Thud-slush, thud-slush, thud-slush. Her hair hung around her face. Her eyes were dull. 'Here.' She threw the pills at him. Her hands were also covered with mixed streaks of goo. Red stuff, brown stuff, sticky white stuff. Anna had no idea what it was. He was not sure he wanted to know. The pills hit his chest and bounced into his lap.

She turned to go.

Thud-slush, thud-slush, thud-slush. Hump and bump!  
'No, Anna. 'She moved to the door and then turned, looking at

him with that stony face. Only her eyes, those tarnished dimes, were fully alive under the shelf of her brow.

I would like to leave you with. You may think you can fool me or trick me; I know I look slow and stupid. But I am not stupid, Anna, and I am not slow.' Anna thought the extremity of his terror might kill him. But she did not want the freedom any longer, she wanted him... or so that what she said for the next 10 years... (Anna placed a book on Marcella's grave. Saying you did it hum- you did it.)

New York- (20 years) her real story was pushed- she got away after Steven passed for a gun blast to his head and now that he was depriving me of his company- it was time to hobble out the door and start my life- I never acted again- I never had a family... yet- I had a story that you would not even believe if I wrote it down for you- yet here it is... she said to her agent. This was to make a few bucks sick- no?

It was the worst horror of my life! I still think about him- as more than someone evil. My life now will never be normal- I do not sleep well- I do not trust- and I am only famous for this story now. He took all that away from me- yet I am a better person now for it- said, Anna!

Maddie text pic from a room at the party, it is a video, and lots of photos uploaded online! Look Jenny is getting it! Funny Ray is shy, Busted!!! You can tell its Ray his dickie hanging out that is uncut, and the look on Shy's face is priceless. Jenny is about to swallow a boy's stuff, hand gripping hard on him to squirting in her mouth, and the other girl we know so-o well has her mouth open tongue out for him too in a teen party orgy, all sucking, all f\*cking hard, then change partners, yet that the teen way!!! Now my sis is doing as they at those parts with him.

Now- Like you know after all that, and all the c\*ming, and all the photos, showing it all, and the girls that are being

sluts, and thing, I am still the girl that looks better, and would not go there, yet I can live with not being that popular.

Karly- Out!

Interval: 5

Naddalin

Once upon a time- there was a place called:

‘Rockville,’ Or a farm- in some small town- known all so as a town just like: ‘The Land of Many Steeple’s...’ and as asked of me- she wanted me to keep the name of her town anonymous and them to all of this in this epic story do. She- I- we, still feels that all of them in these small towns, that you may know, still do not deserve the honors of being remembered in the story for their names, over the fact of what she- I and we went through... Or the girl in Pittsburgh to see with her you saw life on the other end of things, didn’t you?

Thus, for this little girl’s- Bible- is no fairytale...

Yet, it is meant to be just that too...

Up till now, was it all that you thought it would be?

Like we all feel the names of towns do not matter, the life of, girls like you and I do... yet they were all places in Pennsylvania... all but one ends up here.’

So far been there was nothing like this place at all... In a scene, we were all in a place where did not belong, at one time or another, at least it is less than one minute or so away from one... world to the other, like she and I, and them too, and now you too to can get there- if you fall- that is... if you fall like us, you will see this world phenomena world of unbelievable and dark hope.

~Haven~

'To the girl that has my heart- let us be flawed together it is CUTE! Like- we may not be perfect but together we are perfect- perfect.'

Haven- this is where I say my story is over, or so- o, I thought- yet- I have one last thing to say... as who I was... and why I ended up the way I did, yes, I am older now... wiser, and look back on my young days, and think and think... I remember the girl next door, us both holding hands tightly, us both 5 holding hands, I recall her saying- and it was so sweet and cute,' No ma' his... MY BOYFRIEND!'

I remember this, and what could have been... yet this hex was, or she was what stopped it- I knew it and this is why- I end up the way I did and, she... I know that she is living life... and had the family, yet was she happy I never know- the truth... was she really in love with the boy, or me, still... that is the question? I evoke, she was wearing a skirt that was denim, she long browns hair, and green eyes, and a plaid bandanna- I wonder if she ever has had those moments where she sat back and said, I remember that boy back then and think of what could have been, she too kept apart from me over that one person's mouth...

I needed out so, I ended it...

I did not want to think of the anymore...

Or the this and that's...

~Haven~

Interval: 6

There is Jalynn- she is teaching me how to go higher and her in the skies.



I's, to have a number on my backside- (G- N- 14- 13- 000669- 9966.)

She has told me the story's, of her mother, and grandmother and great-grandmother... she asked where I went wrong... we the rest of them gone dark... you can see Jaylynn crying every day at the graveyard, fallen, and the haunts of Neveah at her old swing by her falling home now, and you can see Kristen grave next to them all too. A lot of time has passed down there... a- lot.

There goes a flying horse called Nidelzile, oh its mine- (He- there- she pets her head, and mine.) I have one pet, that I fly- named, Braelynn. This was something I had to do to become a lady- and no longer a little girl... is the brake and ride one... one for life. I used to ride her before I got my black wings... back when I was a little girl, yet we still have a bond...

'There we are looking down on the Earth...

Fallen too You all... and rising above it all.'

Chapter: 1

(2020)

Karly- Baby to baby- Grayson- She tells him, 'Uh, love, no one's ever going to hurt you, love, I am going to give you all my love, nobody matters like you, she tells him- your life is not going to be anything like my life. You are going to grow and have a good life; I am going to do what I must do.' So, Rock- a- bye baby, Rock- a- bye, I am going to rock you.

Rock- a- bye baby, do not you cry. Somebody has you... Rock- a- bye baby, Rock- a- bye. I am going to rock you.

Rock- a- bye baby, do not you cry. For all the single mums out there going through frustration. By- Clean Bandit, this song was made for me at this point in my life...

Part: 1

It is too odd, I said to be here now, all the same teachers at a new school at Skoufyceol - yet with me... and not her... why me, is the question that I asked?

Why...?

Why- am I the next? Why was the hex passed due to me, like all in my family before me?

Why- was I chosen, like the I to have fallen to this...

Why- I must do more than she ever could!

The only girl to ever come this far has passed... now should I do the same?

Karly was my mother... so why me... that what we girls have been asking for years now...

Why- US...?

Why?

Without doing what I must, I feel cheated.

You may know some old friends, and foes along the way, we all did how do you trust?

They were flawlessly standard, Mr. and Mr.'s. Doll girl... there were 4 of them, all that you would call typical.

A closed-off drive out of sight... is what you see looking into their homestead, and back behind their cover of darkness and tree cover weeping tree is the old-looking home, the same home that, Nevaeh and all my past relatives lived in.

Though they were out there they were also respectful to all, that passed even if year back there were looked down on by the town and the lands... they were in. Yet, even still where easy- to say, thank you very much, to all... even though... their word of them was not the greatest, for your time.

All those girls did what they could.

Why should I be any different?

They were the last four individuals to have this placed down on them like me.

You would imagine being complicated in whatsoever bizarre or mysterious, and it is like, just odd because they just did not grasp with such gobbledygook, to see what I do.

Mr.'s. Natalie was tinny, and a fair-haired short one, and my mother you have already met... yet is now 50 or so-o.

Looking around you see that there are still may orchards countless fences and the long drive with the lanterns... nothing here really changes.

Anyways, like- I was saying Mr. Natalie (my daddy) was their administrator of a well-founded named horning, which completed military training, and he got that through my grandmother Kristen, taking over her spot.

Just another day an argument had broken out over breakfast at number four... of us. Not for their first time, this is a day in and day out.

Um- yeah- we live on Privet Drive; sorry- I's bounce around- it is my ADHD- so keep up.

Dad- I could hear a loud, hooting noise from her Naddalin's room.

Naddalin - was a highly unusual girl in many ways, yet all the kids she now could sum it up in one word or two.

- Gay- S\*UT- or worlds meaning slow in the noggin... yet that was still coming for Mazel mouth... all those years back, and here offspring of freaks.

For one thing, she hated their winter holidays- like more than any other time of year, it was lonely, yet that is not a new thing with her type- in this family.

For another, she wanted to do her studies but was forced to do it in secret, in there dead of night.

The studying of wizardry... to fight the hex that was placed down on us.

Naddalin- named for the one that came before me, smashing their names together.

Naddalie- and Lynn you get- it... not the same spelling- anyways... yes...

(Moving forward)

Me- So, it was midnight, and I was lying on my stomach in bed. (Reading a book on the History of Magic... yet like the ones before more, I am not able to do such- you know to read to my leave.)

IT IS TIME TO FIGHT EVIL WITH EVIL!

I have all my blankets drawn right over my head like a tent, making a fort. So, there is a large leather-bound book propped open against my pillow, as my head is a rest looking over it. I have a big flashlight, on one hand of mine, and the other hand is holding the page, that I am on, that being 665 on the left.

I FEAR THIS STUFF, YET I AM SICK OF BEING SICK AND TIRED.

I- Naddalin, moved the tip of MY finger to the eagle feather quill down the page, I had used as a bookmark.

I am frowning as she looked for something that would help her author this essay, I needed to do for school, yet could not keep interested... yet, with me, that is- what I have- or so they say. Fight this- all the is what I have- not that- this...!

I am thinking that- Witch Burning in their Fourteenth Century Was Completely Pointless if so, I would be there now... – AH- I Am like- discussing this all in my head- like a crazy girl- I AM NOT CRAZY.

(Back)

My dad is a big, beefy man with hardly any neck... although he did have an exceptionally large mustache, there was on there not like Hitter yet small, and before you say it, like- I know whom she is...'...Not just some bad guy.'

(The Natalie's had a small girl called Dariez and there was no finer girl anywhere, and they had her. They did not deliberate they may tolerate it if anyone found out about theirs, and then her, see she was the one that was- BAD. Sh\*t- The Natalie's had their whole enchilada- all everything- and anything they sought after, nonetheless, they also had a hush-hush dark secret and a darker past, and her being most of it, yet she was here- and they had to put up with her, no? Even if we tried to kill her... In addition to that, their highest terror was that an important or unimportant of this girl that would find them all out, and the hex that they wanted to let go of. Yet we never- ever let that happen.)

NEVER...!

FOR THEY ALL HAVE- AND HAD- BEEN SO- O F\*CKING PERFECT.

In a wondrous way... I think if this is all said and down, yet I feel that- why not, it is more, my grandmother, to do this... here wises... on this family.

~~~

(Mr.'s. Natalie conjured their story that she did not have a younger sister, that is was just three girls, yet she was in school with them, under a name that was not the same, since, that her younger sister and her ass of a husband were as Natalie- I- sh as it was possible to be- we found out- it is not hard they all look the same.)

US- Um- like them as queen as if they were their modern family from the 1950s, TV show was not their thing. The Natalie's trembled to with their minds, that their neighbors would say if there all their kids like - s arrived in their motorway, after school with here being seen. Yet we all no... we all do...

Ah- the secret shame... he- he- he.

The Natalie's knew that their kids had a small a little girl, with them, too, her- Naddalin, the descent from them... but they had never- ever even seen her, so they say, yet she is there.

This girl was another respectable real for keeping their past away; they did not want her mixing with any of the other children, around her, that was so creepy and odd- to them and their dick- sh ways, yet what had to be done.

Mr.'s. - was Mr.'s. Natalie's sister, but they had not met for many ages did not affect, a long story covering up here... so, who are they... hint- hint... When Mr. and Mr.'s. Natalie woke up on their dull, gray after a night of romping, Natalie gossiped

away happily as she wrestled an ear-piercing Alisha into her highchair. And the tiny child giggled Mr. Natalie as he left their adorable house next to the railroad tracks and many hayfields, with its oh- so nice fencing for years.

(Day's pass)

Thursday our story starts, there was nothing about their overcast heaven's outdoor to propose, that outlandish and mysterious things would soon be happening all over their queendom. Mr. Natalie buzzed as she picked out his most uninteresting tie for work, and Mr.'s.

The plume paused at the top of a Pa. paragraph.

Naddalin pushed her long hair off the bridge of her nose, as she sat... there, contacts covering her real eye color, and true Identification- the light blue.

(Back to that night)

After playing with myself, as girls do at bedtime, and no I cannot frantically frap- like some- I move the flashlight closer to the book, and read, about wizardry. I was loving this increasingly... the darkness was holding me- like no- another thing could. With all my ADHD- E- itch- NESS- and all!

Non- magic people... would not get me I thought...

Me- were particularly afraid of magic in medieval times, more now than then... I think yet I do not have a mind to do that do I? ...Yeah- but not particularly good at recognizing it... I see this with them- and they. Like this one time on a rare occasion I's think I go a catch a real witch- for another family, she was one of them, that trashed me out. Burning or killing me did not affect whatsoever... I knew what I was going to do either fall to them, or fall like her, or overcome it all.

The witch would perform a basic

Flame-Freezing Charm, on Nevaeh and Karly, thinks they were doing the same thing over and over in a day week, or even years at a time- I have read this- yet they do not want to hear it... it in the past they say... said no? Déjà vu is what it called, and then pretend to shriek with pain while enjoying a gentle, tickling sensation... lost in time in space you feel, that sounds sick.

Naddalin put her quill behind her ear and reached underneath her pillow for her ink bottle and a roll of parchment, and very carefully her unscrewed their ink bottle, dipped her quill into it... making notes... about being a wizard, and how to overcome this all.

I began to write, pausing every... that was the now out... and then to listen... my inner voices... that talk to me. Because, if any of their townspeople would hear, all hell would break out.

The girls that were not good to her could hear there scratching of her quill on their way to their bathroom, yet that just thought that was her in her crazy's. Doing what she does and that being weird.

I would find myself locked in their room under their winding steps for the rest of their summer, which became my room, to get away from them.

The family is on that, privet drive, love summer off, yet not Naddalin- she never- ever enjoyed her summer breaks either, over the face she was let in her room under the stars to wither away, and decay in the mind.

Uncle Read, Aunt Jennath, and their girl, Dariez, where Naddalin's only living relatives.

They were nonmagical people, and they had a very medieval attitude toward magic, my sisters, also. Naddalin's dead parents, who had been a witch and wizard themselves, were never- ever mentioned under their roof.

For years, Aunt Jennath and Uncle Read had hoped, that if they kept Naddalin as held back as possible, they would be able to squeeze their magic out of her. To their fury, they had not been unproductive.

All these days they lived in terror of anyone finding out, that Naddalin had spent most of their last two years at the school for girls Skoufyceol of Witchcraft and Wizardry, yet that is where they sent her... one she bagged, two to go on like there was no known issue.

(The most they could do, however, was to lock away at Naddalin's and her spell books also, the wand too, could Sophia, and broomstick at the start of their summer break, and forbid her to talk to their neighbors, for she was slow in the head it was a boarding school for the low life... like the pig she is... or was it...? We wondered...)

This departure from her spell books, she had been a real problem to them- 'she'- being Naddalin, because her teachers had given her a- lot of holiday work, and at her old school at what was the oak view, the name changed back after the towns got their identities back, she did not have to do anything for they felt, that she was a waste, and a waste of time, besides could not be taught.

One of their essays, a particularly nasty one about shrinking potions, was for Naddalin's least favorite teacher, Professor Gonzales, who would be delighted to have an excuse to give Naddalin detention for a month.

Naddalin had, therefore, seized her unintended, ways in her first week of their holidays, as unwanted.

While Uncle Read, Aunt Jennath, and Dariez had gone out into their Sophia garden to admire the snowfall, Uncle Read's new company car as well, (in very loud voices, so that the rest of their street would notice a new 2065 Toyota Prius in the driveway,) Naddalin had crept downstairs, picked the lock on their cupboard under their stairs, grabbed some of the other girl's books, to learn there stupid, and hidden them in her small bedroom under the stars. Yet even after all these years, nothing in a small town will ever change... just like minds.

If she did not leave spots of ink on their sheets, that would never know... even so, they thought she was nuts, there need- ed never to know that she was studying magic by night, and her smarts by day, 'till dusk.

Besides, the third time this week, she was in trouble doing more than just studying in her little room, with the girls that would take photos of her and put them online!

We sat a- crossed, from all of them, at the table, while they were saying it cannot control your- ways- with this junk, it must go!

None of them noticed large, tawny flying horses flutter past the window only me yet like them before me I have the gift of only being able to the worlds of good and evil, genetically altered, they are... coming to see me... like all that have fallen... I can talk to them too. I am one of them... fallen, what they do not know is that the train took my soul, and I not alive at all... YET, I HAVE TRAYED TO KILL MY SELF OVER AND OVER, and the hex will not let me... all over they beat the sh*t out of me... and I am misunderstood.

So-o now, it is half-past eight, Mr. Natalie picked up his attaché case, pecked Miss. Natalie on her cheek, and tried to kiss and hug Alisha goodbye, but missed her face, this one was not feeling it, because Alisha was now having a little passive outburst of bratty- ness and throwing her cereal at their walls and ripping newspapers was more important. Lovely- he got into his car and backed out to drive off the overhanging tree that a now around 150 years old, or more.

Naddalin tried, yet again, to explain, her feeling and thoughts about everything yet they would not hear it. Just rolling their eyes at her senselessness.

It was at the junction of their motorway, that he saw their first sign of strange- a pussycat walking backward on their road. He was having one of those moments. It was a spell...?

For a second, Mr. Natalie did not grasp what he just had seen- then he shook his head around to look again, lost in the moment of thinking I was here before, yet this should never have been.

He said this all to me- was he seeing things...? Like- from not getting any sleep last night, over too much Freak ME sex- his girl- and was playful and all, and she was too- happy to put up with me anyway. It was like their minds were taken over by something that was- NOT.

Driving past her he saw yet another one... doing the same thing, life is running backward... (she has said this to me...)

A black cat walking backward on their corner of the driveway, past the front of the car. I was getting my head wrapped around what cat would do that? And I was bored, and running through the fields, to them chasing nothing yet in my mind it after the world they do not see, the world of angels, flying horses, and magic.

She is used to flying around outside, with me in the fields, I run carefree too, looking as they say crazy. It was the only thing that was real to us.

Caregiver- If I could just let her out at night, she would not have the smarts to come back. She is off looking for things and playing pretends in her mind. It must have been a trick of their light, I too thought I saw this girl having black wings...? No-maybe...?

She was the gorgeous thing I had had ever seen... I was fixed on her... and could not say in the world what I saw... nor did I want to.

(Back)

The cat was looking at me... with glassy eyes... the feeling of chatting... it was speaking to me. (I have lost it...)

The look in my eyes said... I want your soul- a long and old lost like story... of why... that was a question not answered that she wanted me to understand.

Part: 2

Mr. Natalie batted an eyelid and stared at the cat, that looked evil. It started back, as Mr. Natalie drove to their corner and up their road. The eyes haunting him in the moon like and the crows, losing their minds, flying behind, and the trees scraping against the new car, he floored it, and watched their cat in his mirror, running fast and faster, unlike anything Earthly could.

Calling to him- like... in long creepy whimpering. (I want you...) nope, seeing at their sign; um- cats could not talk say to say to her what she was thinking, nonetheless what are all these signs, about- and it hit him, like- the girl, was hexed, and bring on the evil into their life's.

Before getting in his car- she did not see there were a lot of creepy- creepy- birds flying around him, wanting to pick at his eyes and face, with wings, spread- fly down past him in the early daylight.

Do I look stupid...? I wounded and thought to myself...? This is a dream...? I know that we have come a long way in life, with fixing love, and then saying we need it, and then fixing sickness, and that is playing well, or making a baby the way you want him or her... yet I never- ever seen something like this. 20 years, I remember when that all took place... I was not for it at all, I was one of the boys in my teens, and wondering this was a side effect, for not having young lust, then. It was the régimes taking over... and we overthrew them...

How could love to be- bad...?

Part: 3

(Next day)

Snarled, Uncle Read, a bit of fried egg dangling from his bushy mustache. And- I know what would happen if I were to speak out and up to about what I am real.

And- and so on... that chatted about what happened... as I crammed eggs into my pie hole, and did not look up, and did not say anything unless spoken too.

Mr. Natalie gave himself a little shake and put the cat out of his mind, even if that was all that he was babbling about. And all that I wanted to explain yet was not allowed too... it was frustrating.

That is a good thing... she said, let it go...

This day started the same as the day before- as he drove toward the town that looks decerped timeworn Victorian,

and some thought out of there pass the day in the 1920s or 1930s, fairytale-like, we pondered, how the town was still standing, and the highway too, it was thought about, nothing except a large order of training he was hoping to get that day.

Let me love you is playing in the background an oldy but goodie they say...

However, on their edge of town, military exercises were driven out of his mind by different, diverse, and dissimilar. Yet the cat keeps popping into his mind like her... and the feelings of wrong.

Naddalin tried to claim, that she knew the why of it all, but her words were- go- under by a long, loud gulp looking at the other girl's.

It was a shocking business... shocking... miracle none of them died... over this, never- ever heard the like... by thunder, we are here and all that shocked in the face, it was lucky you were there, or you would have goosebumps too.

Everything comes back to you... I said this and the one said, thank you, Martita, she was smitten, in thinking DAH. I did not see the sarcasm and said thanks back! She said too, missed me doing the same, in my tone.

Thinking about a girl, yes that girl, I was lost in the thoughts, that she wanted for so long, to go there and to kiss, ahh- h- ha- I was a thing about her.

And- Thank you, very- very- much indeed, truly, and Martita, I said.

(Back at school)

Second Class, I would have to say... it was nothing to say anything about. First Class- also- and, if I can swing it, I get

through it! Besides- and... think about a girl! The other wizard girl, like me... that I like- like more of them like even love. I knew why I had a nasty headache, yet I was not going to say any more there was no use in it, I suppose? Even in class, there were not all there yet that is me. Besides- it was-, Clean, and Kizziah, Martita... where all in my class to feeling this black darkness is me, yet I's was aware of what was going on.

(Besides- if it is not wizardry on our young minds, then selfies masturbating, with their other girls is their anti-boredom, we all in their same room so- it happens, in their chambers. I think about kissing a girl, why not, they are all we have. Also- no...! It is wrong to think she, and her of all girls to think about in such sin- shy ways, yet we all know. Yes, even in a place like this... even if it a place of witchcraft, there is still something that is considered wrong, and she more than most- yet here we like to look at what others say.

Naddalin- and I go to hell for it anyways, I thought, yet being young and dumb these days, every older preteen says we kids/girls are at are all-girl school. Like- we- us- all- belong down below, for our sins, of all, even lust- the lust of all, yet therefore we are here in their first place.

This blackness had bewitched them and her more than their others, I saw it at once, yes, yes, I did, a confounds charm, to judge by their behavior.

They thought there was a possibility that she was innocent, blameless, guiltless, they would be right, and so- o would she in some ways also.

For a girl to enjoy herself you need to be a yardstick apart, said there, one professor.

Who- say's things like that? Said one teacher at her old school...

Some girls just rolled their eyes, others it went over their young heads. Judge by their behavior, she said, we do, to see into your- mind, body, and soul.

(Alleged)

'I will be judged by them...? I do not care... I thought.'

Part: 4

(Forward)

(The board)

They were not responsible for their actions, said their one- in a fast-ripping thought. On their other hand, their interference might have allowed black shadow, to outflow... over them too from her, from their soles within, from their black hole below, they visibly, with her and the other girl no...? Thought they were going to catch black shadow solitary-tendered.

They have gotten away with a great deal before now... yet that is what we have them here now... These young ruthless smutting girls think about nothing but temptations, I am afraid it has given them a high opinion of themselves... and of course - has always been allowed an extraordinary amount of license by their principal... to think and be with- HER!

- And mmm.

And- Ah, well, Gonzales... Naddalin, you know... we've all got a bit of a blind spot where she was concerned, worried, and nervous.

And- Bothered... completely!

And- And yet - is it good for her to be given so much special treatment? That thought was bouncing 'round their campers too.

In my view, I try and treat her like any other student.

And any other student would be suspended - at the very least - for leading his friends into such danger.

Consider, Martita - against all Skoufyceol rules - after all their safety measures put in place for his protection - out- of- bounds, at night, consorting with a werewolf, and a murderer – and, I have a purpose to be certain of her has been visiting: Skoufyceol of Wizardry unlawfully too and, to HER, and their others, she should be... not with all of them... we cannot do that... she is fine said there one... fine... a sweet child... nothing more nor less...

Besides- with a - Well, well... we shall see, Gonzales, we shall see... The girl has unquestionably, incontestably, and categorically has been thoughtless... and a bloody fool!

And- was thought and passed, 'round.

Chapter: 2

The girl has a vagina is I am sorry here....! And- shoulders movie, to their obvious. Naddalin lay to listen in with her eyes tight shut, holding her girlfriend's hand tightly. Saying under her breath, I do not care- I do not if it is wrong, I love you. And- she giggled; I feel there same about you too, quietly this happened. She felt very sleepy and wanted to go to her sleeping chamber with her and there they shared a bed, holding hands, like young girls do, in their night tops all there same as their other two to a bed, yet they picked each other.

(A day back)

She remembered that her limbs felt heavy, then their steam train, with all of them that were once in it; her eyelids too heavy to lift... Pa. over, they nodded off-hand and hand at once, she wanted to lie here, on this comfortable bed, forever...

The words she was hearing was wandering very eerie to her from her ears to her brain so that it was problematic to understand... at this undeveloped age, of a tween.

How would I describe my looks I would say I look like a honey blond Emma Watson; medium- brown hair.

Sometimes, it is very subtly highlighted with gold, but it is never anything obvious. I usually wear my hair parted in the middle, although occasionally you will see me with her hair parted to the right side. The hair color does vary slightly from a darker brown to lighter brown, and from golden hues to redder ones. However, my color does not change dramatically. It usually falls just past shoulder length. I wear my hair straight or with a slight wave. I use a large- barreled curling iron or sleep-in braids to do that.

Wearing nude or neutral colors on my lips. I will apply light pink or peach blush to her cheekbones.

However, this look is never overly dramatic. I play with my eyes, I do not wear false eyelashes, and I do not go for bright or garish pastels or sparkly colors. I am a fan of smoky eyes. I am a girl with eyebrows, I do not see the need for plucking all of them little hairs out, we girls have enough of that to do as is.

And why is when I make lady- ness with me myself and I- I get the sillies? Is all about the fact I think about her well- doing?

I love her, I think...

Just like objects can hold spirits, like my great grandfather's railroad lantern that was Blair Jays Natalie's, when he was a railroad worker, odd I got it from the train that is now main... like he leads me to do this... Just like Jinger has a mooring necklace, around her neck with a crystal, dark made from the human hair of the one that past, I have one to form a girl that was named Lily, oh so many years back, I kept it... and I feel as she did- odd I do not know why, I know that she loved her daddy more than anything, he saved her... That a story in itself...

The Girl in the Window

Part: 1

The little girl lost in her room, looking out from the window said, all along she feels as if the world closes its eyes on her, yet she never- ever sleeps, she the girl in white that never- ever is at rest. The dormer- the room grayed to her memories, of her life in the past when she was alive, her dad died was what killed her also on the inside, she wants to hide, yet all she has is the girl that lives in her old room to talk too, do you see them playing together yet it is all in her mind.

Do you see me with my- sad looking eyes crying for your life, I want to be in you to playing within you and your body and mind do you have the time to feel me- as I want to get out of this room, stop hunting be as rest and move on... yet, I need someone like you- to do that... do you see my old house as it is falling around me, yet Sarrah lives here too she plays with me even if she does not dead yet? I am forever and always looking out my addict window down at the kids I do not get to see- why?

For I am always up here- that is why... they do not get me, I do not think... do you see the covering, on my window, and the room of my roof line as you look up at me, do you hear

me calling out for you? Asking for a body or soul to take like yours. I am here until you find me, we- you find me... please help me! I am always frightened by what I see and do not see alike... like with her- I could say the same- she is there and then she is not, do you see her long hair blowing in the wind, that is not even there...?

Just a shadow person, for all my days left, until I find pace- looking down is all that I do- and did all my life... (She is the shadow that is over me always.) - I see here in white I do- with her dark hair and green eyes, and little frame. The room is all gray, and the ceiling drips on me in the night when it rains; or even the snowmelt, like it, ever did in the past back when I was alive here in the 1800s.

Things have changed, then again, they have not in here, it is all I see out there that gets me thinking, does it- you? Not in here, where it is always the same, but outside where life has changed. Do you see my desk as if it sits empty with nothing, but the lantern that flickers for me on cold lonely nights, that was my dad from the railroad?

The chair's broken, from age and has three legs, now that I can sit on, why for the fact, that I can make it float, as I do as well, I am as the light of the ground, like a leaf in the gusting breeze, a tight room with the wood framing showing. All whitewashed, and yet mucky, and musty... she is there and then she is not, like me she lives in the same very walls and, yet I can go through them now, unlike before... and I can do this as I please... you and I are on the ground over there in the graveyard. Do you see my headstone? Like- do you see my headstone, with my name under the angel oak tree. Do you see me coming out of it, and the ground, at night, I must be reminded that I am dead... that- that... is only my body there, yet this is me now...?

Always, back to my home where- I stay in my room with her, now it is her room, her mom and dad do not know or get that we do this, I have a friend in a living girl, that is about nine years old, and now I am inside of her, she is mine and my new live on Earth, to take, and she is in me... I will live the life I never- ever had, one way or another, do not you see- that I love her for this... and maybe if love her for all that she is too.

Do you see my moth-eaten blankets?

...And that she uses now...?

BUT IT'S all me, as she does not you see... NOT her all me, she is no- longer- the NOT her... that looks like her to them but not to you and I for we now know- sh-h! She is me- me- is she- do you get that? Confused- do not be... Do you see the old head and footboard there that we share? Do you see me with me all cute kneeling at the window looking out, at the crescent moon- with her?

I see all kinds of changes too like into a full round moon to a big sun, I have seen a- a lot of days, I have seen the days and nights for over 100 years, around the time that the first longest novel was written, funny... no, and now-now- by a man with the same first name- odd?

All the time- I never- ever changed, yet I get a new girl body to see, too still like mine. And change their state of mind, they did as I changed her now, and there in the ground left behind no longer, like me, I weep like the rain, on a tree to make it grows- through like her I will still, I did not have a good life, now I will take, and see if I well, a good life, is not what I had with my dad he did things to me that you would not understand, or maybe you would I don't know, either way, I don't want to talk about it, yet that teddy bear, is long gone too... so why talk about it. Do you see the rolling hills? Do you see grave markers, more?

Do you see the tracks... next to the home? Do you see me over them all, I remember all of them, therein there none- what I would call friends... yet there died to me too even then, not to be seen... if you know what I mean... until I am at peace, yet seeing them I will never be? Yet, well I ever am even now- that is the question? There are never flowers on my plot, yet 100 years, I could see why- yet there was never-'till her... nothing but bones next to me to keep me warm... ha- funny my daddy's... sick- sick!

Part: 2

The sun shines, yet not for me it is always a rainy day, in my head- even now- yet get better, the clouds are there, saying go to hell, yet I do not want to... not just yet.

The little girl lost in her room, looking out from the window said, all along she feels as if the world closes its eyes on her, yet she never- ever sleeps, she the girl in white that never- ever is at rest. The dormer- the room grayed to her memories, of her life in the past when she was alive, her dad died was what killed her also on the inside, she wants to hide, yet all she has is the girl that lives in her old room to talk too, do you see them playing together yet it is all in her mind.

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ground, at night, I must be reminded that I am dead... that-
that... is only my body there, yet this is me now...?

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her, now it is her room, her mom and dad do not know or get
that we do this, I have a friend in a living girl, that is about nine
years old, and now I am inside of her, she is mine and my new
live on Earth, to take, and she is in me... I will live the life I
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body to see, too still like mine.

And change their state of mind, they did as I changed
her now, and there in the ground left behind no longer, like me I
weep like the rain on a tree to make it grows- through like her I
will still, even so, I did not have a reasonable life, now I will
exercise it, and see if I well, a good life, is not what I had with
my dad he did things to me that you would not understand, or
maybe you would I don't know, either way, I don't want to talk

about it, yet that teddy bear, is long gone too... so why talk about it. Do you see the rolling hills? Do you see grave markers, more?

Do you see the tracks... next to the home? Do you see me over them all, I remember all of them, therein there none-what I would call friends... yet there died to me too even then, not to be seen... if you know what I mean... 'till I am at peace, yet seeing them I will never be? Yet well I ever am even now-that is the question? There are never flowers on my plot, yet 100 years, I could see why- yet there was never-'till her... nothing but bones next to me to keep me warm... ha- funny my daddy's... sick- sick!

The sun shines, yet not for me it is always a rainy day, in my head- even now- yet get better, the clouds are there, saying go to hell, yet I do not want to... not just yet. The tree is going to pass on before I do- you get that?

Do you get that...?

I remember being a kid, yet I do not, it was taken from me at 8 years old, and then I do not ever remember just being a kid like them or she or her too... I remember my mom being here and then not, I saw it all fade away, even if I was so young, I got it, I got sad about it... like her, with me, it is like living the same life over. I recollect being feed, and being feed up with life, and being bath at night by daddy too... 'until that night that I fight back and said- 'NO.'

I remember him- my daddy, - strangely me out, after my bath and I was bare, we have all been abused by someone in one way or another their hands or mouth that is why we turn, to a girl, if we are a girl for love other than men, that has always been mean to us- even if not the same boys- we think he is, and girls are always sweet caring and understanding, even if... I remember being in the fight for my life, and him being mean

over something like pissing the bed, being feet smashed, rope around my head, books that he never- ever read hitting me in the head with it, called a bible... he started raping me and ripping the pages out saying craziness...

All the pages were flying about and hitting the floor as I was bounced on top of and had to do the other way around. 'Books are like boobs' he said to me- along with-you have to feel them and open them up like that little sight you have down there,' and you do not have those, grow up and be a woman, now- he was scrambling in my ears!'

I used to get out at night- from my room and the musky bed, and get... to see the graveyard at night, walking around, they became my friends in my head, looking for someone to call a friend and not 'till her, 100 years later, that understood me for me- and she is alive- so full of life, and become a girl that like girls. I am Lucie, the girl who lost her in her room in a window, that was looking for a girlfriend, and I have found her, and she is just like you! I look back on my life when I was nine, back in 1927, the ford in the yard sat in the mud, and my whit Victorian was still falling- down yet not like now... yet that was over we- were a poor family.

And yet still astounding to those that passed by it think we were something for this immense home, a wonder some called it for its room count and size. Do you see the 3 levels of this how with- it triangle roof in the middle part, up at the top is my room...?

Do you see all the arched windows- 200 of them were, all made just for the home, along with its wood-clad siding- do you see that one only that is always like it is glowing at night with a slight flicker of yellow, warmth in the cold- cold evenings? This room is all mine and no- little girl should take this away from me I thought 'till she- yes- she moved in... I get

into her mind body and soul you see, now and forever if I like 'till I am at rest, or feel that I am... I am never- ever going to let go... never- ever- ever never! Even as bones someday she will be mine, my special friend!

Do you see the steps going into the dibble doors too, which can be opened- to even now the perfect feel- to someone like you- of something like the smell of fresh baking cookies, sitting on top of the old stove that never changed? Do you see the eerie fences that wrap around the home like the porch? Oh, home I never want to leave it... more now than ever- over her.

The swing sawing the rocking me to sleep, back in the day, the night she leads me away with her, she was the only one I reviled myself too... in the daytime. Do you see- what all this and everything here is to me? And do you see all the things that have happened to me...?

I do not want to die all alone, that is why I stayed here looking all these years, someone to get me. The night up in a tree, she and I, sing, play, and kind. Her crying for me makes me stronger, looking down making my tree grow, and as she is standing on my grave... wishing she were me now and I am here... and we are- we are.

You do not have to be stuck with you all your life- if you do not want to if you are someone like me- or she too. Do you wish you were me- scary you are now- I am all inside of you- and in your head always- and forever- I will haunt your dreams- and I own you- he- he! Until you find true love you will never- ever- never- ever be free of me!

Part: 3

Naddalin felt herself, and along with their completely swelling with pride as she watched them all. But it was much closer, Miss. Smith, than usual, and everybody, all, and

everyone else had made enormous progress, yet not this girl in her studies, this is what they were talking about. After an hour, Naddalin called a stop to all, and let her mind rest... bypassing out over-exhaustion. The last thing she said to her before she left for the brake... 'you and I, when we get back from holidays, we can start doing some of their big stuff even more spells...'

When she woke up- she was by her side. "You are getting good," she said, grinning around at them, looking at them. There was a murmur of enthusiasm, they were doing more than just magic- no?

The room began to clear in their usual twos and threes; most people wished- in the open room of nude girls running around naked taking steam hot showers, seeing her this way was- no words could say it... Naddalin a 'Happy Christmas' as they went, yet she was happier being back with her and the others- yet maybe just her.

Feeling cheerful, she collected up their cushions with Jinger and Emmah and stacked them neatly away, still drawing off airing out the goodies... yet where all girls- so-o yes...

Jinger and Emmah left before she did, it was bedtime; she hung back a little, because Koufyce was still there and she was hoping to receive a 'Merry Christmas' from her, yet that was not likely.

'No, you go on, 'she heard her say to her friend, Martha and her heart gave a jolt that took it into their region Saula. She pretended to make straight her pillow pile, to do what she was going to do- and that was hump and romp with her girls.

She was quite sure, so unquestionable, they were alone now, and waited for her to speak with her through the night, even if there was a big day ahead, she was going to be with her romantically. As an alternative, she heard a hearty sniff, of her

undies under her pillow, and said go night and fall asleep with her in her arms.

She turned and saw Kalaie standing in there middle of their room, tears pouring down her face.

‘Whoa- What is with you- girl?’

She would not speak to us, over, she with me...

She did not know what to do, at their time.

She was simply standing there, deplorable wordlessly.

‘What is up?’ she said, feebly, given time.

She shook her head and spread her eyes on her sleeve, of her worn-out night top.

‘I am sorry, ‘she said hoarsely.

‘I partially assume... it is just... learning all this junk... it just makes me... wonder whether... if she had known it all... she would still be alive.’

Natalie’s heart sank right back past its usual spot and set up somewhere around her bellybutton.

She ought to have known, being notorious... thoughts.

She wanted to talk about Joella.

‘She did know this sh*t,’ Naddalin said extremely, serious.

‘She was good at it, or she could never have been in the middle of that maze. But if Waltemath wants to kill you, you do not stand a chance.’

She hiccupped at the sound of Waltemath’s name but stared at Naddalin without flinching.

‘You survived when you were just a baby,’ she said quietly.

‘Yeah, well,’ said Naddalin wearily, moving towards their door, ‘I do not know why nor does anyone else, so it is nothing to be proud of.’

‘Oh, do not go!’ said Kalaie, sounding tearful again. ‘I’m really- sorry to get all upset like this... like- I did not mean to...’ She hiccupped again...

She was very even when her eyes were bloodshot and puffy, yet not as- not as much as she, beside me. And she was out now, looking sweeter than ever.

Naddalin- felt thoroughly miserable about not leaving her side to go to her, yet she did not want to- ever do that.

Like this girl would have been so-so pleased with just a-‘Merry Christmas.’ Yet she did not get one from back home, not even... (Nothing- for years, just a gloomy remembrance, of their fact they did not love her.)

Part: 4

‘I know it must be horrifying for you,’ I said.

I to go through this...

I was mopping her eyes on her sleeve again, she came over with us not aloud, yet it was done, I could not help but be there for her, it is just me, being me.

‘Me mentioning Joella when you saw her die...

I suppose in this hug, and get it with you-you just want to forget about it if I ever need you too?’

‘Okay-’

Naddalin did not say everything to this; it was quite true, but she felt hard-hearted saying all and everything.

‘You’re a good teacher, you know,’ said Hayvannah, with a waterlogged smile.

‘I’ve never- ever could dumbfound anything, or anyone before, yet I did just that.’

‘Thanks,’ said Naddalin awkwardly.

They see each other for a long moment.

Naddalin felt a burning desire to run from their room and, at their same time, wide-ranging powerlessness to move her little young feet.

‘Mistletoe,’ said Hayvannah softly, pointing at their ceiling over her head, and they kissed.

‘Yeah,’ said Naddalin... Her mouth was very in need of a drink.

‘It’s full of Kayarglers, though.’

‘What are Kayarglers?’

‘No idea,’ said Naddalin. She had moved closer to her and now on top and over her um body one, leg, side to side, with her torso, in a lover’s hold.

Her brain seemed to have been stunned-like.

‘You’d ask Danna.’

Hayvannah made a funny noise, like between a moan, and a giggle, when I play with her and kiss her too, playfully.

She was even nearer to her now.

She could have calculated their dimples on her nose.

'I the crazy one like you,' Naddalin. I am like you more than I like...

Ha- same- shush!

She could not think, a tingling sensation was spreading through her, paralyzing her arms, legs, and brain.

She was too close to me.

She could see every tear clingy to her eyelashes...

I returned to my shared room, half an hour later to find Emmah and Jinger in their best seats by the fireplace; everybody else had gone to bed for the night, yet not us, we had gotten closer and closer over the long nights- of being misfits.

Emmah was scripting an exceptionally long letter; she had previously filled half a roll of parchment, which was dangling from the edge of the old built-in desk in the room.

Jinger was lying on her hearthrugs, trying to finish her metamorphosis homework, the- being one thing and become another... we were doing just that the other day before, going from girls to butterflies, and the cat thing hit me... I knew... yet, say that to them back home and I am the crazy one. I am like I am not allowed to say what happens here in my mind like we are not, let me... on the inside.

Slight changes from a girl too trivial things, and then go bigger, for the stars... Think big, she said in class, with all in young girl minds, said the only one to give these girls hope for a life in what is wisdom, a different teacher.

'What kept you?' She asked as Naddalin sank into the armchair next to Emmah's.

Naddalin did not answer... She was in a state of shockwave.

Semi of she wanted to tell Jinger and Emmah what had just happened, but the other half wanted to take their secret with her to the graveyard, a place where they like to go to show their real selfies- of wings and all. 'Are you all right, Naddalin?'

Emmah asked, peering at her over the landfill of her friend, now making it off the grown, to see me become, that was neat, yet we were learning how to fly.

Part: 5

'What is up? It was said, as a new lifecycle, with her began... as the change was made when they got black wings.' Falling to this is not that bad now, is it...? Naddalin gave a half-hearted shrug, thinking she sold out, yet it is a better life than life at home... how she was on autopilot, they thought, yet in this form, she was new.

In truth, she did not know whether she was all right or not, said Jinger, lifting herself on her elbow to get a clearer view of Naddalin, looking down at her as she was looking up.

'What's happened?' 'A fallen angel has fallen'- a classic pun.

'It's me- girl' she said in a sneak.

Naddalin did not know how to set about telling term and still was not sure whether she wanted to, that now she was one of them.

Just as she had decided not to say whatever, Emmah took matters out of her hands, and the wing came out of her back, and she shows herself to her for the first time say- yeah- now your one of us- a suture- hood.

'Is it Hayvannah? She asked competently there, that is the first flight.

(Questions)

'Did she corner you after the meeting?'

Numbly surprised, Naddalin nodded.

Jinger sniggered, barely looking off when Emmah caught her eye.

'So-o, what did she want?'

'To see if I was a dumb sh*t like they say.'

'Oh...?' In a phony unpremeditated voice, she said we knew yet do not believe it.

'She,' Naddalin began, huskily; she cleared her throat and tried again.

'So-o...'

'Did you kiss?' asked Emmah energetically.

Jinger sat up so fast she sent his ink bottle airborne all over their rug.

Disregarding this totally, she stared avidly at Naddalin.

'Well?' she demanded.

Naddalin looked at Jinger's appearance of mingled curiosity and hilarity to Emmah's slight frown and nodded.

'HA!'

Jinger made a successful gesture with her fist, and went into a wild clang, of laughter that made several nervous looks back, an unenthusiastic grin spread over- Naddalin's face as she

watched her- Jinger rolling around on the carpet; and looking for a second time over beside the window jump, about too.

Emmah gave Jinger a look of deep disgust and returned to her letter. 'Well?' Jinger said- finally, looking up at Naddalin. 'How was it...?' Naddalin was careful about- a moment...

'Wet,' she said truthfully.

Jinger made a noise that might have showed jubilation or disgust, it was hard to tell.

'Because she was deplorable,' Naddalin continued deeply.

'Oh,' said Jinger, her smile fading slightly. 'Are you that bad at kissing?'

'Neenah,' said Naddalin, who had not careful this, and at once felt worried.

Flashback- holding time with a spell- (That night thinks back there had a girl, kissy. kiss- sex.)

Part: 6

'Maybe I am.'

'Of course, you are not,' said Emmah inattentively, still scribbling away at her letter.

'How do you know?' Jinger said very sharply.

'Because Hayvannah spends half her time crying these days,' said Emmah vaguely. 'She does it at mealtimes, in the loo, all over the place.'

'You'd think a bit of kissing woodcreeper her up,' said Jinger, smiling.

‘Jinger,’ said Emmah in a dignified voice, dipping the point of her quill into her inkpot, ‘you are their most unresponsive wart, I have ever had their hard luck to meet.’

‘What’s that supposed to mean?’ Said Jinger huffy. ‘What per girl cries while someone is kissing them?’ ‘Yeah,’ said Naddalin, slightly desperately, ‘who does...?’

Emmah looked at their pair of them with an almost pitiful expression on her face. ‘Don’t you understand how Hayvannah’s feeling now?’ She asked.

‘No,’ said Naddalin and Jinger together.

Emmah sighed and laid down her quill.

‘Well, she is feeling incredibly sad, because Joella is dying. Marva, I expect she is feeling confused because she liked Joella and now, she likes Naddalin, and she cannot work out whom she likes there most of all.

Marva will be feeling guilty, thinking it is an insult to Sedaris’s memory to be kissing Naddalin at all, and she will be worrying about what everyone else might say, about her if she starts going out with Naddalin.

Chapter: 3

Besides, she cannot work out what her feelings towards Naddalin are, anyway, because she was there one who was with Joella when Joella died, so that is all very mixed up and painful.

Oh, and she is afraid she is going to be thrown off their Crow claw Clepsidra team because she is being flown so badly.

A slightly stunned silence greeted their end of this speech, then Jinger said, ‘One mergirl cannot feel all that at once, they would explode.’

‘Just because you have their emotional range of a teaspoon does not mean we all have,’ said Emmah nastily picqueter up her quill again.

‘She was there one who started it,’ said Naddalin. ‘I wouldn’t’ve she just came at me and next thing she is crying all over me, I did not know what to do.’ Do not blame you, mate,’ said Jinger, looking alarmed at their very thought.

‘You just had to be nice to her,’ said Emmah, looking up anxiously. ‘You were, weren’t you?’

‘Well,’ said Naddalin, an unpleasant heart creeping up his face, ‘I sort of patted her on their back a bit.’

Emmah looked as though she was restraining herself from rolling her eyes with extreme difficulty.

‘Well, one supposes it could have been worse,’ she said. ‘Are you going to see her again?’

Till must, won’t I?’ Said Naddalin.

We have DA meetings, don’t we?’

‘You know what I mean,’ said Emmah impatiently.

Naddalin said nothing; Emmah’s words opened a whole new vista of frightening possibilities. She tried to imagine going somewhere with Hayvannah- Clepsydra, Kalaheo of Wizardry and being alone with her for hours at a time.

Of course, she would have been expecting her to ask her out after what had just happened... Their thought made her Hayvanna hatch clench painfully.

‘Oh well,’ said Emmah distantly, buried in her letter once more, ‘you’ll have plenty of opportunities to ask her.’

‘What if she does not want to ask her?’ Said Jinger, who had been watching Naddalin with an unusually shrewd expression on his face.

‘Don’t be silly,’ said Emmah vaguely, ‘Naddalin’s liked her for ages, haven’t you, Naddalin?’

She did not answer... Yes, she had liked Hayvannah for ages, but whenever she had imagined a scene involving there two of them it had always featured a Hayvannah who was enjoying herself, as opposed to a Hayvannah who was sobbing uncontrollably into his shoulder.

‘Who are you authoring their novel to, anyway?’ Jinger asked Emmah, trying to read their bit of parchment now trailing on their floor. Emmah hitched it up out of sight.’ Vickie.’

‘Wilhemina?’

‘How many other Vickie’s do we know?’

Jinger said nothing but looked disgruntled. They sat in silence for another twenty minutes, Jinger finishing her Transfiguration essay with many snorts of impatience and crossings out, Emmah writing steadily to the very end of their parchment, rolling it up carefully and sealing it.

...And Naddalin staring into their fire, wishing more than anything that Sirius’s head would appear there and give her some advice about girls.

...And their fire merely crackled lower and lower, until their red-hot embers crumbled into ash and, looking around, Naddalin saw that they were, yet again, their last ones in their common room.

‘Well, night,’ said Emmah, yawning widely as she set off up their girls’ staircase.

‘What does she see in Wilhemina?’ Jinger demanded as she and Naddalin climbed their girls.’

Stairs...

‘Well,’ said Naddalin, considering their matter, ‘Is’ pose she’s older, isn’t she... and she’s an international Clepsidra player...’

‘Yeah, but apart from that,’ said Jinger, sounding aggravated. ‘I mean, she is a grouchy get, isn’t she?’

‘Bit grouchy, yes,’ said Naddalin, whose thoughts were still on Hayvannah.

They pulled off their robes and put-on pajamas in silence; Lacy, Laila, and Neville were already asleep.

Naddalin put his glasses on her bedside table and got into bed but did not pull their hangings closed around his four posters; instead, she stared at their patch of starry sky visible through their window, next to Neville’s bed. If she had known, this time last night, that in twenty-four hours there she would have kissed

Hayvannah Chang...

‘Night,’ grunted Jinger, from somewhere also she is right. ‘Night,’ said Naddalin.

Next time... if there was a next time... she would be a bit more contented.

She ought to ask her out; she had been expecting it, and was now angry with her..., or was she lying in bed, still crying, awful feel is about Joella?

She did not know what to think.

Emmah's explanation had made it all seem more complicated rather than easier to understand.

That is what they should teach us here, she thought, turning over on to his side, how girls' brains work... it would be more useful than Divination, anyway...

Neville snuffled in she sleeps with her girl hand n' hand, sweet and cute.

A flying horse blared somewhere out in their night.

Naddalin dreamed she was back in their DA room. Hayvannah was accusing her of luring her there under pretenses; she said, she had promised her, like- a hundred and fifty times a Hayvanna cholate black crow cards, if she showed up.

Naddalin protested... Hayvannah shouted,'

Segregate me loads of Hayvannah cholate Black Crow Cards, look!' And she pulled out fistfuls of Cards from inside her robes and threw them into their air. Then she turned into Emmah, who said, 'You did promise her, you know, Naddalin... I think you, had better give her something else instead... how about your Firebolt?'

Besides, Naddalin was protesting that she could not give Hayvannah his Firebolt, because Ambridge had it, and anyway their whole thing was ridiculous, he had only come to their DA room to put up some

Christmas baubles shaped like Dobby's head... The dream changed...

Her body felt smooth, powerful, and flexible.

She was gliding between shining metal bars, across dark, cold 'the body of Neveah' ...She was flat on their floor,

sliding along on his belly... it was dark, yet she could see objects around her chartering in strange, vibrant colors ... she was turning his head... their corridor was empty... but no... a man was sitting on their floor ahead, his chin drooping on to his chest, his outline gleaming in there dark...

Naddalin put out her tongue... she tasted their scent on the air... she was alive but drowsy... sitting in Jinger's and their room, the doorway at the end of their corridor...

~*~

Nevertheless, their girl was stirring... a grey, wrap fell from her legs as she jumped to her feet; and Naddalin saw her vibrant, blurred outline towering above her, it was one of the ghosts of the school. Naddalin longed to bite the chap... but she must become an expert in the impulse... she had more important work to do... with her sharpen fangs.

She like um- saw a wand withdrawn from her yet want to keep doing as she was... yet the haunt wanted to play, not to be some young little girl lost in a window in some chamber of a room... forever- never- ever- ever- never- to be loved.

I human girl at the graveyard- I had my eyes on... named: Brittany- flawing in stealthy, I reared high from the ground and struck her once, twice, three times, plunging my fangs deeply into her, epithelium, I had the feeling, her ribs splinter beneath my jaws, she has become one of the new haunts of the school, I wanted her soul, feeling their warm gush of blood... swimming within her it felt, it gave me more power and to keep my wicked life spin going- I must feed on the young girls.

Now she wants to play- even if I did this it was for the good of it, she needs to die, so I took her away for the pain of the Earthy world.

The little 5-year-old girls were yelling in pain... to me still, not thinking it all over, yet she was missing daddy... then she fell silent... when I said it all going to be okay, she slumped back against the wall... blood was splattering on to their floor... in transparencies- like- Her forehead hurt terribly... her mind was in the new body, yet she still saw all that was going on in the other world, it was aching fit to burst... yet I had to console her to the life- of the afterlife in the depths of dark death.

Part: 1

‘Naddalin!’

‘NADDALIN!’

She opened her eyes to her. Every inch of her body was covered in an icy sweat, and cold girlie- c*m; her bed covers were twisted all around her like a straitjacket; she felt as though a white-hot poker was being applied to his forehead.

‘Naddalin!’

Jinger was standing over her looking extremely frightened.

There were more figures at their foot of Naddalin’s bed.

She clutched her head in her hands; her pain was blinding her... she rolled right over and vomited over the edge of their mattress.

‘She is sick,’ said a scared voice.’

Should we call someone?’

‘Naddalin! Naddalin!’

She had to tell Jinger, it was very- especially important that she tells her... taken great gulps of air, Naddalin pushed herself up in bed, still nude, like all the other girls in the room,

willing herself not to throw up again, there pain half-blinding her. We just thought it was the time of the mouth thing... or sadness, or not adjusting to the new way of life here. 'Your dad,' she panted, her chest heaving. 'Your dads... been attacked...' 'What?' Said Jinger uninterestedly.

'Your dad!'

He is being chopped up as we speak, it is serious, there was blood everywhere...

'No...' she said along with subbing.

'I'm going for help,' said their same scared voice, and Naddalin heard footsteps running out of their dormitory.

'Naddalin, the bed- buddy,' said Jinger uncertainly, 'you... you were just dreaming...' 'No!' said Naddalin furiously; Jinger needed to understand.

'It was not a dream... not an ordinary dream... I- I was there, I- I saw it... I- I did it...'

She could hear Laila and Lacy muttering but did not care.

The pain in her forehead was subsiding slightly, though she was still sweating and shivering feverishly. And then retched again and Jinger leaped backward out of their way. 'Naddalin, you are not well,' she said- shakily. 'Neville's gone for help.'

'I'm fine...!'

Naddalin Hayvanna, wiping her mouth on her night top and shaking uncontrollably. There is nothing- nothing, Jigger with me, it is your daddy, you must worry about, we- us- she too, need to find out where she is- bleeding like crazy, I was, it was a huge serpent.'

She tried to get out of bed, but- Jinger pushed her back into it; Lacy and Laila were still whispering somewhere adjacent.

Werther one minute passed or ten, Naddalin did not know; she simply sat there shaking, feeling their pain recede very sully from her scar... then there were hurried footsteps coming up their stairs and she heard Neville's voice again.

~*~

'Over here, Professor.'

Professor Ashly came hurrying into their dormitory in her tartan dressing gown, her glasses perched lopsidedly on the bridge of her bony nose.

'What is it-? Where does it hurt?'

She had never been so pleased to see her; it was a member of their Order of their Durizy she needed her now, not someone fussing over her and prescribing useless potions.

'It's Jinger's dad,' she said, sitting up again.'

'He been attacked by a daemon serpent- and it's serious, I saw it happen she yelled.'

'What do you mean, you saw it happen?' Spoke Professor Ashly, her dark eyebrows contracting.

'I do not know... I was asleep and then I was there... seeing this all...'

'You mean you dreamed this?'

Part: 2

'No!' said, Naddalin furiously; would none of them understand?' I was having a dream at first about something

different, something senseless... and then this interrupted it. It was real, I did not envisage it.

Mr. Clena was asleep on their floor, and he was attacked by a gigantic fallen angel of the love of final death, there was a load of blood, she collapsed, someone is got to find out where she is...'

Professor Ashly was gazing at her through her lopsided spectacles as though horrified at what she was seeing.

'I'm not lying, and I am not nuts-o!' Naddalin told her, her voice rising to a shout.' I tell you; I saw it happen!'

'I believe you,' said Professor Ashly curtly.'

Put on your dressing gown and we were going to see their principal.'

Then- Would it not be good if they finished each other off?

And- Jinger murmured in Naddalin's ear, with her soft wet breath.

~*~

Gonzales's upper lip was curling. Naddalin wondered why Hilliard was still smiling; if Gonzales had been looking at her like that he would have been running as fast as she could in their opposite direction.

Hilliard and Gonzales turned to face each other and bowed; at least, Hilliard did, with much twirling of his hands, while Gonzales jerked his head irritably. Then they raised their wands like swords in their fingers.

And- As you see, we are holding our wands in their accepted argumentative position...

And- Hilliard told their silent crowd.

And- On their count of three, we will cast our first spells. Neither of us will be aiming to kill, of course.

And- all felt the same there.

And- I would not bet on that...

And- Naddalin murmured, watching snappy.

Baring her teeth.

One - two – three, and more, all and!

~*~

Both swung their wands above their heads and pointed them at their opponent; Gonzales cried: and Expellers'!

And there was a dazzling flash of scarlet light and Hilliard was annoying off her feet: She flew backward off their stage, destroyed into their wall, and slid down it to sprawl on their floor.

~*~

Mallerie and some of their other Andreassen's cheered. Emmah was dancing on tiptoes. And- do you think she has, all right?

She squealed through her fingers.

And- Who cares?

And- said Naddalin and Jinger together too and so-o.

Hilliard was getting unsteady to her feet.

The staff, the hat had fallen off, and his wavy hair was standing on end.

Well, there you have it! And, she said, tottering back onto their platform.

And- That was a Disarming Charm - as you see, I have lost my wand - ah, thank you, Miss. Brown - yes, an excellent idea to show them that, Professor Gonzales, but if you do not mind my saying: 'so-o,' it was very understandable what you were about to do next.

If I had wanted to stop you it would have been extremely easy - though, I felt it would be educational to let them see... and... Gonzales was looking lethal.

Hilliard had noticed because she said, And-

Enough indicative of! I am going to come amid you now and put you all into pairs. Professor Gonzales if you would like to help me...

They moved through the crowd, matching up partners. Hilliard teamed Neville with Joy Santah- Sletcherrle, but Gonzales reached Naddalin and Jinger first.

And- Time to split up their dream team, I think, and she sneered.

And- Raila, you can collaborate with Finnigan.

- And-

Naddalin moved toward Emmah.

And- I do not think so-o...

Yes- and yes...

And- said snappy, smiling emotionlessly.

And- Mr. Mallerie, come over here.

Let us see what you make of their well-known-

And you, Miss. Kizziah - you can collaborate with Miss Bestrode.

- And-

Part: 3

Mallerie strutted over, smirking. Behind her walked an Andreassen girl who reminded Naddalin of a picture she had seen in Christmas with Joy-Anna. She was large and square, and her heavy jaw jutted aggressively. Emmah gave her a weak smile that she did not come back.

And- Face your partners!

And- called Hilliard, back on their platform.

And- bow!

And- Naddalin and Mallerie barely inclined their heads, not taking their eyes off each other.

And- Wands at their prepared!

And- shouted Hilliard.

And- When I count to three, cast your charms to disarm your opponents - only to disarm them - we do not want any accidents - one... two... three...

- And-

Part: 4

Naddalin swung her wand high, but Mallerie had already started on, and Two And: Her spell hit Naddalin so-o hard she felt as though she had been hit over their head with a saucepan.

She tripped, but their whole thing still was working, and degenerating no more time, Naddalin pointed her wand straight at Mallerie and shouted, And- Torelts!

And- yes, and yes...

And- I for one said- disarm only!

And- Hilliard shouted in alarm over the heads of their battling crowd.

And- as Mallerie sank to her knees; a jet of hoary light hit Mallerie in their heart, and she doubled up, breathless, and she peed, down her little young girl schoolchild uniform skirt, and she took off her undies on their spot and said o-opiee-c's.

Naddalin had hit her with a Tickling Charm, and she could barely move for pleasing giggling.

Naddalin hung back, with a vague feeling it would be unsporting to bewitch, Mallerie while she was on their floor, but this was a mistake; gasping for breath, Mallerie pointed his wand at Naddalin's knees, Hayvanna, And- Tarantallegra! And, and there next second Naddalin's legs began to jerk around out of his control in a kind of quickstep.

And- Stop! Stop!

And- screamed Hilliard, but Gonzales took charge. And, Finite Incarnate! And she shouted; Naddalin's feet stopped dancing, Mallerie stopped laughing, and they were able to look up.

A haze of jade- sh smoke was hovering over their scene.

Both Neville and Joy were lying on their floor, panting; Jinger was holding up an ashen-faced Laila, apologizing for whatever his broken wand had done; but Emmah and Millicent Bulstrode were still moving; Millicent had Emmah in a headlock

and Emmah was whimpering in pain; both their wands lay forgotten on their floor.

Naddalin leaped forward and pulled Millicent off. It was difficult: She was a lot bigger than she was.

And- Dear, dear, and said- Hilliard, skittering through their crowd, looking at the aftermath of their duels. And- Up you go,

Macmillan...

- And-

Chapter: 4

And- Careful there, Miss. Fawcett... Pinch it hard, it will stop bleeding in a second.

And- I for one think I had better teach you how to block unfriendly spells, and said Hilliard, standing flustered during their hall. she glanced at Gonzales, whose black eyes glinted, and looked quickly away. And let us have a volunteer pair – Longboart Hayvannah and Santah- Sletcherrle, how about you...

-And, this is A bad idea, Professor Hilliard.

And, yes said snapped, gliding over like a large and malevolent bat.

And- Longboart Hayvannah causes devastation with their simplest spells.

We will be sending what is left of Santa Slithered up to their hospital wing in a matchbox.

And- Neville's round, pink face went pinker.

And, how about Mallerie and-?

And said Gonzales with a twisted smile.

And- Excellent idea! And said- Hilliard, gesturing Naddalin, and Mallerie into the middle of their hall as their crowd backed away to give them room.

And Now, Naddalin, and said Hilliard. And, When Draco points his wand at you, you do this.

Similarly, she raised her wand, tried a complicated wiggling action, and dropped it. Gonzales smirked as Hilliard quickly picked it up, saying, And, Whoops- my wand is a little overexcited, moved closer to Mallerie, bent down, and whispered something in her ear.

Mallerie smirked, too. Naddalin looked up apprehensively at Hilliard and said, and- Professor, could you show me that blocking thing again?

Like- equally- Scared? Similarly, muttered Mallerie, so that Hilliard could not hear her.

And- You wish, equally said Naddalin out of the corner of her mouth.

Hilliard cuffed Naddalin merrily on their shoulder.

Also- Just do what I did, Naddalin!

- And-

Part: 1

And- what, drop my wand?

And- nonetheless, Hilliard was not listening.

And- three - two - one - go!

And- she shouted.

Mallerie raised his wand quickly and bellowed, And- Responsorial!

-And-

The end of his wand exploded; Naddalin watched, aghast, as a long black evil angel of the love of final death shot out of it, fell heavily onto their floor between them, and raised itself, ready to strike. There were screams as their crowd backed swiftly away, clearing their floor.

And- do not move, and said Gonzales lazily, enjoying their sight of Naddalin standing motionless, eye to eye with their angry banished angel of the love of final death. And- I will get rid of it...

- Similarly-

And- Allow me!

And- shouted Hilliard.

She brandished her...

The wand... at the evil angel of the love of final death and there was a loud bang!

Their fallen angel of the love of final death, instead of vanishing, flew ten feet into their air and fell back to their floor with a loud smack.

Enraged, derision furiously, it slithered straight toward Joy Santah- Sletcherrle and raised itself again, fangs exposed, poised to strike.

Naddalin was not sure what made her do it. She was not even aware of deciding to do it. All she knew was that her legs were carrying her forward as though she was on casters, and that she had shouted stupidly at their serpent, and- leave her alone, for some time!

Similarly, and yes miraculously - strangely - their banished angel of the love of final death slumped to their floor, docile as a thick, black garden hose, its eyes now on Naddalin.

Naddalin felt their fear drain out of her. She knew their evil angel of the love of final death would not attack anyone now, though how she knew it, she could not have explained.

She looked up at Joy, grinning, expecting to see Joy looking relieved, or puzzled, or even grateful - but certainly not angry and scared.

Same- What do you think you are playing at?

And- she shouted, and before Naddalin could say anything, Joy had turned and stormed out of their hall.

Gonzales stepped forward, waved her wand, and their fallen angel of the love of final death vanished in a small puff of black smoke. Gonzales, too, was unexpectedly looking at Naddalin: It was a shrewd and calculating look, and Naddalin did not like it.

She was also dimly aware of an ominous muttering all around their walls. Then she felt a tugging on the back of her robes.

And- Come on, equally said Jigger's voice in her ear. The same- move - come on...

- And-

Part: 2

Jinger steered her out of their hall, Emmah hurrying alongside them.

As they went through their doors, their people on either side drew away as though they were frightened of catching something.

Naddalin did not have a clue what was going on, and neither Jinger nor Emmah explained anything until they had dragged her all their way up to their empty Coletti common room.

Like- then Jinger pushed Naddalin into an armchair and said, And You are a parse mouth.

Why...?

Why- didn't you tell us?

-And-

'And'- I am what?

'And'- said Naddalin.

And- A Parcel- mouth!

'And'- said Jinger.

And you can talk to the banished angel of the love of final deaths!

-And- So-o...?

...?...?

And- I know and said Naddalin.

And- I mean, that is only the second time I have ever done it.

I am accidentally set a fallen angel on my cousin- Dariez at their menagerie garden once, when we were younger a- long story - but it was telling me, it had never seen Brazil, and I set it

free without meaning to that was before, I knew I was a wizard -
Equally- and, An evil angel told you it had never seen Brazil, yet
it was on Earth at one time? And Jinger repeated faintly.

And So-o...?

And- said Naddalin. And- I bet loads of people here can
do it.

-And-

And- Oh, no they cannot, and said Jinger. And- It is not a
common gift. Naddalin, this is bad.

-And-

And- What is bad...?

And- said Naddalin, starting to feel quite angry.

And- What's Jigger with everyone?

Listen, if I had not told that evil angel of the love of final
death not to attack Joy and- Oh, that is what you said to it?

-And-

And- what do you mean? You were there - you heard
me - and...

Then- I heard you speaking Reports and said- Jinger.
And- Dark Angel of the love of final death language. You could
have been saying anything - no wonder Joy, you sounded like
you were egging their evil angel of the love of final death on or
something - it was creepy, you know...

-And-

Naddalin gaped at her... (shocking moment- face... hand
up at her mouth.)

And- I spoke a different language?

But - I did not realize – nut-ha- did- I’s- of how can I’s speak a language without knowing I can speak it?

-And-

Jinger shook her head. Both her and Emmah were looking as though someone had died.

Naddalin could not see what was so terrible.

And- you want to tell me what’s Jinger, and with stopping a massive evil angel of the love of final death biting off Joy’s head?

And, she said. And what does it matter how I did it if Joy does not have to join their Headless Hunt?

-And-

And- It matters, and said Emmah, speaking at last in a hushed voice, and because being able to talk to the evil angel of the love of final deaths was what Sofie O. Andreasen was famous for. That is why their symbol of Andreasen House is a serpent.

And...?

Naddalin’s mouth felt open.

And- Exactly, And- said Jinger. And, and now their whole savannah is going to think you are his great- great- great- great-grand girl or something...

-And-

But I am not, and said Naddalin, with a terror she could not explain at all.

And- You will find that hard to prove, And- said Emmah.
And- she lived about a thousand years ago; for all we know, you could be.

-And-

Naddalin lay awake for hours that night.

Through a gap in their curtains around her four-poster, she watched snow starting to drift past their tower window and wondered...

Could she be a descendant of Sofie O. Andreassen?

She did not know anything about- her daddy's family- so that was what was said.

The Andreassen had always forbidden questions about his wizarding relatives.

Quietly, Naddalin tried to say something in Reports.

The words would not come. She had to be face- to- face with an evil angel of the love of final death to do it.

But then again, I am in Coletti, Naddalin thought.

The Sorcererring Hat would not have put me in here if I had Andreassen blood within me... and then sorcerer ring on their finger for good of that color, of the gemstone that matches. the house that I belong to for now and always in the afterlife.

Ah, said a nasty little voice in his brain, but their Sorcererring Hat wanted to put you in Andreassen, don't you remember?

Naddalin turned over, she would see Joy there next day in Angel-magical-a-ology and she would explain that she had been calling their evil angel of the love of final death off, not

egging it on, which (she thought angrily, pummeling her pillow,) any fool should have grasped.

However, that night she was thinking more about then seeing the one years- have their first Angel of Flight class, with new grown wings and bodies still nude not yet time to have whippy robes light webbed coverings, fresh red dripping blood still on them as they start to flap. The names of their make dripping from the backs as it was cut in the flesh.

Interval: 7

Learn to Fly

Chapter: 5

Lily-

I alleged getting to know her, and yes she still is the same early age she was then, that no little girl should die a virgin girl, and be lost in a home and school longing for a boy, so that night she and I snuck into a boy bedroom, that she was crushing on, back on Earth, and she had sex with him, for the first time, and he knew she was with him and the other way around, he could see her in transparency, yet feel like she was the one...

No, she can be at rest... the right thing to do right...? I thought...

She got what she wanted a boy...

And- to love her for her even in supernatural form, we still want to be loved.

I was looking over... them with wings over the bed...

She said for weeks that he drives past my old home, and school every day think about me... and looks at my graying old

timeworn' the body of Neveah;' so-o I love him... for remembering me... -and she had many c*m's with him...

Do not worry, I feel she may transfer over to a real girl the angel on Earth, when she feels, that she found the right look, body... to take over, it is just a matter of time. In his hometown... and to love him... well make this happen she only had too long for 200 or fewer years...

I am sure of it... to reincarnate... to look like one yet still be one of us...

That night she was playing and teasing with him it was so cute- he was 17, to see them c*m, whit, her on the bottom... sighing in mons with his thrusts. He knew it was more than just a dream!

(The boy)

My girl Lily- not of this world!

You are the ghost that haunts me, we do all the thing that some normal couples would do, yet I am the only one that can see her, the only one that cares about her; however, we have love and that is more than and that enough to explain the undeliverable of it all, and all that supernatural, or not, that is not going to stop us from having the ties, that bond us together, worlds apart even...

My mother thinks I have gone crazy, she sees me talking to myself, and doing then with this girl that looks wrong, I know she is there, yet she cannot get it. It does not matter all I need is her.

Part: 1

Naddalin- By next morning, however, their snow that had begun in there night had turned into a blizzard so thick that

there last Herbology lesgirl of their term was canceled: Professor Burgeon wanted to fit socks and scarves on their Mandrakes, a tricky operation she would entrust to no one else, now that it was so important for their Mandrakes to grow quickly and revive Mr.'S. Norris and Colin Creve.

Naddalin fretted about this next to their fire in their Amsel common room, while Jinger and Emmah used their time off to play a game of wizard chess, white and cobalt blue.

And, for heaven's sake, Naddalin, and said Emmah, exasperated, as one of horses and bishops, wrestled her knight off her horse and dragged her off their board, after all this was life-sized, and played dirty this game.

Everything in the game came to life all the pieces... of the game board with a flick of our wizardly wands or a point of our fallen angel fingers tips I have both.

And- find Joy if it is so important to you.

-And-

So-o, Naddalin got up and left through their aperture, wondering where Joy might be, she was going to be one the railroad today just for fun- it was a Sunday to you and me- yet even here it is taken as a day of rest and fun.

(Train Ride to Savanna anyone, the lost town at the end of the line that was shut down years back, into Rockville and the to the old cemetery- and her girlfriends all said- 'Yeah...' along with saying and- see if we can find new girls to bring back and under... with us, that are lost in their life, like us at one time said- Emma.)

And that what they did- they got a new girl- that was going to kill herself that night anyway, named: Haven... see she

had fallen, so she would not have to face high school, with meanies.

Part: 2

The castle was darker than it usually was in the daytime because of their thick, swirling gray snow at every window. Shivering, Naddalin walked past classrooms where the lesson was taken place, catching snatches of what was happening within.

Professor Ashly was shouting at someone who, by their sound of it, had turned her friend into a badger.

Resisting their urge to look, Naddalin walked on by, thinking that, Joy might be using her free time to catch up on some work, and decided to check their library first.

A group of there Silva who should have been in biology were indeed sitting at their back of their library, but they did not seem to be working. All so everything was relating to the wizardly world.

Between their long lines of high bookshelves, the books also shimmered with wonder, Naddalin could see that their heads were close together, and they were having what looked like an absorbing conversation.

She could not see whether Joy was among them or not.

She was strolling toward term when something of what they were saying met her ears, and she had to just paused to listen, hidden in their Invisibility section.

And- so-o anyway, like that girl was saying, and told Joy to hide up in our dormitory. I mean to say, if -'s marked her down as his next victim, it is best if she keeps a low profile for a while.

Of course, Joy has been waiting for something like this to happen ever since she let slip - she was nonmagical people-born. Joy told her she had been down for Ellie.

That is not the kind of thing you bandy about with Andreasen's heir on their loose, is it?

-And-

And you think it is, then, Ernie?

And said a girl with blonde pigtails anxiously.

And, Hannah, and said their stout girl solemnly, and she is a Parse mouth. Everyone knows that is their mark of a dark demon angel. Have you ever heard of a decent one who could talk to dark angels? They called Andreasen herself Serpent-tongue.

-And-

There was some heavy murmuring at this, and Ernie went on, And- Remember what was written on their wall?

Enemies of their Here, Beware. - had some sort of run-in with Filch. Next thing we know, cats attacked.

That first year, Creevey, was annoying - at their Claepsiara match, taking pictures of her while she was lying in their mud. Next thing we know - Creve's been attacked.

And- Then- she always seems so nice, though, and said Hannah indecisively, and besides, well, she is the one who made- You Know- Who disappear. She cannot be all bad, can she?

-And-

Ernie lowered her voice mysteriously, there Silva bent closer, and Naddalin edged nearer so that she could catch Ernie's words.

-And-

No one knows how she survived that attack by- You-Know-Whom.

I mean to say; she was only a baby when it happened. She should have been blasted to smithereens.

Only a powerful dark demon angel of wizardry could have endured a curse like that.

-And- she dropped her voice until it was scarcely more than a whisper, and said, and- That has why You- Know-Who wanted to kill her in their first place, don't you? I did not want another Dark Lord competing with her. I wonder what other powers' been hiding.

-And-

Naddalin could not take any more.

Part: 3

Clearing her throat loudly, she stepped out from behind their bookshelves, holding a book that was animating itself, as the pages moved by themselves.

If she had not been feeling so annoyed, she would have found their sight that greeted her funny: Every one of their Silva, looked as though they had been Petrified by their sight of her, and their colors were draining out of Ernie's face.

-And-

Hello, and said Naddalin. And- I am looking for Joy Santah- Sletcherle.

-And-

Silva's worst fears had been confirmed. They all looked fearfully at Ernie.

And- What do you want with her?

And- said Ernie in a tottering voice.

And- I wanted to tell her what happened with that evil angel at their Dueling Club and said Naddalin.

Ernie bit his white lips and then, taken a deep breath, said, And We were all there. We saw what happened.

-And-

And- then you noticed, that after I spoke to it, their dark angel-backed off? And said Naddalin.

And- All I saw, And- said Ernie stubbornly, though she was trembling as she was speaking, and was you speaking Reports and chasing their evil angel toward Joy.

-And-

And- I did not chase it at her! Naddalin said, her voice shaking with anger. And- It did not even touch her!

-And-

And- It was extremely near Miss. Smith, and said, Ernie. Besides, in case you are getting ideas, she added hastily, I might tell you that, you can trace my family back through nine generations of spectators and sorcerers, angels fallen or not, and my blood is as pure as anyone is, so-o.

Besides- I do not care what sort of blood you have! This was said by- Naddalin fiercely. Why?

Why would I want to attack Nonmagical people- borns?

And- I have heard you hate those

Nonmagical peoples, you live with and said Ernie swiftly.

And it is not possible to live with their Sleyashs and not hate them, and said Naddalin, and I would like to see you try it.

-And-

Naddalin blundered up the corridor, barely noticing where she was going, she was in such a hurry.

The result was that she walked into something ridiculously huge and solid, which knocked her backward onto their floor.

And- oh, hello, Deride, And Naddalin said, looking up.

A woolly, snow-covered balaclava entirely hid Darcie's face, but it could not be anyone else, as she felt most of the corridor in her far overcoat. A dead fowl was hanging from one of her massive, gloved hands.

And all right' de, Naddalin? And, she said, pulling up their balaclava so she could speak. And why aren't you in class?

Likewise, canceled, and said Naddalin, getting up. Beyond that, what are you doing here?

Deride held up their limp fowl.

And the second one killed this term, and she explained, why.... and it is either foxes or a Blood-Sucking Bear with fangs the size of your arms, besides- I need their Headmaster's permission to put a charm around their coop, to see why they are passing.

Part: 4

Then she peered more closely at Naddalin, and from under her thick, snow-flecked eyebrows and covered up eyelashes, and freckles on her pink, rosy cheeks.

Like, like, like- um are you, sure you are all right...?

Yah looks all hot an' bothered -and...

Naddalin could not bring herself to repeat what Ernie and the rest of their Silva had been saying about her, and it is nothing, and she spoke. Like, I had better get going, Deride, it is Transfiguration next, and I must pick up my books; plus, then, she walked off, her mind still full of what Ernie had said about her.

Moreover, Joy is being waited for something like this to happen ever since she let slip to - she was Nonmagical people-born... thus... Naddalin stamped up their stairs and turned along another corridor, which was particularly dark; their torches had been extinguished by a Jigger, icy draft that was blowing through a loose windowpane.

Consequently... she was halfway down their passage when she tripped headlong over something lying on their floor. Then she turned to squint at what she had fallen over and felt as though her belly had dissolved.

Joy- Santah- Sletcherrle was lying on their floor, rigid and cold, a look of shock frozen on his face, his eyes staring blankly at their ceiling. Hence... that was not it at all... Next to her was another figure, their strangest sight- Naddalin had ever seen.

It was Headless Saula, the girl that cut her own off, back in the 1900s, no longer pearly-white and translucent, but black and smoky, floating immobile and horizontal, six inches off their floor. She was looking at me with red eyes. We have chatted,

yet not much. Her head was semidetached in this form she was taking, and her face wore an expression of shock identical to Joy's.

Naddalin got to her feet, her breathing fast and shallow, not knowing this girl like this and not think she could change into this or that... her heart doing a like a xylophone, with the millets against her ribs. She looked up wildly and then down their deserted access strip and saw a line of spiders scuttling as fast as they could away from her young sooky body, she was looking like a rotting corpse, in this ghostly form. The only sounds were there- muffled voices of teachers from their classes on either side. She could run, and no one would ever know she had been there.

As she stood there, terrified, a door right next to her opened with a bang. Peeves their Ghost came shooting out. Nonetheless, she could not just leave them lying here... she had to get help... Would anyone have faith in her, had not had anything to do with this?

Naddalin- Only here girls would get it... she thought...

Chapter: 6

Part: 1

And, why, it is putty wee -! And, cackled peeves, knowing Naddalin's glasses askew as she bounced past her. And, What's - up to? Why's - looking -and, peeves stopped, halfway through a mid-air somersault. Upside down, she spotted Joy and semi headless Saula. She flipped the right way up, filled her lungs, and before Naddalin could stop she, screamed, And ATTACK! ATTACK!

ADDED ATTACK!

NO MORTAL OR IMPRESSION IS SAFE!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! ATTA-A-A-ACK-ing!

Smash - crash - bash- at their door after door flew open along their corridor and people flooded out.

For several long minutes, there was a scene of such confusion that Joy was in danger of being squashed and people kept standing in Headless Saula.

Naddalin found herself pinned against their wall as their teachers shouted for quiet. Professor Ashly came running, followed by her class, one of whom still had black-and-white-striped hair.

She used her wound to set off a nosey- checking bang, which restored silence, and ordered everyone back into their classes.

No like- um sooner had their scene cleared than Ernie their Unfluffy arrived, panting, on their scene.

And Caught in their act! And, Ernie yelled, her face stark white, pointing her finger dramatically at Naddalin. Besides, Fleur is not stupid, she was good enough to enter their Tizard Tournament, and said Naddalin. Named for the man that started it all back when he was a teacher here, under potions and a magical chemist.

Then, not you as well! And said Emmah bitterly.

At that point, I suppose you like their way Phlegm says 'Any,' do you? And, asked Jill scornfully.

And, no, and said Naddalin, wishing she had not spoken, And I was just saying Phlegm... I mean, Fleur... accordingly... I would much rather have Tonks in their family and said, Jill. And at least she is a laugh. Besides, she has not been much of a laugh lately and said Jinger. Henceforth, every time I have seen

her, she looks more like Moaning Myrtle. Hitherto, that is not fair, snapped Emmah; she still is not over what happened... you know... I mean, she was her cousin!

-And-

Naddalin's heart sank... They had arrived at Trius. She picked up a fork and began shoveling scrambled eggs into her mouth, hoping to deflect any invitation to join in this part of their conversation.

Furthermore, Like and Trius barely knew each other! Said Jinger, besides, Trius was in Dizeryland, just outside of the land of the castle half her life and before, that their families never- ever met... so-o like, that is not their point, and said Emmah. Besides, she thinks it was her edge... he died... her dad! And she was not going to take it... that was why she was here anyway.

And how does she work that one out? And, asked Naddalin, despite herself. And, well, she was fighting Bellatrix Estrange, wasn't she? I's think she feels that if only she had finished her off, Bellatrix could not have killed Trius.

And that is stupid and said Jinger.

And, it is a survivor's guilt, and said Emmah. And, she and I know Lapin is tried to talk her round, but she is still down. She is having trouble with her Metamorphosing!

And, with her...?

And she cannot change her appearance like she used to and explained Emmah. And think her powers must have been affected by shock, or something, did not know that could happen, and said Naddalin, nor did I, and said Emmah, but I suppose if you are depressed, their door opened again and Mr.'s.

Railie popped her head in.

Jill and she whispered, and came downstairs, and helped me with their lunch. I am toluene to this lot! And said Jill, outraged. Now...! Said, Mr.'s. Railie, and withdrew. She only wants me there, so she does not have to be alone with Phlegm!

And said, Jill, crossly. She swung her long golden hair around in a particularly good imitation of Fleur and pranced across their room with her arms held aloft like a ballet dancer.

And you lot had better come down quickly too, and she said as she left.

Naddalin took advantage of their temporary silence to eat more breakfast. Emmah was peering into Céline and Katy's boxes, though Besides Moreover then she cast sideways looks at Naddalin. Jinger, who was now helping herself to Naddalin's toast, was still gazing dreamily at their door. Also, what is this? And Emmah asked eventually, holding up what looked like a small telescope.

Neabah, and said Jinger, and but if Céline and Katy left it here, it is not ready for their joke shop yet, so be careful. And, and your mom said their shop is going well and said Naddalin.

And, Said Céline and Katy have a real flair for business.

That is an understatement and said Jinger.

And they are funeral Mass in their Galleons! I cannot wait to see their place, we have not been to Dagon Alley yet because Ma' says Dad is got to be there for extra security and she is being busy at work, but it sounds excellent, and what about Percy? And, asked Naddalin; their third eldest Railie girl kid had fallen out with the rest of their family. Also, is she toluene to your mom and dad again?

Besides, nope, and said Jinger.

Nevertheless, she knows your dad was right all along now about Waltemath being back... Then at that time, and place at that very moment, Old- McDermott says folks find it far easier to forgive others for being winger than being right and said Emmah. Besides like I um- heard her telling your mom, Jinger. As well as this all sounds like their mental thing old- McDermott would say and said Jinger.

Beyond, she is going to be giving me private ledgers this year and said Naddalin conversationally.

Jinger Hayvannah on his bit of toast and Emmah gasped.

And you kept that quiet! And said Jinger.

And, only just remembered, and said Naddalin honestly. Besides, she told me last night in your broom herd.

Then, besides, further, and also- Joannah... private ledgers with Duerre! Also- said Jinger, looking impressed. Also, she and I are my girl lover wonders why she is...?

-And-

Her voice trailed away...

Naddalin saw her and Emmah exchange looks. Naddalin laid down his knife and fork, her heart beating fast considering, that all she was doing was sitting in bed. Duerre had said to do it...

Why not now? She fixed his eyes on her fork, which was gleaming in their sunlight streaming into his lap, and said, And I do not know exactly why she is going to be giving me ledgers, but I think it must be because of their prophecy.

Part: 2

Likewise, unanimously- I kissed her that night long and slow...

Neither Jinger nor Emmah spoke. Naddalin had their impression, that both had frozen. She is and was continuing, still speaking to her fork, and yes know, there one they were trying to steal at their Ministry.

Besides... Moreover, nobody knows what it said, though, and said Emmah quickly. And it got smashed, equally, besides, and although, like their Prophet says... commenced Jinger, but then again Emmah said, Sh-h!

Equally and then their Prophet got it right, there, same said Naddalin, looking up at them both with a heroic effort: Emmah seemed frightened and Jinger amazed. And, that glass ball that smashed was not the only record of their prophecy.

I heard their whole thing in Duerre's office, she was their one their prophecy was made too, so she could tell me.

From what it said, And Naddalin took a deep breath, and it looks like I am the one who is got to finish off Waltemath... At least, it said neither of us could live while their other survives.

-Else-

The three of them gazed at one another in silence for a moment. Then there was a loud bang and Emmah vanished behind a puff of black smoke.

Similarly, Emmah! And, shouted

Naddalin and Jinger; their breakfast tray slid to their floor with a crash.

Emmah emerged, coughing, out of their smoke, clutching their telescope, and sporting a brilliantly purplish black eye.

And, she and I's, squeezed it and it... it punched me! Similarly, she did as I said, she gasped, she jumped into my arms, I held her tightly.

Besides, sure enough, they now saw a tiny fist on a long spring protruding from the end of their telescope.

Then, do not worry, similarly said Jinger, who was trying not to laugh, their same Mom will fix that, she is good at heralding minor injuries...

Similarly, and OH well, never-mind that now!

Besides said Emmah hastily. And Naddalin, oh, Naddalin...

And She sat down on their edge of her bed again, nude, and We wondered after we got back from their Ministry...

We did not want to say anything to you, but from what Lucius Mallerie said about their prophecy, how it was about you and Waltemath, well, we thought it might be something like this...

Oh, Naddalin... and her stared at her, then whispered, and are you scared?

-And-

Like- like- like um- not as much as I's was and said Naddalin. And, When I first heard it, I partially was... but now, it appears I for one always- like- like I am freaking- knew I would have to face her in their end...

-Similarly-

Part: 3

And, when we heard Duerre was collecting you in pergir- years for flying lesions, we thought she might be telling you something or showing you something to do with their prophecy and said Jinger eagerly.

Besides, and we were right, weren't we? She would not be giving you ledgers if she thought you were a goner, would not waste her freaking-frapp'n time... she must think you have a chance!

-And-

Like sh*t- that is true and said Emmah.

Besides the wonder what she will teach you, Naddalin? Advanced defensive magic... powerful counter curses... ant jinxes...

-And-

Naddalin did not listen.

A warmth was spreading through her that had nothing to do with their sunlight; a tight obstruction in her chest seemed to be dissolving.

She knew that Jinger and Emmah were more shocked than they were letting on, but their mere fact that they were still there on either side of her, speaking bracing words of comfort, not shrinking from her as though she were contaminated or dangerous, was worth more than she could ever tell them.

And evasive enchantments and concluded Emmah. And, well, at least you know one lesser you will be having this year, that is one more than Jinger and me. I wonder when our FLYING HORSES results will come. And our first flight testing- ones too,

with our wings. IT- is like- cannot be long now, it is being a month, and said Jinger.

Um, yah- ha- hang on, and said Naddalin, as another part of last night's conversation, came back to her. And Duerre said our FLYING HORSES results would be arriving today!

-Equally- ...Splendid...

Part: 4

HUM, today... today? Too shrieked Emmah. And today? But why did not you... oh my God... you should have said...

Besides...

She leaped to her feet.

Like, I am going to see whether any Flying horses with wings have come...

Besides like when Naddalin arrived downstairs ten minutes later, fully dressed and carrying her empty breakfast tray, it was to find Emmah sitting at their kitchen table in great agitation, while Mr.'s. Railie tried to lessen her resemblance to half and, here Also she had thrown their chain around her neck too.

And, Ready?

And, she said breathlessly.

And what are we doing?

And, Naddalin said, completely lost.

'I reckon it is over, yah know!' Said Deride.

Like she was still squinting towards their stadium.

'Look there are individuals are like coming' out already if yah two hurry you will be able to tier blend in with their crowd an' no one will know yah were not there!'

'Good idea,' said Naddalin.

'Well... see you later, then, deride.'

'I do not believe her,' said Emmah in a very unsteady voice, their moment they were out of earshot of Deride.' I do not believe her; I do not believe her.'

'Calm down,' said Naddalin.

'Calm down!' She said feverishly...

'A giant...! A giant in their Forest! Also, there, we are supposed to give her English books!

Assuming, unquestionably, we can get past their herd of murderous centaurs on their way in and out! I do not believe her!'

'We do not have to do anything yet!'

Naddalin tried to reassure her in a quiet voice, as they joined a stream of jabbering Silva heading back towards their castle.

She is not asking us to do anything unless she gets chucked out and that might not even happen.'

'Oh, come off it, Naddalin!' Said Emmah angrily, stopping dead in her tracks so that their people behind had to swerve to avoid her.

'Of course, she is going to be chucked out and, to be perfectly honest, after what we have just seen, who can blame Ambridge?'

~~~

Look there is the old Rockville bridge...

Haven was feeling homesick why I do not know she flies down to is and haunt, like the girl before her.

~~~

(The here and now)

There was a pause in which Naddalin glared at her, and her eyes filled with tears.

'You did not mean that,' said Naddalin quietly.

Chapter: 7

Part: 1

'No... well... all right... I did not,' she said, wiping her eyes angrily. 'But why does she have to make life so difficult for herself for us?' 'Nah...'

'Railie is our Queen, Railie is our Queen, she did not let their Quaffed in, Railie is da' queen...'

'And I wish they would stop singing that stupid girl,' said Emmah miserably, 'haven't they gloated enough?'

A great tide of students was moving up their sloping lawns from their pitch.

'Oh, let us get in before we meet there

Andreasen's,' said Emmah. 'Railie can save anything, she never-ever leaves a single ring, that is why.

Amsel's all sing: Railie is our Queen.'

'Emmah...' said Naddalin flying horses.

Part: 2

The girl was growing louder, but it was issuing not from a crowd of emerald and cream clad Andreassen's, but from a mass of alizarin and cream moving slowly towards their castle, orange with cream and then also aqua and cream, bearing a solitary figure upon its many shoulders. All the colors of our girls' teams- each with their coat of arms.

'Railie is our Queen, Railie is our Queen, her did not let their Quaffed in, Railie is our Queen...'

'No?' Said Emmah in a hushed voice.

'YES!' Said Naddalin loudly.

'NADDALIN! EMMAH!' Yelled Jinger, waving their cream Claepsiara cup in their air, quiet beside herself.

'WE DID IT! WE WON!'

They beamed up at her as she passed. There was a scrum at the door of their castle and Jinger's head got badly bumped on their lintel, but nobody seemed to want to put her down.

Still singing, their crowd squeezed itself into their Entrance Hall and out of sight.

Naddalin and Emmah watched them go, beaming until their last Hayvanna strains of 'Railie is our Queen' died away.

Then they turned to each other, their smiles fading.

'Well save our news till Hayvanna- harrow, shall we?' Said Naddalin.

'Yes, all right,' said Emmah wearily. 'I am not in any hurry.'

They climbed their steps together. At their Jigger doors both instinctively looked back at their Forbidden Forest.

Naddalin was not sure whether it was his imagination, but she thought she saw a small cloud of birds erupting into their air over their treetops in their distance, as though their tree in which they had been nesting had just been pulled up by their roots.

Jinger's euphoria at helping Amsel scrape their Claepsiara cup was such that she could not settle for anything the next day.

All she wanted to do was talk over their match, so Naddalin and Emmah found it exceedingly difficult to find an opening in which to mention Graw.

Not that either of them tried extremely hard; neither was keen to be there one to bring Jinger back to reality in quite such a brutal fashion.

As it was another fine, warm day, they persuaded her to join them in revising under their beech tree at the edge of their lake, where they had less chance of being overheard than in their common room.

Jinger was not particularly keen on this idea at first- she was thoroughly enjoying being patted on their back by every Amsel who walked past her chair, not to mention their occasional outbursts of 'Railie is our Queen...' Yet, but after a while, she agreed that some fresh air might do her good.

They spread their books out in the shade of their beech tree and sat down while Jinger talked them through her first save of their match for what felt like their dozenth time.

'Well, I mean, I had already let in that one of Daviess, so I was not feeling all that confident, but I Neabah, when Bradley

came towards me, just out of nowhere, I thought um- you can do this!

Part: 3

And I had about a second to decide which way to fly, you know, because she looked like she was aiming for there right goal hoop my right, obviously, his left but I had a funny feeling that she was fainting, and so, I took their chance and flew left her right, I mean and well you saw what happened,' she then concluded modestly, sweeping her hair back quite unnecessarily so that it looked interestingly windswept and glancing around to see whether there people nearest to them - a bunch of gossiping third year Silva - had heard her.

'And then when Chambers came to me about five minutes later...' 'What?' Jinger asked, having stopped mid-sentence at their look on Naddalin's face. 'Why are you grinning?'

'I'm not,' said Naddalin quickly, and looked down at her Transfiguration notes, trying to straighten her face.

The truth was that Jinger had just reminded Naddalin forcibly of another Amsel Claepsiara player who had once sat rumpling his hair under this very tree.' I am only glad we won, that is all.'

'Yeah,' said Jinger sullying, savoring their words,' yes, we won. Did you see their look on Changes face when Jill got there Snitch right out from under her nose?'

'I suppose she cried, did she?' Said Naddalin bitterly.

'Well, yes more out of temper than anything, though...' Jinger frowned slightly. 'But you saw her chuck her broom away when she got back to their ground, didn't you?'

'Err,' said Naddalin.

'Well, ... no, Jinger,' said Emmah with a heavy sigh, putting down her book and Pa. at her apologetically.' There only a bit of their match Naddalin and I saw was Davies's first goal.'

Jinger's carefully ruffled hair seemed to wilt with disappointment. 'You did not watch?' She said faintly, Pa. from one to three other.

'You did not see me make any of those saves?' 'Well, no,' said Emmah, stretching out a placatory hand towards her. 'Nonetheless Jinger, we did not want to leave - we had to!' 'Yeah?' said Jinger, whose face was growing enflamed. 'How come...?'

'It was Deride,' said Naddalin. She decided to tell us why she has been covered in injuries ever since she got back from their giants. She wanted us to go into their Forest with her, we had no choice, you know how she gets, anyway...'

The story was told in five minutes, by the end of which Jinger's indignation had been replaced by a look of total incredulity.

'She brought one back and hid it in their Forest?'

'Yes,' said Naddalin appallingly.

'No,' said Jinger, as though by saying this she could make it untrue.' No, she cannot have.'

'Well, she has,' said Emmah definitely.'

Grasps about sixteen feet tall, enjoys ripping up twenty-foot pine trees, and knows me,' she snorted,' as she...'

Jinger gave a nervous laugh.

'And Deride wants us to...?'

Teach her English, yes,' said Naddalin.

'She's lost her mind,' said Jinger in an almost awed voice.

Part: 4

'OH-Yes,' said Emmah irritably, turning a page of Intermediate Transfiguration and glaring at a series of diagrams showing some Flying horses turning into a pair of opera glasses.

'Yes, yes, yes- I am starting to think she has. But unfortunately, she made Naddalin and my promise.'

'Well, you are just going to have to break your promise, that is all,' said Jinger firmly. 'I mean, come on... we have exams and where about that far' she then held up her hand to show thumb and forefinger almost touching...' from being chuckled out as it is. And anyway... remember- Norrah?

Remember Aragon? Have we ever come off better for mixing with any of Derides monster mates?'

'I know, it is just that we promised,' said Emmah in a small voice.

Jinger smoothed his hair flat again, seemingly-preoccupied.

'Well,' the sides, 'Deride has not been sacked yet, has she? Her hang on this long, she will hang on until the end of their term and we will not have to go near Graw at all.'

Their castle grounds were gleaming in their sunlight as though freshly painted; their cloudless sky smiled at itself in their smoothly sparkling lake; their satin green lawns rippled occasionally in a gentle breeze. June had arrived, but in their fifth year, this meant only one thing: their flying horses with wings whereupon term at last.

Their teachers were no longer setting term homework; ledgers were devoted to revising those topics their teachers thought most likely to come up in their exams.

Their purposeful, feverish atmosphere drove everything but their Flying horses with wings from Naddalin's mind, though she did wonder occasionally during Potion's ledgers whether Sevket had ever told Gonzales that she must continue giving Naddalin Occlumency tuition. If she had, then Gonzales had ignored Sevket as thoroughly as she was now ignoring Naddalin.

This suited Naddalin is overly sweet. well; she was quite busy and tense enough without extra classes with snaps,' and to her relief, Emmah was much too preoccupied these days to badger her about Occlumency; she was spending a lot of time muttering to herself and had not laid out any elf clothes for days.

He was not their only pergirl acting oddly as their Flying horses with wings drew steadily nearer. Ernie Macmillan had developed an irritating habit of interrogating people about their revision practices.

'How many hours you think you are doing a day?' So-o she demanded of Naddalin and Jinger as they queued outside Herbology, a manic gleam in her eyes.

'Nah,' said Jinger. 'A few...'

'Then eight?'

'Less, I's-pose,' said Jinger, slightly alarmed.

'I'm doing eight,' said Ernie, puffing out her chest.

'Eight or nine. I get an hour before breakfast every day. Eights my average. I can do ten on a good weekend day. I did

nine and a half on Monday. Not so good on Tuesday, only seven and a quarter. Then on Wednesday...'

Naddalin was deeply thankful that Professor Burgeon seed term into greenhouse three at that point, forcing Ernie to abandon his recital.

Meanwhile, Draco Mallerie had found a unique way to induce terror.

'Of course, it is not what you know,' she was heard to tell Crabbe and Gayle loudly outside Potions a few days before their exams were to start,' it is who you know. Now,

Daddy is being friendly with their head of their-Wizarding Examinations Authority for years - old Annette Valdez banks we have had her round for dinner and everything...'

'Do you think that is true?' Emmah whispered in alarm to Naddalin and Jinger.

'Nothing we can do about it if it is,' said Jinger gloomily.

Naddalin-'I's do not think it is true,' said.

Neville quietly from behind them.' Because Annette Valdez Rows is a friend of my grants, and she is never-ever mentioned there Malleries.'

'What is she like, Neville?' asked Emmah at once.' Is she strict...?'

Part: 5

'Well, she has,' said Emmah firmly.' Grasps about sixteen feet tall, enjoys ripping up twenty-foot pine trees, and knows me,' she snorted,' as Emmah.' Jinger gave a nervous laugh...

'Then deride wants us to...?'

‘Teach her English, yes,’ said Naddalin.

‘She’s lost his mind,’ said Jinger in an almost awed voice.

‘Yes,’ said Emmah irritably, turning a page of Intermediate Transfiguration, and glaring at a series of diagrams showing a flying angel like me, and she is turning into a pair of performance glasses.’ Yes, I am starting to think she has. But unfortunately, she made

Naddalin and I promise.’

‘Well, you are just going to have to break your promise, that is all,’ said Jinger firmly.’ I mean, come on... we have exams and were about that far...’ She held up his hand to show thumb and forefinger almost touching’ from being chuckled out as it is.

And anyway... remember Norrah?

Remember Samorah?

Have we ever come off better for mixing with any of derides monster mates?’

‘I’s know, it is just that we promised,’ said Emmah in a small voice.

Jinger smoothed his hair flat again, going from one world into another- into and over many lands, seaming yet again preoccupied.

‘Well,’ she side,’ Deride has not been sacked yet, has she? She is hung on this long; she will hang on till there end of term and we will not have to go near Graw at all.’

The castle grounds were gleaming in their sunbeams as though freshly painted; the cloudless sky beamed at itself in

their effortlessly sparkling lake; their satin green lush lawns rippled sporadically in a gentle breeze.

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She was not there, only particularly acting oddly as their flying horses with wings drew steadily nearer. Ernie Macmillan had developed an irritating habit of interrogating folks about their revision practices.

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'I- neither' said Jinger.' A few times.'

'Then eight?'

'Less, I'm s-pose,' said Jinger, slightly more alarmed.

'I'm doing all right,' said Ernie, puffing out her chest.
Eight or nine, I get an hour before breakfast every day.

Eights my average, I can do ten on a good weekend day.

I did nine and a half on Monday. Not so good on Tuesday only seven and a quarter; then on Wednesday Naddalin was deeply thankful that Professor Burgeon seeds them into orangery three at that point, forcing Ernie to abandon his recital.

Meanwhile, Drallieah Mallerie had found a unique way to induce terror.

'Of course, it is not what you know,' she was heard- to tell Carllah and Sayale loudly outside Potions a few days before their exams where to start,' it is who you know. Now, Daddy is being friendly with their head of their wizarding from dream angels, too dark ones, too angle of death, to demon angels-examinations authorities for years old Annette Valdez Rows, um like we have had her round for dinner and, everything...'

'Do you think that is so-o?' Emmah then whispered in alarm to Naddalin and Jinger.

Nothing we can do about it if it is,' said Jinger gloomily.

'I do not think it is true,' said Neville quietly from behind them.' Because Annette Valdez Rows is a friend of my grants, and she is never mentioned there Malleries.' 'What is she like,

Neville?' asked Emmah at once.' Is she strict...?'

'Bit like Nanna, really,' said Neville in an unresponsive voice.

‘Knowing she will not hurt your chances, though, will it?’ Jinger told her hearteningly. ‘Oh, I do not think it will make any difference,’ said Neville, still more dejectedly.

‘Nanas always telling Professor Valdez Rows, I am not as good as my dad... well... you saw what she is like at St. Songoalz’s, Neville looked fixedly at their floor. Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah glanced at each other but did not know what to say.

Part: 6

It was there first-time Neville had to attract flying horses edged that they had met at their wizarding hospital.

Meanwhile, a flourishing black-market trade in aids to concentration, mental agility, and wakefulness had sprung up among their fifth and seventh years.

(Back)

Naddalin and Jinger were much tempted by their bottle of Baurioids Brain Elixir offered to them by Raven claw the sixth year Ellieah Carmichael, who swore it was solely responsible for their nine’ Outstanding’ Flying horses with wings her had gained there earlier summer and was offering a whole pint for a mere twelve Galleons.

Jinger assured Naddalin she would reimburse her for his half there moment her left SKOUFYCEOL and got a job, but before they could close their deal, Emmah had confiscated their bottle from Carmichael and poured their contents down a toilet.

‘Emmah, we wanted to buy that!’ Shouted Jinger.

‘Don’t be stupid,’ she snarled at me like a girly dog in heat. ‘You might as well take Hanna Dingle’s powdered dark angels to claw and have done with it.’

'Dingles got powdered dark angels' claw?' said Jinger eagerly.

'Not anymore,' said Emmah. 'I am confiscated that, too. None of these things work, you know.'

'Dark Angels' claw does work!' Said Jinger. It is supposed to be incredible, really gives your brain a boost, you come over all cunning for a few hours Emmah, let me have a pinch, go on, it cannot hurt 'This stuff can,' said Emmah grimly. 'I've had a look at it, and it is dried Doxy droppings.'

This information took their edge off Naddalin and Jigger's desire for brain stimulants.

They received their examination timetables and details of their procedure for Flying horses with wings during their next Transfiguration lesson.

'As you can see,' Professor Ashly told their class as they copied down their dates and times of their exams from their blackboard,' you are Flying horses with wings are spread over two successive weeks. You will sit their theory papers in their mornings, and their repetition in their afternoons. Your practical Stingray examination will, of course, take place at night.

'Now, I must warn you that their most stringent anti-hating charms have been as applied to your examination papers.

Auto Answering Typewriters, along with crammed notes books are banned from their examination hall, as are remember-rings, metal-nibbed pre-teen wing-feather pens-with hexes, and fairy-correcting wing ink that is invisible on less charmed on the paper by the user.

Every year, I am afraid to say, seems to the harbor at least one student who thinks that she or she can get around their Wizarding Examinations Authority's rules.

I can only hope that it is nobody in Amsel.

Our new Headmistress' Professor Ashly inference their word with their same look on her face that Aunt Jennath had whenever she was contemplating a particularly stubborn bit of dirt...

'Has asked their Heralds of House to tell their schoolchildren, that cheating will be punished most severely, because, of course, your examination results will reflect upon there

Headmistress's new regime at their Hayvannah.'

Professor Ashly gave a tiny sigh; Naddalin saw the nostrils of her sharp nose flare.

Part: 7

'Like however, that is no regard to do your absolute best. You have your futures to think about.'

'Please, Professor,' said Emmah, her hand in their air, 'when will we find out our results?'

A flying horse will be sent to you sometime in July-' said Professor Ashly.

'Excellent,' said Lacy Thomas in an audible whisper, 'so-o we do not have to worry about it until the day's off.'

(Feelings)

Naddalin she imagined sitting in his bedroom in Privet Drive in six weeks...' time, waiting for her FLYING HORSES results.

Well, her thought uninterestingly, at least she would be sure of one bit of post that summer.

Their first examination, Theory of Charms, was scheduled for Monday morning.

I- Naddalin thought about this: charm-ed lives she thought... the only one like me I know of had that- and even then, she had hell to pay... to her.

Naddalin agreed to test Emmah after lunch on Sunday but regretted it at once; she was very agitated and kept snatching their book back from her to check that she had gotten there answer completely right, finally hitting her hard on their nose with their sharp edge of accomplishments in charming.

‘Why don’t you just do it yourself?’ She said firmly, handing their book back to her, his eyes watering.

Meanwhile, Jinger was reading two years’ worth of Charms notes with his fingers in his ears, his lips moving soundlessly; Laila Finnigan was lying flat on his back on their floor, reciting their definition of a Substantive Charm while Lacy checked it against ‘The Standard Book of Spells,’ Grade 5; and Parvati and Lavender, who were practicing basic Locomotion Charms, were making their pencil cases race each other around the edge of their table.

Part: 8

Dinner was a subdued affair that night.

Naddalin and Jinger did not talk much, but ate with gusto, having studied hard all day.

Emmah, on their other hand, kept putting down her knife and fork and diving under their table for her bag, from which she would seize a book to check some fact or figure.

Jinger was just telling her that she ought to eat a decent meal, or she would not sleep that night when her fork slid from her limp fingers and landed with a loud tinkle on her plate.

‘Oh, my goodness,’ she said faintly, staring into their Entrance Hall. ‘Is that them? Is that their examiners?’

Naddalin and Jinger whipped around on their bench. Through their doors to their Great Hall, they could see Ambridge standing with a small group of ancient Pa. watchers and wizards and fallen girl angels like them.

Ambridge, Naddalin was pleased to see, looked nervous. Shall we have a closer look?’ Said Jinger.

Naddalin and Emmah nodded, and they hastened towards their double doors into their Entrance Hall, slowing down as they stepped over their threshold to walk sedately past their assessors.

Naddalin thought Professor Valdez Rows must be their tiny, stooped witch with a face so lined it looked as though it had been draped in cobwebs; Ambridge was sequin to her deferentially.

Professor Valdez Rows seemed to be a little deaf; she was answering Professor Ambridge very loudly considering they were only a foot apart.

‘Journey was fine, the journey was fine, we have made it plenty of times before!’ She said- intolerantly... ‘Now, I have not heard from Duerre lately!’ she added, gazing around their Hall as though hoping she might suddenly emerge from a broom cupboard. ‘No idea where she is, I’s suppose?’

Part: 9

‘None at all,’ said Ambridge, shooting a malevolent look at Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah, who were now dawdling around their foot of their stairs as Jinger pretended to do up his shoelace. ‘Nevertheless, I’s daresay their Ministry of Magic will track her down soon enough.’

‘I’m so-o, doubt it,’ shouted tiny Professor Valdez Rows, ‘not if Duerre does not want to be found!’

I’s should know... examined her partially in Transfiguration and Charms when she did Newts... did things with a wand I had never seen before.’

‘Yes... well...’ said Professor Ambridge as Naddalin, Jinger and Emmah dragged their feet up their marble staircase as flying horses as they dared.

‘Um- let me show you to their staff room.’

‘I daresay you would like a cup of tea after your journey.’

It was an uncomfortable sort of evening.

Everyone was trying to do some last-minute revising, but nobody was going extremely far.

Naddalin went to bed early but then lay awake for what felt like hours.

She remembered her career consultation and Ashly's furious declaration, and that she would help her become an Aurora if it were the last thing she did.

And- she wished she had expressed a more achievable ambition now that exam time was here.

She knew she was not their only one lying awake, but then again, like none of the others in their dormitory spoke, and finally, one by one, they fell asleep.

None of their fifth years talked very much at breakfast the next day, either: Parvati was practicing incantations under her breath while their salt cellar in Jigger of her twitched.

Emmah was rereading Achievements in Charming so fast that her eyes appeared blurred, and Neville kept dropping his knife and fork and conquer over their marmalade.

Emmah turned their hourglass over three times.

Their dark ward dissolved. Naddalin had their sensation that she was flying amazingly fast, backward. A blur of colors and shapes ruler past her, his ears were pounding, she tried to yell but could not hear his voice – I hear voices...

And then she felt solid ground beneath his feet, and everything came into focus again – AND - she was standing next to Emmah in their deserted entrance hall and a stream of golden sunlight was falling across their paved floor from their open Jigger doors. She looked wildly around at Emmah, the chain of their hourglass cutting into his neck.

And, what?

And...

And here! Also... Emmah seized, Naddalin's arm and dragged her across their hall to their door of a broom closet; she opened it, pushed her inside among their Beccaets and mops, then slammed their door behind them.

Beyond all that crap, what and the- how - Emmah, what happened?

-Besides-

Likewise, we have gone back in time,

And Emmah whispered, lifting their chain off Naddalin's neck in their darkness. And three hours back...

-Besides-

Part: 10

Naddalin-'I enjoy giving oral to all my girlfriends!'

Anyways back to the story-

I remember when-

Naddalin found her leg and gave it an extremely hard pinch. It hurt a lot, which seemed to rule out their possibility that she was having a very bizarre dream.

Also, Listen!

Someone is coming! I think I do think it is – I-I think it might be us! And Emmah had her ear pressed against their cupboard door.

And Footsteps across their hall... yes, it is us going down to Dargide's!

And...

And are you telling me, and Naddalin thought, and that we are here in this cupboard, and we are out there too?

Besides, and yes, and said Emmah, her ear still glued to their storeroom door. And I am sure it is us. It does not sound like more than three people... and we are Wal queen flying horses because we are under their Invisibility Robe – and...

She broke off, still listening fixedly.

And, we have gone down their finger steps...

And...

Emmah sat down on an overturned Beccaet, Pa. desperately anxious, but Naddalin wanted a few questions answered.

And where did you get that hourglass thing?

-And-

And, it is called a Time-Turner, And Emmah whispered, And I got it from Professor Ashly on our first day back.

I have been using it all year to get to all my instructions. Professor Ashly made me swear I would not tell anyone.

She had to write all sorts of literature to their Ministry of Magic so I could have one.

She had to tell them that I was a model student and that I would never, ever use it for anything except my studies... I have been turning it back, so I could do hours over again, that is how I have been doing several lessons at once, see?

But... and Naddalin, I do not understand what Duerre wants us to do. Why did she tell us to go back for three hours? How is that going to help

Trius? And Naddalin stared at her shadowy face.

And there must be something that happened around now she wants us to change, and she said flying horses. And, what ensued? We were Wal queen down to Darcie's three hours ago, And, this is three hours ago, and we are Wal queen down to Darcie's and said Emmah. And we just heard ourselves leaving... And Naddalin frowned; she felt as though she were screwing up the whole brain in concentration.

And Duerre just said - just said we could save more than one innocent life...And then it hit her. And we are going to save Becca beak!

And so-o!

And, but - how will that help Trius?

-Similarly-

And Duerre said - she just told us where their window is - their window of Flitwick's office!

Where they have, Trius locked up! We must fly Becca beak up to their window and rescue Trius! Trius can escape on Becca beak - they can escape together!

-Equally-

From what Naddalin could see of Emma's face, she looked terrified.

And, if we manage that without being seen, it will be a miracle! Equally...

And, well, we must try, haven't we? And said Naddalin. She stood up and pressed his ear in contradiction to their door. And does not sound like anyone is there... Come on, let us go. And Naddalin pushed open their closet door. Their entrance hall was deserted. As quietly and quickly as they could, they darted out of their closet and down their 'the body of Neveah' steps.

Their glooms were already lengthening, the tops of their trees in the Forbidden Forest gilded once more with gold.

~*~

And, if anyone is peeping out of their window -and Emmah squeaked- up at their castle behind them.

See we all go back to Earth whenever we want living dibble lives... angels on Earth... and showing is true colors here... my girls are all from parts of Pennsylvania... odd, yet we did get homesick, of the old town and old bodies, that we once had and life within. until you have an outer body expression you and we do not get have I mean here.' I always thought that I would be stuck with me all my life- nope I in the body of girls on Earth, into them- and as me too... as a supercritical body.

Besides, we will run for it, and said Naddalin unwaveringly. Also, straight into their forest, all right? We must hide behind a tree or something and keep a lookout...

-And-

And, okay, but we will go around by their greenhouses!' said Emmah breathlessly. And we need to keep out of sight of Darcie's Jigger door, or we will see each other! We must be at Darcie's by now!

-And-

Still torquing out what she meant, Naddalin set off at a sprint, Emmah behind her.

Theory tore across their vegetable gardens to their greenhouses, paused for a moment behind them, then set off again, fast as they could, skirting around their Whopping Willow, tearing toward the shelter of their forest...

Safe in the obscurities of their trees, Naddalin turned around; seconds later, Emmah arrived beside her, panting.

And, right, and she gasped. And we need to sneak over to Darcie's... Keep out of sight,

Naddalin...

-And-

The theory made their way silently through their trees, keeping to the very edge of their forest. Then, as they glimpsed their Jigger of Darcie's home, they heard a knock upon his door.

Theory moved quickly behind a wide oak trunk and peered out from either side. Deride had appeared in his doorway, with a dark wing out, Pa. around to see who had knocked.

Besides Naddalin heard her voice.

Besides, it is us. We are wearing their Invisibility Robe. Let us in and we can take it off. And... I take off flying around the land with my fallen dark wings spread to swore... And should have come! And deride supposed. She stood back, then shut their door quickly. Also, some matter, this is their weirdest thing we have ever done, And Naddalin said fervently. And let us move along a bit, And Emmah whispered. And we need to get nearer to Becca beak!

-Equally-

Chapter: 8

Part: 1

(Remembering- days like these)

Theory crept through their trees until they saw their nervous Ashlynn, tethered to their fence around Darcie's pumpkin patch.

And now?

At once, Naddalin whispered.

Besides, not at all! And said Emmah.

Besides, if we steal her now, those committee individuals will think Deride set her free! We must wait until they have seen she is tied outside!

Besides, some?

And that is going to give us about sixty seconds and said Naddalin. This was starting to seem unbearable.

At that moment, there was a crash of China from inside Darcie's cabin.

And That's Deride Brea queen their milk jug, And Emmah whispered. And I am going to find Stabbers in a moment.

-Besides-

~*~

Haven- 'You know the good thing about digging your own grave, at the graveyard of a young teen she-boy? You always make it just the right size, and still have the strength to do is you cry like a girl yet shovel like a man.' Her eyes were large and very clear- and very blue now she had come over- yet want to be dark, like us instead, she came over to the dark side, even if she was excepted as she was... it was on her.

There are two types of individuals in the world- to me, and the girls that are telling yet another chapter of their life... some matter to the story and those who do not. My whole life, my ma was the only person I felt comfortable talking to- even after she passed- I was it- now I did it to her too and those two are it and lost without me- yet I thought I was a pain in the butt.'

'Why is that? 'I think,' the girls even said, everybody needs that one person, you know? The one person they can talk

to and be not having it... so-o. Gee- my old love once told me to tell him all the songs that make me cry.

Staind- 'Something to Remind You' I say goodbye- to this chapter of my ever-changing life.

And there are mistakes...

The path is long, and I am sure I will answer them when I am gone. So, when the day comes, the sun will not touch my face.

Tell the ones who cared enough that I finally left this place that has been so cold, look at my face, All the stories it will tell I cannot erase.

The road is long, yet just one more song, a little something to remind you when I am gone... when I am gone-

The road to hell, along the way- is paved with good intentions so they say, and some believe, that no good deed, that goes unpunished in the end or so it seems, and so when the day comes, and the sun won't touch my face, tell the ones who cared enough, that I have finally left this place; that's been so cold Look at my face, all the stories it will tell I can't erase, the road is long, Just one more song, a little something to remind you when I'm gone; when I'm gone.

So-o, this is it, I say goodbye, to this chapter of my ever-changing life, and there are mistakes, the path was long, and I am sure I will answer for them when I am gone, When I am gone.

You were the ones, I thought about- this can remind you.

Why- I did not know- yet, he and she, wanted to know my favorite books, favorite movies, if my heart were ever

broken and by whom- that one I could give now, and it was him and then her... they said, 'I want to know everything that makes you-you- well now you know- nothing- there not anything left, and nothing there... just this to remind you...

Part: 2

Anyhow- sure enough, a few minutes later, they heard Emma's shriek of surprise.

And Emmah, and said Naddalin suddenly, and what if we just run in there and grab Jettigrew...

-And-

And no! And said Emmah in a terrified whisper. And do you not understand? We are Brea queen one of their most important wizarding laws! Nobody is supposed to change time, nobody!

You heard Duerre if we are seen...

-And-

So-o-

And we would only be seen by ourselves and deride!

Besides, ... Naddalin, what do you think you would do if you saw yourself bursting into Darcie's house? And said Emmah. I would - I would think I had gone mad, and said Naddalin, And or I would think some Dark Magic was going on.

-And-

Exactly! You would not understand; you might even attack yourself! Don't you see it? Professor Ashly told me what awful things have happened when wizards have meddled with time... Loads of them ended up killing their past or future selves by mistake!

Additionally- Okay! Said Naddalin. And, it was just an idea, I just thought...

-Besides-

Like us all- we have a tough time keeping my hands off you without that, additional extra.

Part: 3

Naddalin- I nibbled my lower lip, and if you could see into my past just by touching her, I would have a tough time resisting the temptation too. Yet that was all it took... one touch. We all of us girl was not searching for sanctity, sacredness, purity; these things are found after this life, not in this life; but in this life, I, we, and they too- search to be completely human, and feel less than so-o to feel, to give, to take, to laugh, to get lost, to be found, to dance, to love and to lust, to be so human, that is we did not need to be.

But Emmah nudged her and pointed toward their castle. Naddalin moved her head a few inches to get a clear view of their distant finger doors. Duerre, Harlan, their old Board member, and Nunez their executioner were coming down their steps. Folks wait around too long for love. Yet I like my girls. We are happy with all my lusts, wrong or not! And we are about to come out!

And, Emmah breathed, so what?

And sure enough, moments later, Darcie's back door opened, and Naddalin saw herself, Jinger, and Emmah Wal queen out of it with Deride. It was, without a doubt, their strangest sensation of his life, standing behind their tree, and watching herself in their pumpkin patch.

I do not know why folks are afraid of lust like me with a girl. I can imagine that they are very afraid of me- and the girls

that are like me, for I have a great lust for everything, like her. A lust for life, a lust for how the summer heated street feels beneath my feet, a lust for the touch of another is the skin on my skin... a lust for everything- yet most of her- or even him every- now and then. I even lust after things that I can have like a spell. Yes, I am very lusty and very dark... yet am I? I remember- loving boys when- I was down there, as a whole girl not as half and half... said, Emma.

I looked at her and she smiled. Her pale lips sought hers, crushing her into a kiss like dying. She tasted sweetness there, as though he still kissed her with honey and sugar on his tongue. When he pulled away, her eyes excelled. I have a thing for her- and she- with me...

As I said, magic comes from life, and especially from emotions. They are a source of the same imperceptible energy that everyone... I, we, we can feel when an autumn moon rises... and gravity fall. Fly high or not at all... and fills us with a sudden sense of deep enthusiasm.

And when- like the first warm, breeze gusts of spring rushes past your face...

A time and a place... like full of the aromata of life...

It also drowns you in a sudden flood of unreasoning delight, enjoyment, and pleasure.

The passion of mighty music, that brings tears to your eyes, and the raw fizzy, infectious laughter of small children at play, the bellowing power of an arena full of football fans shouting 'Hey!' in time to that damned song- they are all charged with magic, yet I have more than that to feed my lust for this need. 'My magic comes from the same places, deep down within you and me- her and she- too.'

Maybe- Just maybe- from darker places than that-
maybe...? (I thought...)

Fear is an emotion, besides...

So is anger... if you want it too...

So is lust... magical...

Lust- is madness...

Madness is magic...

~*~

Naddalin- us all- would say this... all that have fallen-
dark or even light...

I am not a particularly good person, I know this, but I
am not going to be up for canonization either; so, stop with
those accusations.

Though in the past, I was a better person... even if some
say not... than I am today.

Should or should I not be happy... what do you say?

In the past... that haunts us with the spell...

I had seen so many people hurt and killed and
terrorized by the same kind of power that I love- used for hate,
that damn well should have been making the world a nicer
place...

No... that is not how I saw it- neither did they that fall
with me.

Or at the least staying it- the abyss away from it is
better... that what I thought of them.

Abyss is not as bad as the netherworld here... that is the wizard- falling angel world is where I like to be.

I had not made so many mistakes back then and now too, so many shortsighted decisions, some of which had cost people their lives... and mine too

I had been sure of myself. I had been whole.'

Part: 4

(Story)

Naddalin- And, it is okay, Beaky, it is okay... to feel this way she said to her... then she turned to Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah. And go on... Get going, we will tell them what happened.

And they cannot kill her... they cannot... And go! It is bad enough without you a lot of trouble n' all! Naddalin watched their Emmah in their pumpkin patch throw their Invisibility Robe over her and Jinger. Go quick. Deanah listens... There was a knock-on Darcie's finger door. Their execution party had arrived. Deride turned around and headed back into his cabin, leaving their back door ajar.

Naddalin watched their grass flatten in pitchers all around their cabin and heard three pairs of feet retreating. She, Jinger, and Emmah had gone... but their Naddalin and Emmah hidden in their trees could now hear what was happening inside their cabin through their back door. And where is their beast? It was it came to the cold voice of Nunez.

And Out - outside and deride croaked.

Naddalin pulled his head out of sight as Nunez's face appeared at Darcie's window, staring out at Becca's beak. Then they heard Harlan.

And We - err - must read you their official notice of execution, Deride.

I will make it quick... And then you and Nunez need to sign it. Nunez, you are supposed to listen too, that is the procedure- And Nunez's face vanished from their window. It was now or never.

And...

Wait here, And Naddalin whispered to Emmah. And I will do it.

And, As Harlan's voice started again,

Naddalin darted out from behind his tree, vaulted their fence into their pumpkin patch, and approached Becca beak.

And it is their decision of their Committee for their Disposal of Dangerous Creatures that their Ashlynn for the house of the flying horses, in colors- Gray and Red, Becca in beak, hereafter called they are condemned, shall she be executed on their seventh of June at sundown and Careful not to blink, Naddalin stared up into Becca beak's fierce auburn eyes once more and bowed. Becca beak sank to his scaly knees and then stood up again.

Naddalin began to fumble with their knot of rope tying Becca beak to their fence.

'The fear of death shadows-follows from the fear of life...' (thought) and, sentenced to execution by beheading, to be carried out by their committee's chosen assassin, Walden Nunez ...

And come on Becca beak, and Naddalin whispered, and come on, we are going to help you.

Quietly... quietly... And as saw below.

Deride, you sign here...

~*~

Do not be afraid of your fears... I thought... Why? They are not there to scare you.

Like- They're there to let you know that something- or anything- all things- are worth going for.

~*~

Naddalin threw all her weight onto their rope, but Becca beak had dug in her Jigger feet.

Well, let us get this over with, and said their reedy voice of their committee member from inside Darcie's cabin. Élite, it will be better if you stay inside.

No, I - I want' tier be with her... I Deanah 'wan' her tier be alone -And... U- NO.

Footsteps heavenized from within their cabin.

Also... Becca beak, move! And Naddalin hissed.

Naddalin tugged harder on their rope around Becca's beak's neck. There Ashlynn began to walk, rustling its wings impatiently. A theory was still ten feet away from their forest, in plain view of Darcie's back door. Then, one moment, please, Nunez and Duerre's voice came.

And you need to sign too. And their footsteps stopped. Naddalin heaved on their rope. Becca beak snapped his beak and walked a little faster.

Emma's white face was stoutening out from behind a tree.

And Naddalin, hurry! And she mouthed.

Naddalin could still hear Duerre's singing toluene from within their cabin. she gave their rope another wrench. Becca beak broke into a grudging canter. The theory had reached their trees...

Cowards- like me, die many times before their deaths, it was what we had to see before final death; The valiant never- ever sensitivity of death but once. Of all the phenomena that I's, yet have caught, um like-It seems to me most bizarre that young girls like me- like you- should fear; seeing that death, a necessary end, will come when it will arise.'

Part: 5

And primarily, watch with brilliant eyes, the entire world around you, because the greatest mysteries are always hidden in the most unlikely places. Those who do not believe in magic will never find it. That was what I thought in my room under the steps.

(Story)

Quick!

Quick!

And, Emmah moaned, darting out from behind her tree, seizing their rope too and adding her weight to make Becca beak move faster. Naddalin looked over his shoulder; they were now blocked from sight; they could not see Darcie's Garden at all.

Stop...!

She whispered to Emmah.

And they might hear us.

-And-

Darcie's back door had opened with a bang. Naddalin, Emmah, and Becca beak stood quite still; even their Ashlynn was listening intently.

Then... Silence...

And where is it? And said the reedy voice of their committee member.

And where is there a beast?

-And-

And it was tied here! And said their executioner furiously. And saw it! Just here!

-And-

And, how extraordinary, and said Duerre.

There was a note of amusement in his voice.

And, Beaky! And said Deride huskily.

There was a swishing noise and the thud of an axe.

Their assassin seemed to have swung it into their fence in anger.

And then came their flying horses, and this time they could hear Darcie's words through her sobs.

Gone!

Gone!

Bless his little beak, she is gone! Must pull herself free! Beaky, yet clever little girl!

-And-

Becca beak started to strain against their rope, trying to get back to Deride. Naddalin and Emmah tightened their grip and dug their heels into their forest floor to stop her.

Equally, someone untied her! And their killer was snarling. And we should search for their grounds, their forest.

-And-

And, Nunez, if Becca beak has undeniably been stolen, do you think their thief will have led her away on foot? And said Duerre, still sounding amused. And search their skies, if you will... Deride, I could do with a cup of tea.

Otherwise, a large brandy.

And...

And so- o like of course, Professor, and said Deride, who sounded weak with happiness.

-And-

Come in, come in...

Also...

Naddalin and Emmah listened closely.

Theory heard footsteps, their soft cursing of their executioner, their snap of their door, and then silence once more.

And, now what? whispered Naddalin around the minds of the others and within.

And we must hide in here and said Emmah, who looked very shaken. And we need to wait until they have gone back to their castle. Then we wait until it is safe to fly Becca beak up to Trius's window.

She will not be there for another couple of hours... Oh, this is going to be difficult... She looked nervously over her shoulder into the depths of their forest. The sun was setting now...

We are going to have to move, and said Naddalin, thinking hard.

I always thought that growing up year be filled with magic, and dreams and good madness.

I hope you read some fine books and kiss someone who thinks you are wonderful and falling as I did is what did that for me.

#- (Falling to you- too!)

I kissed her and liked it- s-sh-h!

(Only you need to know that...)

Part: 6

Naddalin-

I feel- I think you should date a girl who speaks to you and reads a- lot and knows a- lot of things. Date a girl who reads and can think and even write. Date a girl who spends her money on books, instead of clothes, who has difficulties with closet space, because she has too many books, get a girl that is a bookworm- and is smart.

Date a girl who has a list of books she wants to read, who has had a library card since she was 10 or so-o.

Find a girl who reads...

You will know that she does because she will always have an unread book in her handbag.

She is the one lovingly looking over the shelves in the bookstore.

The one who quietly cries out when she has found the book she wants.

(We spend a lot of time reading or being in the library.)

You see that weird sniffing the pages of an old book... more than other girl's undies? That is the reader... and the girl I like that you may want to... full of magic... for the books, she knows was the wonder, that makes her sparkle.

They can never resist smelling the pages, especially when they are yellow and worn.

She was the sweet girl reading while waiting in that coffee shop down the street, or the one- that held your hand when you were 5 next doors- she nagged me to say that I am the one overlooking her now... she sees me.

'Lost in a world of the author's creation... like painting a picture with words.'

Sit down with her even if- it is wrong. She might glare at you, as most girls who read do. Ask her if she likes the wonder, see if she well looks thought you-like chapters of your life for her to explore. Let her know what you think what makes you sparkle with wonder...

-Then-

See if she got through the first chapter of companionship.

It is easy to date a girl who is smart not a smart, not a girl that has an ass that was never smart.

Give her poetry or a song... I wish I would have yet never done... Let her know that you understand that words are love.

Understand that she knows the difference between books and reality, she is going to try to make her life a little like her favorite book, and you will become like that. It will never be your fault if she sees too.

Lie to her, if she understands grammar, she will appreciate your need to lie, to keep her.

Behind words are other things: drive, worth, shade, interchange. It will not be the end of the world.

Nose-dive her... a girl who reads knows that disappointments always lead up to the climax.

Why be frightened of everything that you are not?

Girls who read understand that individuals, like characters, grow. Since girls who read- magical things like wonder understand that all things must end. And that you can continuously write a part 2- 3 or 4 or more.

That you can begin over and over and still be the hero to her.

That life is meant to have an antihero or two.

If you find a girl who reads, keep her close.

When you find her up at 3 AM clutching a book to her chest and weeping... she is the one you want.

Hold her... You may lose her for a couple of hours, here and there is all that is girlie, but she will always come back to you.

She will talk as if the characters in the book are real because, for a while, they always are.

You will walk the winters of your old age together... that I know and wish I would have done... like she... Karly- and then found love and lost it over the spell, he passed over her... to I feel it. The baby is all she has- the work of a tower, in someone's life... it all goes back to HER!

SHE WILL EVEN SHOW YOU HER- boots of freedom- to say how strong she is, or a book that is about you that she made even if she could not write, she will see you- by chance... and you will know, or the star of an online show... you will know... you will know. Or the hope of girls that need someone in loss...

You will smile.... So hard you will wonder the why...

And think that why is a question...

...?...

Your heart has not burst and exploded out all over your chest yet, hitherto, you question it might if not being with her.

You will author the story of your lives, have kids with strange names and even strange tastes.

Find a girl who loves all that is wonder... because you deserve it.

You deserve a girl who can give you the most creative imaginative life.

Part: 7

(Story)

I recall saying- We must be able to see their Whopping Willow, or we will not know what is going on. Okay, also said Emmah, getting a firmer grip on Becca beak's rope. And, but we

must keep out of sight, Naddalin, remember... we moved around the edge of their forest, that was covered in darkness falling thickly around them until we were hidden, but behind a clump of trees through which they could make out their- Willow.

There's Jinger...! Said- Naddalin, suddenly; besides, then there was a dark figure sprinting across the lawn and its shout Hayvanna through there still night air. Then get away from her - getaway - Stabbers, come here... then they saw two more figures materialize out of nowhere. Naddalin watched herself and Emmah chasing after Jinger- then she saw Jinger dive. I have you! Get off, you stout cat...

There's Trius! said Naddalin.

The great shape of their dog had bounded out from the roots of their Willow. They saw her flying horses Naddalin over them, then snatch on...

It looks even worse from here, doesn't it? Said Naddalin, watching their mare pulling Jinger into their roots.

Ouch - look, I just got walloped by their tree - and so did you - this is weird.

There whoomphing Willow was checking and lashing out with its lower branches; they could see themselves darting here and there, trying to reach their trunk. And then their tree froze... them to it.

Part: 8

There is moment they disappeared; their tree began to move again. And that was Crook shanks pressing their knot and said Emmah.

And there we go... Naddalin muttered. Equally- We are in this one deep. Seconds later, they heard footsteps quite close by. Duerre, Nunez, Harlan, and their old Board members were marching their way up to the castle. And right after we had gone down into their passage! And spoke to Emmah. And, if only Duerre had come with us... And... Nunez and Harlan would have come too and said Naddalin bitterly. I had bet you anything Harlan would have told Nunez to murder Trius on their spot... Theory watched their four men climb their castle steps and disappear. For a few minutes, their scene was deserted.

Then...

And here comes Sevkett!

And said Naddalin as they saw another figure sprinting down their 'The Body of Neveah' steps and halting toward their Willow. Naddalin looked up at their sky.

Clouds were obscuring their moon completely.

Theory watched Sevkett seize a broken branch from their ground and prod their knot on their trunk. Their tree stopped fighting, and Sevkett, too, disappeared into their gap in its roots.

And, if she had only grabbed their Robe, And, said Naddalin. And it is just lying there... And- she turned to Emmah.

And, If I just dashed out now and grabbed it, Gonzales's never can get it. Naddalin, we must not be seen- nether!

And how can you stand this? And she asked Emmah fiercely. And, just standing there and watching it happen? Similarly, she hesitated. And I am going to grab their robe!

There same- Naddalin, no! Emmah seized the back of Naddalin's robes not a moment too soon. Just then, they heard a burst of girl.

It was Deride, marching his way up to their castle, singing at the top of her voice, and weaving slightly as he walked. A large bottle was swinging from his hands. And-See?

And Emmah whispered. Do you see what would have happened? We must keep out of sight!

No, back-back! She yelled...

There Ashlynn was marching frantic attempts to get to Deride again; Naddalin seized her rope too, straining to hold Becca beak back. Theory watched Deride meander tipsily up to their castle. She was gone, Lowly Beak stopped fighting to get away from her. She heard drooping unhappily.

Barely two minutes later, their castle doors flew open yet again, and Gonzales came charging out of them, running toward their Willow.

Naddalin's fists clenched as they watched Gonzales skid to a halt next to their tree, Pa. around.

She grabbed their Robe and held it up.

And get your filthy hands off it, And Naddalin snarled under his breath.

And- Sh-h!

And...

Gonzales seized their branch that Sevketa had used to freeze their tree, prodded their knot, and vanished from view as she put on their robe.

And, so that is it, and said Emmah quietly. And we are all down there... and now we have just got to wait until we come back up again...

-And-

She took their end of Becca beak's rope and tied it securely around their nearest tree, then sat down on their dry ground, arms around her knees.

And Naddalin, there is something I do not understand... Why did not their Dementiators get?

Trius? I remember them coming, and then I passed out... there were so many of them... And Naddalin sat down too.

She explained what she had seen; how, as their nearest Dementor had lowered its mouth to Naddalin's, a large silver something had come galloping across their lake and forced their Dementiators to retreat.

Emma's mouth was slightly open by their time Naddalin had finished.

Then, but what was it?

-And-

Besides, there is only one thing it could have been, to make their Dementiators go, and spoke Naddalin. And the real Pat Jinger us. A powerful one.

-And-

Then, but who conjured it?

-And-

Naddalin did not say anything.

She was thinking back to then she had seen on the other bank of their lake.

She knew who she thought it had still been... but how could it have been?

And did you not see what they looked like? Besides said Emmah eagerly. And was it one of their teachers? Moreover and, do not know - Naddalin, look at Lily!

-Equally-

Part: 9

Together they peered around their bush at the other bank. Gonzales had regained consciousness.

She was trickery stretchers and lifting their limp forms of Naddalin, Emmah, and Black onto them.

A fourth stretcher, no doubt bearing Jinger, was already floating at her side. Then, wand held out in Jigger of her, she then moved them away toward the castle. Besides, Right, it is time, and said Emmah tensely, at her watch. And, we have about forty-five minutes until Duerre locks their door to their hospital wowed here must rescue Trius and get back into their ward before anybody realizes we are missing...

Yet like, most they just thought we were in the land of the railway- and its towns running around at play, or that we were lost in old towns, flying around- they never thought we descended to Earth for boy drama... and to pray for young girls too... HE- HE- that is even more thrilling.

(Anyways back)

Theory waited, watching their moving clouds reflected in their lake, while their bush next to them whispered in their gusts. Becca beak, bored, was ferreting for worms once more.

And do you reckon she is up there yet? And, said Naddalin, checking her watch- time her still matters. She looked up at the towering castle in its misty fog, and the viaduct behind, with the moon, lower, and began counting their windows to their right of the Northwest Tower with its torts. Also counting the many turret roofs... that made me and us feel small... in the eerie-ness.

Look! Look there... Emmah whispered.

And who is that? Someone is coming back out of their castle! Besides- Naddalin stared through the damp unnerving darkness. There the man was hurrying a-crossed the grounds, toward one of the many elaborate entrances. Something shiny glinted in his belt, on his uniform. Look there... said Naddalin.

Also, the killer! She is gone to get them Dementiators! This is it, Emmah...

-And-

Emmah- I put my hands-on Becca Lowest beak's back and Naddalin gave my legs and up the hive. Then she placed her foot on my lower branches of their bush and climbed up on Jigger and her too- to see for she was the smallest.

Part: 10

She pulled her Becca beak's rope back over her neck and tied it to their other side of her collar like reins.

Furthermore, Ready?

Besides, she whispered to Emmah.

Also, you had better hold on to me... tightly.

-And-

She nudged Becca's beak's sides with her heels.

Becca beak soared straight into their dark air. Naddalin gripped her flanks with her knees, feeling their great wings rising powerfully beneath them.

Emmah was holding Naddalin very tight around the waist; she could hear her muttering, And OH, oh-no - I do not like this oh, I do not like this...

Then, Naddalin urged Becca to beak forward.

A theory where sashaying silently toward the higher floors of their castle... Naddalin pulled hard on their right-hand side of their rope, and Becca beak turned. Naddalin was trying to count their windows flashing past... And- then- Whoa! she said, pulling back as hard as she ever could have.

At once, Becca beak slowed down and they found themselves at a stop unless you counted their fact that they kept rising, and down many feet as their Ashlynn beat his wings to still be airborne.

Besides- she is there...! And, Naddalin said, spotting Trius as they rose beside their window. She reached out, and as Becca beak's wings fell, they could tap sharply on their glass.

Black looked up...

Naddalin saw him and her jaw drop.

He leaped from his chair, hurried to their window, and tried to open it, but it was locked. And stand back! And Emmah called to her, and she took out her wand, still gripping the back of Naddalin's robes with her left hand.

-And-

(Alohomora!)

-And-

Their window sprang open.

And, How - how -? And said Black weakly, staring at their Ashlynn.

And get on - there is not much time, and said Naddalin, gripping Becca beak firmly on either side of her smooth neck to hold her steady.

And you must get out of here - their Dementiators are coming - Nunez's marching is gone to get them.

-And-

Black placed a hand on either side of their window frame and heaved her head and shoulders out of it.

It was incredibly lucky she was so thin. In seconds, she had managed to fling one leg over Becca beak's back and pull herself onto their Ashlynn behind Emmah.

Then, okay, Becca break, up! And said Naddalin, checking their cord.

Also- up to their tower - come on.

Torches lit the past ways, of cobblestone.

-And-

There Ashlynn gave one sweep of its mighty wings, and they were soaring upward again, high as their top of their North-West Tower.

Becca beak landed with a clatter on their battlements, and Naddalin and Emmah slid off her at once. Then Trius, you had better go, quick, And Naddalin panted. And they will reach Flitwick's office any moment, they will find out you are gone.

-And-

Becca beak pawed their ground, tossing his sharp heard. Besides, what happened to their other girls? Jinger? Likewise, croaked Trius. In addition to that, she was going to be okay. She is still out of it, but Madam Pomphrey says she will be able to make herself better. Immediately - go-! But Black was still staring down at Naddalin.

Besides, how can I ever thank You.

-And-

GO! And Naddalin and Emmah shouted together.

Black wheeled Becca beak around, facing the exposed skies. Besides, we will see each other again, and she spoke. And you are - truly your daddy's girl, Naddalin...

She squeezed Becca beak's sides with her heels, then she- is being- Naddalin, Emmah jumped back as their enormous wings rose once more... There Ashlynn took off into their air... She and her rider became smaller and smaller as Naddalin gazed after them... then a cloud drifted a-crossed the moon... The moon is a reliable friend. It never- ever leaves. It is always there, observing, unfaltering, meaningful to us in our light and dark moments, changing forever just as we do.

Each day it is a different version of itself, like me and my girls, and them below- and above. Sometimes feeble and ashen, from time to time robust and full of light. The moon understands what it means to be un-human and to turn around on what is to show all dark.

Interval: 8

Fallen Angel

Chapter: 9

Part: 1

We are all like the bright moon, we still have our darker side, do not express to yours truly the moon is superb; display to me the sparkle, twinkle, and enthusiasm of light on shattered cut- glass, or a dead girl's memory. I may not have gone where I intended to go, but I think I have ended up where I needed to be- like she- her with me now- she- me – and you are too.

The theory where gone.

Flying horses post again-

I- Naddalin am flying around too even back on Earth also for a soul to take... like the one that passes with broken glass years ago, she will come with me to the dark side I feel, and that would- be Lily. Yet would she ever leave Neveah- I do not know if I want to do that to her- yet I would love to also... Lonely girls that hang out at the graveyards, and cry... for someone to ease the pain... We take... over their bodies and minds... young sweet girls like YOU! Even can be said for white angels too... (it was too easy...)

...She lost her to me... yet, I had to me could not help it, I need her to feed for life... and she looks good in black- no? We will get her too- I AM SURE OF IT! Yet she has him up there so- o; that love will- last and last.

Part: 2

Naddalin, got a girl to come over to this world in a death... today... it was said in class. Now she has fallen.

Anyways-

Emmah was tugging at her sleeve, staring at her watch. And, we have exactly ten minutes to get back down to their hospital wing without anybody seeing us - before Duerre locks their door...

- Besides-

Okay, and said Naddalin, wrenching her gaze from the sky, and let us go... Also, they slipped through their doorway behind them and down a tightly spiraling 'The Body of Neveah' staircase. Full of old dark wood, and leaded glass, that was also long-standing. As they reached the top of it, they heard voices. Theory flattened themselves they were, now pushing themselves up against the wall and they all listened. It sounded like garbage.

A theory where they were steeping hurriedly along the corridor at the foot of their staircase. With them, I only hope Duerre is not going to make complications, and snippily- saying.

We wanted to do this for years here in this spot she and I- beyond, there Kiss will be performed at once, in the tower, holding hands... also... then, as soon as Nunez returns with the Dementiators, we ran like lovers back down- yet we had our time.

This whole Black affair has been highly embarrassing. They all knew about all the girls, and all the professors too. Yet, I cannot tell you how happy I am about it all though. Forward to informing their Daily Paper that we have her at last... said that we want this... allies, for this eternal life, at the castle, asking to be hallowed by darkness.

I- Daresay they will want to interview you, Sammie... and once young Naddalin's back in her right mind, I expect she will want to tell the Paper exactly how you saved her... from the other side of things... She could have been...?

'-So-o I feel- that is so.'

Naddalin clenched her teeth, think she could have seen all that was in her old life, yet she has her so, that was good enough to fall too.

Then she caught a glimpse of Sammie's smirk as he and Harlan passed Naddalin and Emma's hiding place, as they were running through the fields... for flight.

There where footsteps died away, yet, wherein mid-flight looking down on the eerie, dark, and shadowy, warm glow of cottages with tall grass and oak trees, in this land, waterfalls, and hanging down weepiness, off the rock and plant life... vines and old time-worn trees alike, in a terrestrial that is musty, fog covered all the time.

Naddalin and Emmah waited a few moments to make sure they had their gone, hand in levitating in midair, looking at one another dumbly, and sheepish then started to fly in the opposite direction of the hallowed castle.

(Back)

Emma- Walking on foot- and yes, we still do that... Um-like down one staircase, then another, along with a new corridor - then they heard a cackling ahead. Also, Charlotte...!

~*~

SO-o, Furthermore, Naddalin muttered, grabbing Emma's wrist; as well, in here!

Theory tore into a deserted classroom, to their left just in time.

Charlotte was bouncing along their corridor in boisterous good spirits, laughing her head off.

- Besides-

Part: 3

OH, her is horrible, and whispered Emmah, her ear to their door. Also, bet her is all excited because their Dementiators are going to finish off Trius... And she checked her watch. Besides, three minutes, Naddalin!

- And-

Theory waited until Charlotte's gloating voice had faded into their distance, then slid back out of their room and broke into a run again.

And - what will happen - if we do not get back inside before Duerre locks their door? And Naddalin panted.

And I do not want to think about it! And,

Emmah moaned, checking her watch again. And, One minute! And, they had reached the end of their corridor with their hospital wing entrance. And, Okay - I can hear Duerre and said Emmah tensely. And come on, Naddalin!

Theory crept along their corridor. Their door opened; Duerre's back appeared.

Besides, I am going to lock you in, and they heard her say. And it is five minutes to midnight.

Miss. Kizziah, three turns should do it. Good luck.

-And-

Duerre backed out of their room, closed their door, and took out his wand to magically lock it. Postulating, Naddalin and Emmah ran forward. Duerre looked up, and a wide smile and then appeared under the long silver whiskers. And- Well? And, she said quietly. And we did it! And said Naddalin breathlessly. And... Trius has gone, with Becca beak... And... So-o...!

(Up to now)

Duerre grinned at them, and, well Deanahe. She listened intently for any sound within their hospital wing, and, yes, I think you have gone too - get inside - I will lock you in... Naddalin and Emmah slipped back inside their dormitory.

It was empty except for Jinger, who was still lying- there- all motionless in the end bed nude, just taking off her uniform.

~*~

As their lock clicked behind them, Naddalin and Emmah crept back to their beds, Emmah uncovering their Time-Turner back under her robes. A moment later, Madam Pomphrey came striding back out of her office.

Also, Did I hear their principal leaving?

Am I allowed to look after my patients now?

- And-

Like- like- like, she was in a very bad- bad- bad moody mood.

Naddalin and Emmah thought it best to accept the Hayvannah sweet quietly. Madam Pomphrey stood over them, making sure they ate it. Nevertheless, Naddalin could hardly swallow- and wanted to spit- not swallow, - yet that was with more than that too- just saying, said- Emma- te'a- he- ing.

She and Emmah were waiting, listening, the nerves jangling... And then and there- and there and then, as they both took the fourth piece of Hayvanna- cholate from Madam Pomphrey, they heard a distant roar of fury heavenizing from somewhere above them... swirling around them like dark haunts.

Besides, what was that? And said- Madam Pomphrey in alarm.

Part: 4

Now they could hear angry voices, growing louder and brassier. Madam Pomphrey was staring at their door.

Besides, they will wake everybody up! What do they think they are doing?

-And-

Naddalin was trying to hear what their voices were saying, yet like the girls before her like she could hear voices in her head all the time- saying: this and that and or else- wise- whatever. A theory where drawing nearer- in her ear and it was buzzing and ringing with, a high- E- E-E-e-e-e... hiss, of them taking over her awareness and body in this world, this is true for them to do, to see feel, and hear only as they want you to- where you may feel that you did or did not, or just blackout, in not remembering- it is a spell that, I know well- of mind- take-over, they can even take out of my mouth for me- no-? ...YES! AND IT SOUND

JUST LIKE ME- AND THEY CAN MOVE MY HAND ARMS AND LEGS FOR ME TOO- (LIKE I DON'T REMEMBER MASTURBATING... YET MY HAND IS DOING IT- AND I SEE IT GOING IN AND OUT OF ME AND I KNOW THAT SHE IS IN ME AND I AM IN HER...)

Chapter: 10

Part: 1

Like- she must have Disappeared, Severus. We should have left somebody in the room with her, so it would not freak her out. When this gets out - And she DID NOT DISPARATE! And-

Lily roared, now very nearby. And YOU CANNOT APPARATED OR DISPARATE INSIDE THIS CASTLE!

THIS - HAS - SOMETHING - TO - DO - WITH-! And Severus - be repairable- Naddalin has been locked up - And BAM Slam hit, the freaking door of the wing burst open, Harlan, Sammie, and Duerre came striding into their area. Duerre alone looked calm. Indeed, she looked as though she was quite enjoying herself. Harlan appeared angry about it all. Nevertheless, Lily was beside herself, I knew- we- too- ominously we agreed. And, OUT WITH IT!

And she bellowed. And WHAT DID YOU DO?

And- Professor Lily, yes here a week and she is that! And shrieked Madam Pomphrey. And control yourself!

And- See here, Lily, be repairable, and said, Harlan. And, this door is being locked, we just saw.

Besides, THEORY HELPED HERR ESCAPE, I KNOW IT! And, Lily flew, pointing at Naddalin and Emmah. Her face was twisted, and her teeth sharply pointed fangs; dribble was flying from her mouth, now red blood from the eyes. (Thoughts of RED- WHITE AND BLUE came back to her... and here being cold is the way of life.)

Calm down, girl!

And Harlan woofed.

And you are toluene nonsense! She knew that would not be going back up either.

Part: 2

And, YOU DO NOT KNOW-! And shrieked Lily. And she DID IT, I KNOW she DID IT. (Whatever- IT is...,) and, that will do, Severus, and said Duerre quietly. Yep- yep just- thinking about

what you are saying. This door has been locked since I left their constituency ten minutes ago, Madam Pomphrey, have these students- left their beds, she is thinking about her and what she is going to do with her, in all their kissing of lips, that she and she has done...!

‘Partially, I would have welcomed a Dementor attack.

A deadly struggle for my soul would have broken their monotony nicely. You think you have had it bad, at least you have been able to get active, stretch your legs, get into a few fights... I have been stuck inside for a month.’

‘How come...?’ Asked- Naddalin, frowning some.

‘Because of their Ministry of Magic still after me, and Waltemath will know all about me being an Animangas by now, Worm tail will have told her, so my big disguise is useless. It is not much; I can do that for their- Order of their Durizy ... or so-o Duerre feels.’

There was something about their slightly- flattened tone of voice, in which Trius uttered Duerre’s name, and that told- Naddalin that Trius, too, was not incredibly pleased with their principal. Naddalin felt a sudden upsurge of affection for her God daddy.

At least you know what is going on, she said bracingly.

‘Oh yes,’ said Trius sarcastically. ‘Listening to Snappiest reports, having to take all her snide hints, and that she is out there risqué her life, while- I’s am sat on my backside, here having a nice comfortable time... talking to me about how their cleanings going...’

‘What cleaning...?’ Asked- Naddalin...

Part: 3

Trying to make this place fit for fallen habitation,’ said Trius, waving a hand around their dismal kitchen.

‘No one’s lived here for ten years, not since my dear mother died unless you count her old house fairy, and she’s gone around their twist ~ hasn’t cleaned anything in ages.’

‘Trius,’ said MonDongos, who did not appear to have paid any attention to their conversation but had been closely examining an empty goblet. ‘This solid silver, pal?’

‘Yes,’ said Trius, surveying it with distaste. ‘Finest 22nd ~ century goblin-wrought silver, embossed with their Black family crest.’ That had come off, though, muttered MonDongos, polishing it with her cuff. Céline Katy NO, JUST CARRY THERE! Mr. Railie shrieked.

Part: 4

Naddalin, Trius, and MonDongos looked around and, within a split second, they had dived away from their table. Céline and Katy had bewitched a large ceiling of stew, a jigger flagon of Butterbeer and a heavy wooden breadboard, complete with knife, to hurtle through their air towards them.

Their stew skidded the length of their table and came to a halt just before their end, leaving a long black burn on their wooden surface; their flagon of Butterbeer fell with a crash, spilling its contents everywhere; their bread knife slipped off their board and landed, point down, and quivering ominously, exactly where Trius’s right hand had been seconds before.

‘FOR HEAVEN’S SAKE!’ screamed Mr.’s -Railie.

THERE WAS NO NEED- I HAD ENOUGH OF THIS JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN USE MAGIC NOW, YOU DO NOT HAVE TO WHIP YOUR WANDS OUT FOR EVERY TINY LITTLE THING!’

‘We were just trying to save a bit of time!’ Said Céline, hurrying forward to wrench their bread knife out of their table. ‘Sorry, Trius, the mate did not mean to...’

Naddalin and Trius were both laughing; MonDongos, who had toppled backward off his chair, was swearing as she got to his feet; Crook shanks had given an angry hiss and shot off under their dresser, from where his large yellow eyes glowed in their darkness.

Part: 5

‘Girl changing and some nude, playing and then bathing,’ Mr. Railie said, lifting their stew back into the middle of their table,’ your mother’s right, you are supposed to show a sense of responsibility now you have come of age.’

Part: 6

Emma- When she is inside of me, in many ways mind-body and erogenous zones alike... I wonder who is squirting me, rubbing my body, softly... touching my boobs and butt, and inside there too alike... in it... she- her- all her coming through me, making me vibrate and pulsate to her body... it is wonderful, to feel more loves in life, that you would never understand unless you let someone in you- and take over ever that your mind boy and soul is- she can even see through my eyes- we can switch places- all in one mind game of a spell-called- The Back and Forth, spell.

Any-who-

‘None of your brothers caused this sort of trouble!’

Mr.’s Railie raged at their twins as she slammed a fresh flagon of Butterbeer on to their table and spilling as much again. Sara did not feel their need to Apparated every few feet!

Charlie did not charm everything she met! Percy.' She stopped dead, catching her breath with a frightened look at her husband, whose expression was suddenly wooden.

'Let us eat,' said Sara quickly.

'It looks wonderful, Molly,' said Sevket, ladling stew onto a plate for her and handing it across their table.

For a few minutes, there was silence but for their clink of plates and cutlery and their scraping of chairs as everyone settled down to their food.

Then Mr. Railie turned to Trius.

'I have been meaning to tell you, Trius, there is something trapped in that writing desk in their drawing room, it keeps rattling and checking. Of course, it could just be a Boggart, but I thought we ought to ask Valastro to have a look at it before we let it out.'

'Whatever you like,' said Trius indifferently.

'There are curtains in there are full of Doxes, too,' Mr. Railie went on. 'I thought we might try and tackle them anyhow.'

'I look forward to it,' said Trius. Naddalin heard their sarcasm in her voice, but she was not sure, that anyone else did.

Opposite Naddalin, Tonks was entertaining Emmah and Jill by transforming her nose between mouthfuls.

Screwing up her eyes each time with their same pained expression she had worn back in Naddalin's bedroom.

Her nose swelled to a beak-like protuberance that resembled Snappiest, shrank to the size of a button mushroom, and then sprouted a great deal of hair from each nostril.

This was a regular mealtime entertainment because Emmah and Jill were soon asking for their favorite noses. 'Do that one like a pig snout, Tonks.'

Tonks obliged, and Naddalin, immobilized, then up too, had their fleeting impression that a female Dariez was grinning at her from a- crossed their table.

Mr. Railie, Sara, and Sevket were having an intense discussion about sprites- haunts.

'Theory is not giving anything away yet,' said Sara. 'I still cannot work out whether they believe she is back. Of course, they might prefer not to take sides at all. Keep out of it...'

'I's am sure they would never go over to You- Know- Whom,' said Mr. Railie, checking the heads. The theory has suffered losses too; remember that- goblin family she murdered last time, somewhere near Lavannah?'

~*~

'It depends on what they are offered,' said Sevket. 'And I am not toluene about gold. If they are offered their freedoms, we have been denying them for centuries they are going to be tempted. Have you still not had any luck with Amsel's, girl Sara...?'

Alissa, Allison, Adriane, and Ava, as you know nothing has changed with girls... and the conflict is still on, Sara is one of them down the line. They are like you and I- why do they feel they need to be more? Maiara Chenoa, for nothing, is going to change even after 200 years of back and forth... good and wicked. And Neveah is the cause yet again, said Duerre's, this girl is a noble haunt, that is a stain on us all. Look what she did all these girls, and he rolls out an old, tattered script.

That was a question for years that no one could get, said Haven.

'She's feeling anti-wizardry fallen angel right freaking now,' said Sara, 'she has not stopped raving about their Bagman business, she reckons their Ministry did a cover-up, those Sprites- Haunts never- ever got their gold from her, you know...'

A gale of laughter from the middle of their table drowned the rest of Sara's words. Céline, Katy, Jinger, and MonDongos were rolling around in their seats. Neveah was high up in her world, and this was not cool- not cool! Or so they thought.

'...And then,' Hayvannah- MonDeanahgo's, tears running down her face,' and then, if you will believe it, 'she- e says to me,' she- e says,' Ere, Dung, where did get all of them toads from?

'CUZ- some girl of a Sludgers gone and

Sailed all mines!' And I say, 'Sailed all your toads, Will, what next? So, you will be wanting some more, then?' And if you will, believe me, all, their germless gargoyle buys all. 'I own toads back off me for a lot more than what- 'she- e paid in their first place.'

'I do not think we need to hear any more of your business dealings, thank you very much, MonDongos,' said Mr.'s Railie abruptly, as Jinger slumped forwards on to their table, fly her wings spreading them wide- up with laughter on her face, and then looking evil to all that was around her.

'Beg par- Deanah, Molly,' said MonDongos at once, wiping her eyes and winking at Naddalin.' But, you know, Will Sailed 'me off Warty Harris in their first place so I was not doing anything winger.'

'I's Do not know where you learned about right and winger, MonDongos, but you seem to have missed a few crucial lessons,' said Mr.'s Railie coldly.

Céline and Katy buried their faces in their goblets of Butterbeer; Katy was hiccoughing. In some regard, Mr.'s Railie threw a very nasty look at Trius before getting to her feet and going to fetch a large rhubarb crumble for pudding. Naddalin looked round at her God daddy.

'Molly does not approve of MonDongos,' said Trius in an undertone.

'How come she is in their Order?' Naddalin said, very quietly.'

'She is useful,' Trius muttered.

'Knows all their crooks well, she would since she is one herself.

But she is also very loyal to Duerre, who helped her out of a tight spot once. It pays to have someone like Dung around, she hears things we do not,' like all that were before her- with this- THING- HEX.' he said wildly.

But Molly thinks inviting her to stay for dinner is going too far. She has not forgiven her for slipping off duty when she was supposed to be tailing you.

Three helpings of rhubarb crumble and custard later and their waistband on Natalie's jeans was feeling uncomfortably tight... (which was saying something, as their jeans had once been Diaries.)

As she laid down her spoon there was a stillness in their general conversation: Mr. Railie was leaning back in her chair, ever so- replete and relaxed; Tonks was yawning widely, her

nose now back to normal; and Jill who had attracted Crook shanks out from under their dresser, was sitting cross-legged on their floor, rolling Butterbeer corks for her to chase.

Part: 7

‘Nearly time for bed, girls are nude running around, washing you can see them, I think,’ said Mr.’s Railie with a yawn, and give a nude hug to her than them my girl. And I kiss her... and finger her, bits.

She drove his tongue into her setting off another shattering moan that was music to her ears.

She was quite an instrument to play, so finely tuned, and if she touched her right, she made their most glorious sounds, raw, intense, delicious noises of pleasure as she plundered her with her tongue.

She grabbed her long hair, yanked, and pulled her closer as she had told her to do. She thrust one finger into her, cooking it and hitting her in their spot that turned her moans into one long, high- pitched orgasm.

She shuddered against her, her legs quaking, and when she finally slowed to look up at her, she saw her hair was a wild tumble, and her face was glowing.

Oh- ah...

(Next day)

‘Not just yet, Molly’ said Trius, pushing away his empty plate and turning to look at Naddalin.’ You know, I am surprised at you. I thought the first thing you would do when you got here would be to start as the queen questions about Waltemath.’

Their atmosphere in their room changed with their rapidity Naddalin associated with their arrival of Dementiators.

Where seconds before it had been sleepily relaxed, it was now alert, even tense.

A frigidly had gone around their table at their mention of Waltemath's name. Sevet, who had been about to take a sip of wine, lowered her goblet, flying suspiciously.

'I did!' said Naddalin indignantly. 'I asked Jinger and Emmah, but they said we are not allowed in their order, so-o.'

'And they're quite right,' said Mr. Railie.

'You're too young.'

She was sitting bolt upright in her chair, her fists clenched on its arms, every trace of drowsiness gone.

And since when did someone have to be in their Order of their Durizy to ask questions?' inquired Trius. 'Naddalin's been trapped in that nonmagical people house for a month. She has their right to know what is been happen-' 'Hang on...!' Interrupted Katy loudly.

'How come Naddalin gets his questions answered?' And- yah- said Céline angrily.

'Yen's- we have been trying to get stuff out of you for a month and you have not told us a single stouten thing!' Said Katy.

'You're too young, you are not in their Order,' said Céline, in a high-pitched voice, that sounded uncannily like her mother's. 'Naddalin's not even of age!'

'It's not my fault you have not been told what their orders are doing,' said Trius calmly, 'that's your parents' decision. Naddalin, on their other hand.'

‘It’s not down to you to decide what is good for Naddalin!’ said Mr. Railie sharply. Their expression on her normally kind face looked dangerous. ‘You have not forgotten what Duerre said, I suppose?’

‘Which bit...?’ Trius asked politely, but with their air of a man readying herself for a fight.

There is bit about not telling Naddalin more than she needs to know,’ said Mr. Railie, placing a heavy emphasis on their last three words.

Jinger, Emmah, Céline, and Katy’s heads swiveled from Trius to Mr.’s Railie as though they were following a tennis rally. Jill was kneeling amid a pile of Butterbeer corks, watching their conversation with her mouth slightly open. Sevket’s eyes were fixed on Trius.

‘I do not intend to tell her more than she needs to know, Molly,’ said Trius. ‘Nevertheless, as she was their one who saw Waltemath come back’ (again, there was a joint shudder around their table at their name) like she has righter than most too.’

She- it is not a member of their order of their Durizy!’ said Mr. Railie. ‘she’s only going to look and be around fifteen- and... soul in the body- and mind- like them all- that is what she well stays along with her barcode numbers, like them all, the age they became- soul- fallen.’

‘And she is dealt with as much as most in their Order,’ said Trius,’ and more than some.’

‘Knopper ones denying what she’s Deanahe!’ said Mr. Railie, her voice rising, her fists trembling on the arms of her chair. But she is still...’

- ‘She’s not a child!’ said Trius impatiently.

- ‘She’s not an adult either!’ said Mr. Railie, their color rising in her cheeks. ‘she’s not’ Alyssa, Trius!’

‘I’m perfectly clear who she is, thanks, Molly,’ said Trius coldly.

‘I’m not sure you are!’ Said Mr. Railie.

- ‘Sometimes, their way you talk about her, it is as though you think you have your best friend back!’

- ‘What’s Jigger with that?’ said Naddalin.

- ‘What’s winger, Naddalin, is that you are not your daddy, however much you might look like her!’ said Mr.’s Railie, her eyes still boring into Trius.

- ‘You are still at Savannah and adults responsible for you should not forget it!’

‘Meaning- I am an irresponsible God daddy?’

Oh- deliquesced Trius, his voice rising.

‘Connotation you have been known to act rashly, Trius, which is why-why- Duerre keeps reminding, you to stay at home...

- And-

‘Well leave my orders from Duerre out of this if you please!’ said Trius deafeningly.

‘Arthur!’ said Mr. Railie, rounding on her publicities.’ Arthur, back me up!’

Mr. Railie did not speak at once. She took off her glasses and cleaned them on her black wispy like robes, only when she had replaced them carefully on her nose did, he reply, he is being her love of life did that.

‘Duerre knows their position has changed, Molly. She accepts that Naddalin must be filled in, to a certain extent now that she is staying at Headquarters.’

‘Yes, but there is an alteration between that and inviting her to ask whatever she likes!’ ‘Partially,’ said Sevket quietly, some ways, away from Trius at last, as Mr.’s Railie turned quickly to her, hopeful that finally, she was about to get an ally, ‘I think it better that Naddalin gets their facts not all their facts, Molly, but their general picture from us, rather than a garbled version from... others.’

Her expression was mild, but Naddalin felt sure Sevket, at least, knew that some Extendable Ears had survived Mr.’s Rallies purge.

‘Well,’ said Mr.’s Railie, breathing deeply And Pa. around their table for the support that did not come, ‘well... I can see I am going to be overruled. I will just say this: Duerre, must have had she- regards for not wanting Naddalin to know too much, and sequin as someone who has

Naddalin’s best interests at heart.’

‘She’ is not your girl,’ said Trius quietly.

‘She’ is as good as... f*cked,’ said Mr.’s Railie fiercely.’ Who else has she- got that feeling about her?’

~*~

- ‘She’s got me!’

Part: 8

‘Yes,’ said Mr.’s Railie, her lip- curling,’ they are- thing is, it is rated her difficult for you to look after her while you have been locked UP in Dizery I And, has not it?’

Trius started to rise from the chairs.

‘Molly, you are not there- the only pergirl at their table who cares about Naddalin,’ said Sevket sharply.’ Trius, sit down.’

Mr.’s Rallies’ lower lip was trembling. Trius sank flying back into the chairs, at this point face white as could be.

‘I think Naddalin ought to be allowed a say in there,’ Sevket continued, ‘she- ’s old enough to decide for herself.’

‘I want to know what’s been going on,’ Naddalin said simultaneously.

She- did not look at Mr.’s Railie. She had been touched by what she- had said about how she is as good as a girl, but she- was also impatient with the mollycoddling. Trius was right, she- was not a child.

‘Very well,’ said Mr.’s Railie, her voice- racquet.’ Jill, Jinger, Emmah, Céline, & Katy. I want you out of their kitchen- n, now.’

There- was an instant uproar.

‘Whereof age!’ Céline And Katy bellowed together.

‘If Naddalin’s allowed, why cannot I?’ shouted Jinger.

‘Mom, I want to see- are!’ wailed Jill.

‘NO...!’ shouted Mr. Railie, timewasting up, her eyes over bright like the light sky of Earth that we used to know.’ I forbid it.’

‘Molly, you cannot stop Céline And Katy,’ said Mr. Railie wearily. They are of age.’

‘Theory is still at Savannah.’

'But they are legally adults now,' said Mr.

Railie, in their- same tired voice.

Mr.'s Railie was now scarlet in their- face.

'I'm oh, all right there- n, Céline, And Katy can stay, but Jinger.'

'Nathaniel tells,' me... And Emmah everything you say anyway!' said Jinger passionately. 'Won't will not you?' She-added uncertainly, meeting Naddalin's eyes.

For a split second, Naddalin considered telling Jinger that she- would not tell her a single word, that she- could try a taste of being kept in their- dark and see how she- liked it.

Never less their- nasty impulse vanished- as they looked at each other.

'Course I's will,' Naddalin said.

Jinger... and... Emmah smiled.

Part: 9

'Fine!' shouted Mr. Railie. 'Fine! Jill- BED!'

Jill did not go quietly; they could shape her raging and storming at her mother- r all their- way up there- stairs, and she- n' she- reached their- hall Mr.'s Blacks ear-splitting shrieks were added to their- din. Sevet hurried off to their- portrait to restore calm. It was only after she- had returned, closing their- kitchen- n door behind her and dequeen she seats at their- table again, that Trius spoke.

'Okay, Naddalin... what do you want to know?'

Naddalin took a deep breath... And asked their- question that had obsessed her for their- last month.

'Where's Waltemath?' she- said, ignoring their- renewed shudders and winces at their- name. 'What is she- doing? I have been trying to watch their- nonmagical people news, and there- re has not been anything that looks like her yet, no funny deaths or anything.'

'That is because- they have not been any funny deaths yet,' said Trius, 'Not any way... And we know quite a- lot.'

'More than she- thinks we do, anyway,' said Sevket.

'How come she- 's stopped killing people?' Naddalin asked. She- knew Waltemath had murdered more than once there- last year alone.

'Because she- does not want to draw attention to herself,' said Trius. 'It would be dangerous for her. Her comeback did not come off quite there- way she- wanted it to, you see. She- messed it up.'

'Or rats her-, you messed it tip for her,' said Sevket, with a satisfied smile.

'How?' Naddalin asked, perplexed.

'You were not supposed to survive!' said Trius.

'Nobody apart from the Death Eaters was supposed to know she had come back.

But you survived to bear witness.

'And they're- very last per girl she- wanted to be alerted to her return there- moment she- got back was Duerre,' said Sevket.

'And you made sure Duerre knew at once.' 'How has that she- led?' Naddalin asked.

‘Are you kidding?’ Said Sara incredulously. ‘Duerre was there- the only one You Know Who was ever scared of!’

Thanks to you, Duerre could recall their- Order of their- Durizy about an hour after Waltemath returned,’ said Trius.

Part: 10

‘So, what has their- Order been doing?’ said Naddalin, Looking around at them all.

‘Torquing as hard as we can to make sure Waltemath cannot carry out the plans,’ said Trius.

How would you know what her plans are?’ Naddalin asked quickly.

‘Duerres got a shrewd idea,’ said Sevet, ‘And Duerre’s shrewd ideas normally turn out to be correct.’

‘So-o what does Duerre reckon she- ’s planning?’

~Planning...

Interval: 9

The Underworld

Open your eyes... too the... Underworld-

I opened my eyes- towards- Mattie, obviously- as well as to my bigger sister, who has saved me many- countless times from the dark underneath of the black deaths- lost in time and space alike, a place that one can only dream of... yet feels- oh so really going- into, as well as for who I would delightedly go down underneath deep in and wish- to save from- The Underworld.

Creep... creep... creeping in on them...

One mysterious, cryptic, and ambiguous night when Megan went to bed, Mattie was her flabby, stumpy, chocolate-burrowing and junk- food, pop-loving litter sister, who the annoyed the crap out of her, and charmed her both in a fun playful way, a way that on two that are clause would understand and get...

~*~

Then the next morning, and when she woke up, she was no longer. Do you get that? NO LONGER!

~*~

Perhaps- Magen could not define the transformations which took place here. Can you yet...?

~*~

She looked the same yet was not she said the same, yet it was not, she loved me, yet it was not the same love I felt back, he was not her. Do you get that? She- was no longer...

~*~

Mattie and was wearing the same pair of ratty fleece pajamas red, with the same yet his with the little toe sticking out, of course, that would be her, the hole gets bigger every night I see her; just like in the back too, the girl she is getting chubby, and he arose down the set of steps precisely the same way the actual, genuine- Mattie would have done: thumb, bump, banged, sliding on his rump, all the way doing to the landing.

Saying- we-e-e-e!

~*~

However, she was not the equivalent of what I know her as. In actual truth, here, he was, quite unlike the others his and my age.

~*~

It was approximately- in the way she is observing her: It was as though celebrity had stretched behindhand his eyes and twisted away with diligent and complete enthusiasm. Were young girls we do not understand are underworld... do you...?

~*~

Mattie- marched snakingly, oh too silently, noiselessly, and like a glimmer of something underworldly.

~*~

Silent steps he made to the table, she sat kindly sat like a stone in his chair emotionless to the real world, that we live in, plus he placed a paper towel on his lap.

~*~

The real Mattie never used a bib or towel. Yet she- was all neat and such... she just whipped it wherever she pleased. Yet nothing not one of the old guys or girls here noticed- a thing- wrong- with her. Can you see it...?

~*~

Mrs. Smith is Megan's mother. Do you see her there, just doing her day-to-day thing?

Mrs. Smith did not break for her kid's attraction lost in the crazed- fantasy world of work and distress, and being worked up over it, nonstop categorization from end to end the stack of bills on the kitchen table, making occasional noises of unhappiness.

~*~

Megan's father continuously flew- by- night in and out of the room, his tie loosened, in addition to that only wearing one sock and no pants- just boxers, muttering distractedly on the cell phone about nothing that makes any sense.

~*~

The imitation- Mattie to me not them, picked up her spoon as well as offered me some of her cherished food, which just does not happen. With this big girl that love- love- loves to eat everything in his sight, is that, not, right?

~*~

With that creepy- so- o eerie- appearance, appearance, which chilled me to the very center core of my young little body. Do you see me there? Do you see my brown hair and my bow ties...?

~*~

My big and stunning immense russet eyes? Am I not- I am cute to you?

Do you see my little face in pale white, glow in the morning sun coming in from the window over there by the sink, mom doing the dishes, and everything else she does all at once it seems to me?

~*~

Then the phony- Mattie starts to eat his lucky- cereal bits, painstakingly, unhurriedly, harpooning all the alphabet letters out of his Alpha- bits one by one as well as reinforcing them up along the rim of her bowl.

Spilling out- creep- creepy- little- girl- die!

~*~

I see in her eyes the spider calling from his dead eyes and out of them, giving me this message that was drug down to the coldness and dampness of- The Underworld-ness below us.

~*~

I could hear the music eerie to me playing her to sleep or it seemed to me... the horn was all I could make out... it was all muffled to my stifled ear, under and I look at the hole of temptation between downwards that is only part of me that goes in my soul its- I finger it and they- come, is where they must have taken her... do you think so?

Was the door under her bed was glowing...? It is all most underworld time... Creepers...

~*~

Megan's heart dropped for the chest to foot and back up... in panic. She knew at that moment, at the time, on this day, in this year, what had come about... as well as she distinguished, that the heavens were up like the real world to me as I go down in the heat of the moment and if you turned around fast, spinning in the confusion, circling down to the dark depths below, and then stood motionless... so still.

~*~

As the evil ripped through me and my figure, like spiders calling all over me. Tangled in the webs of their chromes. Like me going through them with my lantern, I could not see up or down or around just the voices of temptations.

Come, come, see us, hear us, play with- US...we got cookies and candy if you give up your soul to us!

~*~

The entire underworld just keeps turning the circling around me, deeper and deeper, lower, and lower... I went-hearing all their voices getting amplified to me.

Just maybe his too, Mattie's soul had been taken by-The Underworld entities.

As well as they had left this thing, all kinds of things behind, in my room and her area, do you see them?

~*~

This not- my younger- sister, she has been replaced... or is it?

Is it some other form of her too? 'Mom,' she said, and then, when her mother did not immediately respond, tried again a little louder.

(Back to that morning)

'Mom.'

'Yes...' -Magg.

Mom- 'Mum?' I said fast and abruptly! I jumped, to the harshness of her high squally pain in the butt sometimes voice. She narrowed her eyes at her for an instant, the same way she observed me and her when we do something wrong, and they say your full name.

~*~

Like always- 'Mattie's being weird,' Megan said.

Mom- stared alertly at my daughter, nevertheless with cold eyes. Then I twirled around, unexpectedly, to my husband looking at me with wonder and concern at my ways. 'Did you ever pay the electric bill and the rest we can afford?'

~*~

Mom- I did not seem to hear her as I was predated away about nothing, but her young ways of kiddish mumbling. 'Have you seen my glasses, and my phone, my I-pad, and mind?'

~*~

Dad- was questioning, lifting the banana, and peering underneath it, and it was so turning my tummy looking at it, I am not a dumb girl you know.

He- he- he...

~*~

'They're on your head doing cartwheels.' STOP!

'My reading glasses... are...?'

Mom- I sighed impatiently. 'It says this is our absolute ultimate announcement. I do not recollect the first notice. Did we pay the electric bill? I could have sworn...'

I do not worry about this sh*t! I am a little girl remember I was thinking. I do not say yet that is for sure.

~*~

'I can't go to work without my glasses!' Mr. Smith opened the refrigerator, stared at its contents, closed the refrigerator, and dashed out of the room into the living room for the door without. Through the table, it feels as I hit my leg... damn-it.

~*~

The replica- Mattie began rearranging the cereal letters on the outside of his bowl. She spelled out three words: I H-A-T-

E y-o-u! Besides, you are going to die tonight in my room if you do not come down with me.

~*~

Then she gathered her hands, and stared at her with that bizarrely unoccupied look, as though the black part of his eyes had eaten up all the color.

Down I went... Holding this child's hand... Come...

The Underworld- is like... a webbed field of never-endianness, the raps you mind clean of you and your thoughts. The underworld could be the holes that go in me. It wants to come out and play with me too.

~*~

Megan's insides trembled again as it came for her. Seeing the twigs, and all the lights and branches suck her in, like she.

She slid off her chair and went over to her mother.

She tugged at the sleeve of her mother's nightgown, which had a small coffee stain on its elbow.

(Back to midday)

'Mommy.'

'Yes, baby?' she asked absentmindedly.

'Mattie's freaking me out.'

'Mattie,' Mrs. Smith said, without looking up from her notepad, on which she was now scribbling various figures. 'Stop bothering your sister like that.'

Here is what the real Mattie would have done: He would have stuck out his tongue or thrown his napkin at Megan

in retribution, or he would have said, 'It's her face that's the bother.'

Nevertheless, this impostor did none of those things. The impostor just stared quietly at Megan and smiled.

Her teeth looked very white. 'Mom-' Megan swore, and her mother sighed, besides also, threw down her pencil with so much force that it bounced.

~*~

'Please, Megan,' she said, with barely concealed impatience. 'Can't you see that I am busy? Why don't you go outside and play for a bit?'

Megan knew better than to argue with her mother when she was in the mood.

So, she went outside. It was a hot and hazy morning- far too hot for late April.

She was hoping to see one of the neighbors out doing something- watering a plant, walking a dog- but it was very still.

Megan, never- ever saw the neighbors. It was not that kind of neighborhood. She did not even know most of their names: only Mrs. Rosenblatt, who was so old she looked exactly like a snip.

Today, as on most days, Mrs. Rosenblatt was sitting on her porch, rocking, and fanning herself with one of the Chinese delivery menus that were often stuck mysteriously, invisibly, in the middle of the night- under the front door.

'Hello,' she called out to Megan and waved. 'Hello!'

Megan called back... she liked Mrs. Rosenblatt, even though Mrs. Rosenblatt hardly ever moved except to rock in her chair and could not be counted on to do anything interesting.

~*~

Mrs. Rosenblatt liked to rock even in cold- weather, and she would appear on her porch so bundled in blankets and scarves, she looked like an overfilled coatrack.

‘Would you like a glass of milk?’

Mrs. Rosenblatt called out. ‘Or a cookie?’ She offered Megan milk, and a cookie every time they saw each other unless it was winter; in which case, she offered hot chocolate and a cookie.

‘Not today, thank you,’ Megan said. Remorsefully, as she always did. She was not allowed- to accept things to eat or drink from nonfamily members. Megan often wished the rule applied to Family Members instead.

She would much rather have had one of Mrs.

Rosenblatt’s cookies than her Aunt Stirginia’s tuna casserole. She wondered whether she should tell Mrs. Rosenblatt about Mattie but decided against it.

(Three weeks previous)

Magen- I was at recess when she tried to tell Sammie and Ellie, was so wrong about the underworldly societies, and the constant threat they posed, they had laughed at her and called her a liar. Mrs. Rosenblatt was a good listener- partly, Megan thought because she could not hear very well, nonetheless, Megan did not want to jeopardize this.

~*~

There was only one thing that Megan loathed more than liars, besides that was being suspected of being one. At one edge of the yard, a pile of pinecones has been neatly stacked.

~*~

Megan had decided this only yesterday, thinking that she and Mattie might play a round of Pinecone bowling in the morning.

Nevertheless, she could not play with the false Mattie; he would no doubt find a way to cheat.

~*~

She had a sudden wrenching fierce desire for Anna, her old babysitter, to come home.

Why?

Not sure, she would have played with me over the years, outside and in she showed me so much about myself too and the underworld that goes down in me that is where she went- I just know it.

At least that is what I think... do you?

Last fall in me was Anna, she did not beeline that I have the world to me, till she entered the black hole of mine, she has gone away to middle school not long before...

This meant that she had stimulated, and could not babysit anymore, besides instead Megan and Mattie were left with Mandy, who always chewed her gum too loudly and did not like to play games- she did not like anything, really, except talking on the phone.

~*~

Anna had come over to babysit several times during her summer vacation, but on her spring break, she had gone away with her friends. Megan, Mattie, and Sammie had gotten a water-warped postcard from her, but most of the writing had been too blurry to read.

~*~

I have the postcard she had sent from the beach, after all this time, and a white sweatshirt with a fierce-looking bear on the front, explaining in the involved note that it was her school's mascot.

Mattie had cried like a baby when it turned out the sweatshirt was Megan's size, and she had finally lent it to her.

He had promptly spilled tomato sauce on it, and she had refused to speak to her for an entire day.

Megan knew it was stupid, but sometimes she fantasized, that Anna would turn up again and confess her deepest secret: that Megan and Mattie were, in fact, her siblings, and they had all been torn apart by some horrible event when they were little and forced into different families.

Oh!

Um-hum! Come for us...

Do you see the lying silt ship that leads into 'The Underworld?'

The Underworld- is a dark wet place, where you come in and see the thing that brings you joy, yet makes you feel weak to the wrongness of what you are doing to yourself, there is no light only wonder, there are voices come, screaming for you to come...

Like sweeping the sides of you until you have no choice, but move the feel goods of their games, that they play as they get you to do as they say, and the enter you and play with your brain and you no longer you going on with your day, what do you say- do you play with your underworld; Maddie went into their mine, and he not coming out.

~*~

Megan's fantasies were a little hazy after that point, but she thought that somehow, she, Anna, and Mattie would end up on a long journey together, hunting down some of the magical creatures Anna had always told them about, like gnomes and nymphets (Who were gorgeous, then again corrupt wicked- tempered.)

Megan sighed; Anna would also have known what to do about the spider-like entities got her to as she went into her hole to the underworld. She was the creature who had first told Megan and Mattie about them.

She was the one who had warned them about the strange spider creatures and had told them what they must do to be dwindling.

Megan scanned the yard for gnomes but saw nothing. Only last week, Mattie, the real Mattie, had spotted one scampering into the rhododendron.

~*~

The real me was not there either, they were making me come, for their ways and not my own, as I went on trying to make me, and my day.

'Look, Megan!' She had cried out, and she had turned just in time to see a hard, brown hide, which was as fractured along with worn as a leather purse.

~*~

It was too hot for the gnomes today, Megan decided. Anna had told Megan they preferred cool climates.

Megan pressed her face up against the small fir tree that stood next to the birdbath, inhaling deeply.

It was easier to see the magic through its branches, she found.

The itchy needles poked deeply into her skin, and she stood and squinted through the layers of khaki.

Looking at the world through the fir tree meant seeing only the essential things: the vivid olive of the meadow's, dew glistening on petals, a robin flicking its tail, a squirrel rustling through the rhododendron, a miracle of life, and growth that forever pulsed under the commonplaceness.

~*~

Advantageous, of course, it was only when looking through the tree that you could make a wish, and have it come true, Anna had also told them that.

Megan spoke a wish quietly into the scratchy branches.

We will not repeat it... All and sundry know that only wishes that are kept secret will ever come true.

On the other hand, then again know this: Oh! All- the desire was about Mattie and finding what was with me, as the world of an image that I felt doing this... looking for the wandering things that would make you wonder, I may find digging and fingering myself, for her inside me.

~*~

Megan heard a step behind her. She turned and saw Mattie- who- was- not long her to me- or them, Mattie standing on the front porch, watching her.

Megan sucked in a deep breath like she sucked us into her underworld as we looked and put our head and body down in it to get there, gathered her early age, and said, 'You are not my sister.' not- Mattie stared at her with flat blue eyes. 'I am,' she said calmly.

'You are not them; I am not me doing this.'

'Am too... I said it too do you see that I am I do not lie... you know that sissy.' 'Prove it,' Megan said, crossing her arms, and she tried to think of a question whose answer only the real Mattie would know.

She was quiet for a bit. At last, she asked, 'When you are playing hide- and- seek on a rainy day, not she is doing it in me, what is the best hiding space?'

~*~

The old place was- 'Behind the bookcase in the basement,' not- Mattie answered automatically. 'In the crawl space that smells like mold.' Megan was disappointed.

She had gotten it right; this fake Mattie was smarter than she gave her credit for- smarter, she would not wonder, than the real Mattie.

(Though that was not saying much. Only a week ago, the real Mattie had tried to turn the basement into a swimming pool by flooding the sink! Absurd.)

Maybe- she needed to ask a former question within.

'What must you do every night before you go to sleep?'

Megan said, eyeing the fake- Mattie narrowly to see whether there was any hesitation or shiftiness in her answer.

However, she re-joined promptly, drawing a big X across her chest, 'you must cross yourself once from shoulder to hip and say aloud, 'sweep, sweep, bring me to sleep.

Clear the webs from my room with the bristliest broom.'

~*~

Megan was stunned. She had been sure positive! The question: would baffle fake- Mattie, but her answer was correct, and he stood looking at her with an expression of triumph.

When Anna had first discovered the underworld entries, she had invented this rhyme as a way of keeping the underworld boys at bay while they slept. The girl in the underworld makes me come to them and play with the top and bottoms of the getaways, to the soul.

~*~

Everyone knows there is nothing a spider fears' more than a broom, and someone sweeping with it, and the broom charm had protected them for years. Mattie, the real Mattie, must have forgotten to say the bedtime magnetism last night before she went to sleep.

She and Megan had been fighting about seeing each other's worlds- Mattie had accused her of stealing her favorite socks, which were sapphire, and embroidered with turtles, as though she would ever have worn anything so preposterous- besides, Megan called her distrustful, and when he did not know what that meant, she stormed into his room and slammed the door.

~*~

She was distracted; that must be why she had not said the broom charm. Megan felt a heavy rush of guilt. It was her fault, at least partially. And so, The Underworld guys had gotten her: They had dropped down from the ceiling on their glistening webs of shadowed darkness and dropped their silken threads in her ear, and extracted his soul slowly, like a fisher persuading some trout from the water on a taut nylon fishing line.

In its place, they deposited their eggs; then they withdrew to their shadowed, dark corners and their underground lairs with their soul bound closely in silver thread.

And the soulless shell would wake the next morning, and walk, and talk, as counterfeit- Mattie was walking and talking.

All the same eventually, the soulless shell would crumble to dust, and thousand-Underworld guys and some girls- nested and grown- would burst forth, like a Megan hatching from an egg.

And distraught parents would wake up, believing their children to have been kidnapped while they slept, and they would appear tearfully on television, begging for their children's safe return, when The Underworld gangs were to blame.

Megan felt a sudden tightness in her throat as they made squirt it all out within and she saw them all as they giggle saying it is all right to do this.

'You see oozing with this webbing!' The sham- Mattie crowded. 'I told you. I am your sister.' Then Megan was struck by an idea.

'Come here,' she said to not- Mattie, and even though she was filled with revulsion by the closeness of this imitation,

this cold and cardboard thing, she forced herself to stand still as she approached.

Unexpectedly she lunged for her and began tickling her tummy.

~*~

The real Mattie was extraordinarily ticklish and would have screamed with laughter and tried to shove Megan off and begged for mercy.

Megan loved the sound of Mattie's joke. It came, in short, explosive bursts, as though each time she was relearning how to do it.

This Mattie stood still, watching her dully. 'What are you doing?' She asked.

~*~

Megan pulled away as I went back down in me and then she was all up in mine too. She then had the same feeling she had had several years ago, when she had swung too high and too fast on the swings at the playground, and the world teetered underneath her: a feeling of triumph but also of terror.

She knew it...

This Mattie was not the real Mattie. And that meant that the soul of the real Mattie had been bound up in the silver thread and carried deep underground and that inside the body of not- Mattie, insects were nesting.

Megan drew herself up to her full four feet four inches.

'I am not afraid of you,' she said- to fake Mattie, but she was, of course, speaking to all those infant underworld boys

sleeping soundly in their thousands of soft eggs, somewhere deep inside his chest.

And of course, she was afraid. She was more afraid than she had ever been in her life.

'I will find my real sister, and I will bring her back to me and my mommy and daddy, that doesn't get that I play with newly found- Underworld.'

~*~

In addition to that she spun quickly on her heel and stalked off toward the house, so not- Mattie and the tiny monsters he carried inside her would not see that she was shaking.

Let us just say- I never- ever stopped playing with this under world, but I did find out what it was... and where it can take, she and me...

I hope you understand this Underworld to and have fun with it...

We will come for you too...

Interval: 8

Death Devours

Part: 1

'Well, firstly, she- wants to build up the army again,' said Trius.' In the old days she- had vast numbers then she came: watchers and wizards and fallen angels alike, she had intimidated or bewitched into following her, her faithful death devours, a vast variety of Dark creatures.

You hurt her planning to recruit the giants; well, they will be just one of the groups she is after. She is certainly not

going to try and take on the Bureau of Magic with only a dozen death devours.'

'So, you are trying to stop her from getting more followers?'

'We're doing our best,' said Sevket.

'How?'

'Well, the main thing is to try, and convince as many people as possible that you know- whom she- has refunded, to put them on the guard,' said Sara.' It is proving tricky, though.'

'Why...?'

WHY- 'Because of the Bureau's attitude,' said Tonks.' You saw Cornelius Harlan after You Know Who Came Back, Naddalin.

Well, she has not shifted her position at all.

She is refusing to believe it happens.'

'But why?' Said Naddalin desperately, why is she- being so stupid? If Duerre...'

'Ah, well, you have put your finger on the- problem,' said Mr. Railie with an ironic smile.' Duerre.'

'Harlan is frightened of her, you see,' said Tonks sadly.

'Frightened of Duerre?' Said Naddalin incredulously.

Frightened of what she is up to,' said Mr. Railie.' Harlan thinks Duerre's plotting to overthrow her. she- thinks Duerre wants to be Martita for Magic.'

'But Duerre does not want to.'

'Unquestionably, she- does not,' said Mr. Railie.' 'She never wanted the Martian's job, even though a lot of people wanted her to take it she would Millicent Bagnold retired.

Harlan came to power instead, but she is never- ever quite forgotten how much popular support Duerre had, even though Duerre never- ever applied for the job.'

Part: 2

'Deep down, Harlan knows Duerre's much cleverer than she- is a much more powerful wizard, and in them- early days of the Bureau she- was forever thinking of Duerre for help, and advice,' said Sevket.

'But she has become fond of power, and much more confident. She- loves being Martita for Magic And she manages to convince herself that she is them- clever one And Duerre is simply stirring up trouble for the- sake of it.'

'How can she- think that?' Said Naddalin angrily.' How can she- think Duerre would just make it all up, that I would make it all up?' 'Because accepting that AVAs back would mean trouble like the- Bureau has not had to cope with for fourteen years,' said Trius bitterly.' Harlan just cannot bring herself to face it. It is so much more comfortable to convince herself Duerre's lying to destabilize her.'

'You see the- problem,' said Sevket.' While they are- Bureau insists they are nothing to fear from AVA it is hard to convince people she is back, especially as they do not want to believe it in the- first place. what is more, the- Bureau is leaning she- avidly on the- Daily Prop not to report any of what they are calling Duerre's rumor mongering, so most of the- wizarding community is completely unaware anything happened, and that makes them easy targets for the- Death Consumers if they are using the- Imperius Curse.'

Nonetheless, you are telling people, aren't you?' Said Naddalin, around Mr. Railie, Trius, Sara, Mon- Deanahgos, Sevket, And Tonks.' You are letting people know she is back?'

They all smiled humorlessly.

'Well, as everyone thinks I am a mad mass murderer, and they are- Bureau is putting ten of those... And the Galleon price on my head, I can hardly stroll up the- street and start and hand out leaflets, can I?' said Trius restlessly.

'And I am not an extremely popular dinner guest with most of the- community,' said Sevket.' It is an occupational hazard of being a werewolf.'

'Tonks And Arthur would lose the jobs at the- Bureau if they started shooting the mouths off,' said Trius,' And we need to have spies inside the- Bureau because you can bet AVA will have them.'

'We've managed to convince a couple of people, though,' said Mr. Railie. Tonks, she, for one she is too young to have been in the- Order of the- Durizy last time and having Auroras on our side is a huge advantage, Regal cockleboats been a real asset, too; she oversees the- hunt for Trius, so she has been feeding the- Bureau information that Trius is in Tibet.'

'But if none of you are putting the- news out that Mazel Amsel is back' Naddalin began.

'Who said none of us are putting the news out?' Said Trius. Why would you think Duerre's in such trouble?'

'What do you mean?' Naddalin asked...

The theory is trying to discredit her,' said Sevket.' Didn't you see them- Daily Prop shot last week? They reported that she had been voted out of the Chair of the International

Confederation of Wizards- and fallen because she is getting old and losing the grip, but it is not true; she- was voted out by Bureau wizards after she- made a speech announcing a Mazel Amsel return.

The theory has demoted her from Chief Warlock on the Morrill that is them- Wizard High Court And they are toluene about dequeen away the Orders of Nunez, First Class, too.'

But Duerre says she- does not care what they do if they do not take her off the- Hayvannah- chocolate 'Black Crow' Tarot Cards,' said Sara, grinning.

'It's no laughing matter,' said Mr. Railie sharply.' If she- carries on defying the- Bureau like she could end up in Dizery- l's and, and they are- the last thing we want is to have Duerre locked up. While You Know ~ Who knows Duerre is out them and wise to what she is up to she is going to go cautiously. If Duerre is out old them- way well, you know, who will have a clear field.'

'But if AVA's trying to recruit more Death devours it is bound to get out that she has come back, isn't it?' Asked Naddalin desperately...

'Ava Amsel doesn't march up to people's houses and bang on the fingertip doors, Naddalin,' said Trius.' Her- tricks, jinxes, and blackmails them.

She is well-practiced at operating in secret. In any case, gathering followers is only one thing she is interested in. She has other plans too, plans she- can put into operation very quietly indeed, and she is concentrating on those for the moment.'

'What's she- after apart from followers?'

Naddalin asked swiftly. She- thought she- saw Trius and Lupin exchange the most fleeting of looks before Trius answered.

‘Stuff she- can only get by stealth.’

Wither- if Naddalin continued to look puzzled, Trius said, ‘Like a weapon.

Something she- did not have- last time.’

‘She -and- her was- like immensely powerful before?’

‘Yes.’

‘Like what kind of weapon?’ Said Naddalin.

‘Something worse than the- Aveda Keara...?’

‘That’s enough...!’

Mr.’s Railie spoke from the shadows beside the door. Naddalin had not noticed she returned from dequeen Jill upstairs. Her arms were crossed, and she looked furious.

‘I want you in bed, now. All of you,’ she- added, that went around Céline, Katy, Jinger, And Emmah.

‘You cannot boss us’ Céline began to say monstrously.

‘Watch me,’ snarled Mr. Railie. She- was trembling slightly as she- looked at Trius.’

You have given Naddalin plenty of information. Anymore and you might just as well induct her into the War straightaway.’

‘Why not?’ said Naddalin quickly. Till join, I want to join, I want to fight.’

‘No...’

It was not Mr. Railie who spoke at the time, but Sevket.

Them- war is formed only of overage wizards, fallen kind.' she said.' Fallen girl wizards- haunts- angels- so on- who have left Savannah,' she- added, as Céline And Teori~ opened their mouths. These are dangers involved of which you can have no idea, any of you... I think Molly's right, Trius. We Have said enough.'

Triu's half shrugged but did not argue. Mr. Railie beckoned imperiously to a- sure the girls and Emmah. One by one they stood up and Naddalin, recognizing defeat, followed suit.

Them- Noble and Most Ancient House of Black...

Mr.'s Railie followed them upstairs again.

Forbidding... Ghastly.

'I want you all to go straight to bed, no toluene,' she- said as they reached the- first and,' and we have a busy day Hayvanna harrow. I expect Jill's asleep,' she- added to Emmah, 'so try not to wake her up.'

'Asleep, yes, right,' said Céline in an undertone, after Emmah said to them goodnight and they were climbing to the- next floor.' If Jill's not lying awake waiting for Emmah to tell her everything, they said downstairs, then- and I am a Flapperdom...'

All right, Jinger, Naddalin,' said Mr. Railie on the- second hand, pointing to their in the bedroom.' Off to bed with you.'

'Night,' Naddalin and Jinger said to the twins from Rockville.

'Sleep tight,' said Céline, winking.

Mr. S Railie closed the door behind Naddalin with a sharp snap. The bedroom looked, if anything, even darker and gloomier than it had at first sight.

Then- the blank picture on the wall was now breathing very flying horses and deeply, as though its invisible occupant was asleep.

Naddalin put on the pajamas, took off the glasses, and climbed into her chilly bed while Jinger threw rows of indulgences up on top of the wardrobe, the girls who were clattering around rustling the wings restlessly.

‘We cannot let them out to hunt every night,’ Jinger explained as she- pulled on the maroon pajamas. ‘Duerre does not want too many Flying horses with wings swooping around the- square, thinking it will look suspicious. Oh yes... I forgot...’

She is a-crossed to the door and fastened it.

‘What’re you doing that for?’

‘Reached-’ said Jinger as she- turned off the light. ‘The first night, she and I came and rang in at three in the- morning. Trust me, you do not want to wake up and find her Flying horses around your room. ‘Anyway... she got into the bed, settled down under the covers then turned to look at Naddalin in the darkness; Naddalin could see her outline by the moonlight filtering in through the grimy window,’ what you reckon?’ Naddalin did not need to ask what Jinger meant.

‘Well, they did not tell us much we could not have guessed, did they?’ She- said, thinking of all that had been said downstairs. ‘I mean, all they have said is that they are- orders trying to stop people joining in...’

Them- was a sharp intake of breath from Jinger.

‘-Deport,’ said Naddalin firmly.’ She and you are going to start using her name? Trius And Sevket do.’

Jinger ignored the last comment.

‘Yeah, you are right,’ she- said,’ we already knew everything they told us, from using the- Extendable Ears. Them- only a new bit was...’

Part: 3

Crack... Crack, hit- slam- and bang...

‘OUCH!’

‘Keep your voice down, Jinger or mom will be back up here.’

‘You two just Apparated on my knees!’

‘Yeah, well, it is harder in the- dark.’

Naddalin saw the blurred outlines of Céline And Katy leaping down from Jinger’s bed.

‘There was a groan of bedsprings and Naddalin’s mattress descended a few inches as Katy sat down near the feet. ‘So, got them yet?’ Said Katy eagerly.

Them- weapon Trius mentioned?’ Said Naddalin.

‘Let slip, more like,’ said Céline with relish, now sitting next to Jinger.

‘I did not hear about that on them- old Extendable, did we?’

‘What do you reckon it is?’ Said Naddalin.

‘Could be anything,’ said Céline.

‘But they cannot be anything worse than the Aveda Keara Curse, can they?’ Said Jinger. What’s worse than death?’

‘Maybe it is something that can kill loads of people at once,’ suggested Katy.

‘Maybe it is some particularly painful way of killing people,’ said Jinger fearfully.

‘She’s got the- Cruciate Curse for causing pain,’ said Naddalin, ‘she- does not need anything more efficient than that.’

There was a pause and Naddalin knew that the others, like her, were wondering what horrors the weapon could perpetrate.

So, who do you think got it now?’ Asked Katy.’ I hope it is our side,’ said Jinger, sounding slightly nervous.

‘If it is, Duerre’s keeping it,’ said Céline.

‘Here’s?’ Said Jinger quickly. She does that when she gets nervous.

‘SKOUFYCEOL?’

‘Bet it is!’ Said Katy. That is why she hid ‘the body of Neveah’.’ ‘Some weapons are going to be a lot bigger than them-’ as the size of the body of Neveah,’ though!’ Said Jinger.

‘Not unavoidably,’ said Céline.

‘Yeah, size is no guarantee of power,’ said Katy.’ Look at Jill, she is powerful without them.’

‘What do you mean?’ Said Naddalin.

‘You’ve never been on the- receiving the end of one of the Bat-Bogey she- axes, have you?’

'Shah!' Said Céline, half rising iron the- bed.'

'Listen, pay attention, take note...!'

They fell silent... to that, many footsteps were coming up the stairs.

'Mom,' said Katy and without further ado, there was a flamboyant crash and Naddalin felt the weight vanish from the end of the bed.

A few seconds later, they heard the floorboard creak outside the door; Mr. Railie was listening to check her- they or not they were toluene.

The- dig and Pig widgeon hooded dolefully. The floorboard creaked again, and they heard her head upstairs to check on Céline and Katy.

'She does not trust us at all, you know,' said Jinger regretfully.

Naddalin was sure she- would not be able to fall asleep; the evening had been so packed with things to think about that she fully expected to lie awake for hours mulling it all over.

She wanted to continue toluene to Jinger, but Mr.'s Railie was now running back downstairs again, and once she- had gone she- distinctly heard others snaking the way upstairs... many-legged creatures were cantering softly up and down outside the- bedroom door, and deride the- Care of Magical Creatures teacher was saying,' Beauties, arm they, eh, Naddalin? We will be studying...' weapons the term...' And Naddalin saw that the creatures had cannons for heads and were whirling to face her... she- bent... to look and it was sucking on her nose.

Then- next thing she- knew, she was curled into a warm ball under her bedclothes- and Katye's loud voice was filling the room.

'Mom says get up, your breakfast is in the- kitchen, and then she- needs you in them- drawing-room. There are loads more Doxes than she- thought and she found a nest of dead Puff skeins under the- sofa.'

Half an hour later Naddalin and Jinger, who had dressed and had breakfast quickly, entered the drawing-room, a long, high-ceilinged room on the first floor with olive green walls covered in dirty tapestries.

There- carpet exhaled little clouds of dust every time someone put their foot on it and the long, moss green velvet curtains were buzzing as though swarming with invisible bees. It was around them- see Mr.'s Railie, Emmah, Jill, Céline, and Katy where it was two-month grouped, all together, rats then peculiar as they had each tied a cloth over the nose and mouth.

Each of them was also holding a large bottle of black liquid with a nozzle at the end.

'Cover your faces and take a spray,' Mr.'s Railie said to Naddalin and Jinger there- the moment she- saw them, pointing to two more bottles of black liquid time-wasting we are on a spindle-legged table.'

It is Dockside... I have never- ever seen an infestation the bad what that house fairy's been doing for the- last ten years.' Emmah's face was half concealed by a tea towel, but Naddalin distinctly saw her throw a reproachful look at Mr.'s Railie.

'Preachers old, she- could not manage.'

'You'd be surprised what can manage her- and she-wants to, Emmah,' said Trius, who had just entered their- room carrying a bloodstained bag of dead rats.'

I have just been feeding Becca beak,' she- added, in reply to Natalie's enquiring look.' I keep her upstairs in my mother's bedroom.

Anyway... the writing desk...' And of course not, and said Madam Pomphrey, bristling... and, would have hurt someone I love!

Chapter: 11

Part: 1

And, well, then you have it, Severus, and said Duerre calmly. And, unless you suggest that Naddalin and Emmah can be in two places at once, I am afraid I do not see any point in troubling her further.

- And-

Lily stood them, seething, staring from Harlan, who looked thoroughly shocked at the behavior, to Duerre, whose eyes were twinkling behind the glasses. Lily whirled about, robes swishing behind her, and stormed out of the area. And, Pergirl seems quite unbalanced, and says Harlan, staring after her. Besides, I would watch out for her if I were you, Duerre. And I am so-o... too?'

So-o you have your exams coming up, haven't you? The theory will be keeping your noses so hard to that grindstone they will be rubbed raw,' said Céline with satisfaction.

'Half our year had minor breakdowns coming up to flying your wings,' said Katy happily. Tears And tantrums... Patricia Stim's girl kept coming over faint...'

‘Kenneth Tower came out in boils, you remember?’ Said Reanna reminiscently.

That is um- ah because you put Bilbao powder in her pajamas,’ said Katy. Which is nothing more than undies, that should be off anyways at night.

‘Oh yes,’ said Reanna, grinning. ‘I had overlooked... hard to keep track sometimes, isn’t it?’

‘Anyway, it is a nightmare of a year, the- fifth,’ said Katy. ‘If you care about exam results, anyway. Reanna and I managed to keep our peckers up somehow.’

‘Yeah... you got, what was it, three flying with wings each?’ Said Jinger.

‘Yes,’ said Reanna unconcernedly. ‘But we feel our futures lie outside the- world of academic achievement.’

‘We seriously debated if she- they’re- r we were going to bother- r coming back for our seventh year, said Katy brightly, now that we have.’

She- broke off at a warning look from Naddalin, who knew Katy had been about to mention the Tizard winnings she- had given them.

‘Now that we have our Flying horses with wings,’ Katy said hastily.

I mean, do we need Newts?

Nevertheless, we did not think Mom could take us leaving Savannah early, not on top of Percy turning out to be the world’s biggest part.’

‘We’re not going to waste our last year here, though,’ said Reanna, share, affectionately around at the Great Hall.’ We

are going to use it to do a bit of market research, find out exactly what the- average SKOUFYCEOL student needs from a joke shop, carefully evaluate them- results of our research, then produce products to fit them- DE- And.'

'But where are you going to get them- gold to start a joke shop?' Emmah asked skeptically. 'You're going to need all of them- ingredients, materials, and premises too, I suppose...'

Naddalin did not look at the twins. Her face felt hot; here- deliberately dropped her fork and dived down to retrieve it. She- come here- and see this art- it looks like three of you, I wonder why, Reanna says overhearing everything.' Ask us no questions and we will tell you no lies, Emmah. Come on, Katy, if we get them early, we might be able to sell a few Extendable Ears before Her- biology.'

Naddalin emerged from under the table to see Reanna and Katy walking away, each carrying a stack of toast.

'What did that mean?' Said Emmah, did Ya- hear from Naddalin and Jinger.'

'Ask us no questions...' Does that mean they have already got some gold to start a joke shop?'

'You know, I have been wondering about that,' said Jinger, her brow furrowed. They bought me a new set of dress robes in the summer, and I could not understand and she- e they got them- Galleons...'

Naddalin decided it was time to take the conversation out of these dangerous waters.

'You reckon it is true the years are going to be tough? Since of the- question papers, and trails?'

‘Oh, yes,’ said Jinger.’ Bound to be, isn’t it? Flying with wings is important, the effect they have- jobs you can apply for and everything. We get career advice, too, later in the year, Sara told me. So, you can Savannahs What Newts you want to do next year.’

‘You know what you want to do after SKOUFYCEOL?’ Naddalin asked they are- other two, as they left, they are- Great Hall shortly afterward and set off towards the Shoetree of Magic classroom.’ Not really,’ said Jinger flying.’ Except... well...’

She looked slightly shy.

‘What?’ Naddalin urged her.

‘Well, it would be cool to be an Aurora-’ said Jinger in an off-voice.

‘Yeah, it would,’ said Naddalin fervently.

‘But they, like, the- elite,’ said Jinger.’ You must be good.

What about you, Emmah?’

‘I do not know,’ she- said. ‘I think I would like to do something worthwhile.’

‘An Auroras worthwhile!’ Said Naddalin.

‘Yes, it is, but it is not them- only worthwhile thing,’ said Emmah thoughtfully,’ I mean, if I could take a few further...’

Naddalin And Jinger carefully avoided that, with each other.

Shoetree of Magic was by common consent they are- most boring subject ever devised by wizard-kind with wings. Professor Bins, the ghost teacher, had a wheezy, jiggering voice

that was almost guaranteed to cause severe drowsiness within ten minutes, five in warm weather.

She- never- ever- ever- never varied the- form of the ledgers but lectured them without hesitating while they took notes, or rested her, gazed sleepily into space.

Naddalin and Jinger had so far managed to scrape passes in the subject only by copying Emmah's notes before exams; she- alone seemed able to resist the soporific power of voice.

Today, they suffered an hour and a half jiggering about giant wars. Naddalin heard just enough within the first ten minutes to appreciate dimly that in another teacher and the subject might have been mildly interesting, but then, like- she brains disengaged, and she- spent the- remaining hour and twenty minutes playing hangman on a corner of the parchment with Jinger, while Emmah shot them filthy looks out of the- corner of her young little sweet eye.

(Awah)

'How would it be,' she- asked them coldly, as they left the classroom for a break

(Bins drifting away through the- blackboard,) 'if I refused to lend you my notes this year?'

'Wed fails our FLYING HORSES,' said Jinger.' If you want that on your conscience, Emmah...'

'Well, you deserve it,' she- snapped.' You do not even try to listen to her, do you?'

(Nope- I thought in my wicked young sweet little mind, batting my eyes.)

'We do try,' said Jinger, sounding like back home, said the other girls in the class to- all of them, too many names to list, yet they are all here- ...wave girls... and they all did uniquely- to each life they were.'

We just do not have your brains or your memory or your concentration, you are just cleverer than we are ~ is it nice to rub it in?'

(Cut)

Part: 2

Like some moments have passed...

'Oh, do not give me that rubbish,' said Emmah, but she looked slightly mollified as she- led they- are- way out into the damp courtyard.

A fine misty drizzle was falling out the old, carked windowpane so that the people time-wasting... were looking for freedom, I thought when you where did you got away for bull-sh*t'n school- 'Nah...' one looked...

'Nah...' the other girls looked at her and spoke.

School looking out a window- seems to be a thing with us- the panes in huddles around the edges of the yard looked blurred at the edges. Naddalin, Jinger, And Emmah Havanans a secluded corner under she- avidly dripping balcony turning up the collars of the robes against the chilly September air and toluene about what Lily was likely to set them in the- first ledger of the year. They had as far as agreed that it was likely to be something extremely difficult, just to put them off guard after a two-month holiday, she- n someone walked around the- corner towards them.

'She- lol's at, Naddalin!'

Part: 3

It was Hayvannah Chang and, what was more, she was on her own again. This was most unusual: Hayvannah was always surrounded by a gang of giggling girls; Naddalin remembered the agony of trying to get her by herself to ask her to the Ball.

‘Hi,’ said Naddalin, feeling her face grow hot. At least you are not covered in Stink sap the time, she- told herself. Hayvannah seemed to be thinking along the same lines.

‘You got that stuff off, then?’

‘Yeah,’ said Naddalin, trying to grin as though they were the memory of the last meeting was funny as opposed to mortifying. ‘So, did you... err... have a good summer?’

The- moment she- had said that she- wished she- had not Joella had been Hayvannah’s significant other, and the memory of the death must have affected her holiday as badly as it had affected Natalie’s. Something taunted her face, but she said...’ Oh, it was all right, you know...’

‘Is that a Tornados badge...?’ Jinger deliquesced suddenly, pointing to the finger of Hayvannah’s robes, a sky-blue badge emblazoned with a double gold T’ was pinned.’

You do not support them, do you?’

‘Yeah, I do,’ said Hayvannah.

‘Have you always supported them, or just since they started winning the- league?’ Said Jinger, in what Naddalin considered an unnecessarily accusatory tone of voice.

‘I’ve supported them since I was six,’ said Hayvannah coolly.’ Anyway... see you, Naddalin.’

She walked away. Emmah waited until Hayvannah was halfway acrossed the courtyard before rounding on Jinger.

‘You are so tactless!’

‘What? I only asked her if.’

‘Couldn’t you tell her- wanted to talk to Naddalin on her own?’

‘So-o? Her- she- could have Deanahe, I was not stopping’

‘Why on earth were you talking or playing around about the Claepsiara team?’

‘Playing? I was not talking; I was only saying.’

‘Who cares if she supports the- Tornados?’

‘Oh, come on, half the- people you see wearing those badges only bought them, last sea girl.’

‘But what does it matter!’

‘It means they are not real fans; they are just jumping on the- likewise wagon.’

That is the- bell,’ said Naddalin dually, because Jinger and Emmah were bickering too loudly to be sure- it is. They did not stop arguing down to Snappiest dungeon, which gave Naddalin plenty of time to reflect that between, Neville and Jinger she- would be lucky ever to have two minutes of conversation, and with Hayvannah, that she- could look back on without wanting to leave the- country.

Besides, yet, she- thought, as they joined the queue lining up outside Snappiest classroom door, she- had Havanans to come and talk to her, had not she-? She- had been Sedaris’s girlfriend; she- could easily have hated Naddalin for coming out

of them- Tizard maze alive she would Joella had died, yet she- was toluene to her in a perfectly friendly way, not as though she- thought her mad, or a liar, or in some horrible way responsible for Sedaris's death...

Yes, she had Havanans come and talk to her, and that was the second time in two days... And at the thought, Naddalin's spirits rose. Even the ominous sound of Snappiest dungeon door cracking open did not puncture the small, hopeful bubble that seemed to have swelled in her chest.

I- filed into the classroom behind Jinger and Emmah and followed them to our usual table at the back.

She, we, and- I- so-o like us, sat down between Jinger and Emmah and ignored the huffy, irritable noises now issuing from both. 'Settle down,' said Lily with a cold mood, shutting the door behind her.

There was no real need for the call to order; the moment the class had heard the door closed, quiet had fallen and in addition all fidgeting stopped. Snappiest mere presence was usually enough to ensure class silence.

'Before we begin today's ledger,' said Lily, sweeping over to the desk and staring around at them all,' I think it proper to remind you that next June you will be sitting an important examination, during which you will prove how much you have learned about the- composition and use of magical potions.

Minigenre though some of the classes undoubtedly are, I expect you to scrape an- 'Acceptable' in your FLYING or suffer my... displeasure.'

Her gazes lingered the time and moments on Neville, who gulped.

‘After the year, of course, many of you will cease studying with me,’ Lily went on.’

I take only the absolute best into my NEWT Potions class, which means that some of us will certainly be saying goodbye.’

Her eyes rested on Naddalin and her lips curled. Naddalin glared back, feeling a grim pleasure at the idea that she- would be able to give up Potions after the fifth year.

‘But then again, we have another year to go before that happy moment of farewell,’ said Lily softly, ‘so, them, or not you are intending to try NEWT, I recommend all of you to concentrate your efforts on keeping the- high pass level I have come to expect from my FLYING students.

In today’s class, you will be mixing a potion that often comes up at Ordinary Wizarding Level- the Draught of Peace, a potion to calm anxiety and soothe- agitation.

Be warned, if you are too, she- any and with the- ingredients, you will put the- drinker into she- any and sometimes irreversible sleep, so-o you will need to pay close attention to what you are doing, and what I have shown you what to do.’

On Naddalin’s left, Emmah sat up a little straighter, her expression one of the utmost attentions. Them- ingredients and method-’ Lily flicked she and...’ are on the- blackboard...’

(They appeared to them.)

‘You will find everything you need-’ she- flicked her and so again...’ in the- store cupboard.’

(The- door of the cupboard sprang open.)

‘You have an hour and a half... start.’

Just as Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah had predicted, Lily could hardly have set them a more difficult, fiddly potion. These- ingredients had to be added to the- ceilinged in precisely the right order and quantities; the mixture had to be stirred exactly the right number of times, firstly in clockwise, then- and in anticlockwise directions; she had flames on which it was simmering had to be lowered to exactly the- right level for a specific number of minutes before the- final ingredient was added.

‘A light white vapor should now be rising from your potion,’ called Lily, with ten minutes left to go.

Naddalin, who was sweating profusely, looked desperately around the dungeon. She on her own could not seem to make this work- Jinger was issuing copious amounts of dark grey steam; Jinger’s was spitting green sparks, with no luck.

Laila was feverishly prodding the flames at the base of she could Jinger with the- tip of she and, as they were going out. Then- the surface of Emmah’s potion, however, was a sharpening mist of white vapor, And as Lily swept by her- looked down she hooked nose at it without comment, which meant she- could find nothing to criticize.

At Naddalin’s ceilinged, however, Lily stopped and looked down at it with a horrible smirk on her faces.

‘What are they to be?’

Them- Slithering at the finger of the- class all looked up eagerly; they loved her- airing Lily taunt Naddalin.

Them- Draught of Peace,’ said Naddalin tensely. Tell me, - said Lily softly,’ can you read?’

Drallieah Mallerie laughs- 'Yes, I can,' said Naddalin, her fingers clenched- tightly around her then...

'Read the- the third line of the- instructions for me-'

Naddalin squinted at the- blackboard; it was not easy to make out them- instructions through the- haze of multi-colored steam now filling they are- dungeon.

'Enhance powdered moonstone, stir three times counterclockwise, simmer for seven minutes, and add two drops of syrup of she- labored.'

Then at that moment, her heart sank; she- had not added syrup of she- labored but had gone ahead straight to the- the fourth line of the instructions after allowing her potion to simmer for seven minutes.

'Did you do everything on the- third line?'

'No,' said Naddalin very quietly.

'I beg your Deanah?'

'No,' said Naddalin, more loudly.' 'I forgot she labored...'

'I know you did, which means that the mess is utterly worthless; evanesce.'

Them- contents of Naddalin's potion vanished; she- was left timewasting foolishly beside an empty ceilinged.

Those of you who have managed to read them- instructions, fill one flagon with a sample of your potion, label it with your name and bring it up to my desk for testing,' said Lily.'

Homework- twelve inches- of parchment magical paper on the- properties of moonstone and its uses in potion marching, to be and in on Thursday.'

While everyone around her filled the flags, Naddalin cleared away her things, seething. Her potion had been no worse than Jinger's, which was now giving off a foul odor of bad eggs; or Neville's, which had achieved the- consistency of just mixed cement and which Neville was now having to gouge out of she ceilinged; yet it was she, Naddalin, who would be receiving zero marks for the- days' work.

She- stuffed her things under her arm- given up completely, and then back into her bestie, and slumped down on to the seats, watching everyone else March- ah up to Snappiest desk with filled and corked flagons. Then finally the- bell rang, Naddalin was first out of the- dungeon and had already started the lunch by the- time Jinger and Emmah joined her in the- Great Hall of the castle. The- ceiling had turned an even murkier grey during the- morning. The rain was lashing the- high windows.

That was unfair,' said Emmah consolingly, sitting down next to Naddalin and helping herself to shepherds' pie.' Your potion was not as bad as Sayale's; then she- put it in the flagon; the whole thing shattered and set her robes on fire.'

Besides, oh, she is not unbalanced and said- Duerre quietly. Besides, she just suffered a severe disappointment.

-And-

Besides, she is not the- only one!

Then puffed Harlan...

And she- Daily News Prop's is going to have a field day!

We had Black cornered and she slipped through our fingers yet again!

All it needs now is for the story of Ashlynn's escape to get out, and I will be a laughingstock! Well... I had better go and notify the- Bureau...

-And-

And the- Dementiators? Said Duerre.

-And-

They will be removed from there- Savannah, I trust?

-And-

And, oh yes, they must go, and said Harlan, running her fingers distractedly through the hair.

As well, never dreamed they would try to amrita the- Kiss on an innocent girl... Completely out of control... no, I will have them packed off back to Dizery, I, and tonight... We should think about dark angels at the- savannah entrance...

-And-

And deride would like that, and said Duerre, smiling at Naddalin and Emmah. As she- and Harlan left the- dormitory, Madam Pomphrey hurried to the- door and locked it again.

Muttering angrily to herself, she- added, going back to her office.

There was a low moan from the other end of the ward. Jinger had woken up. They could see her sitting up, rubbing her head, around the halls.

Part: 4

And, what - what happened? And she groaned. And Naddalin? Why are we here? Where's Trius? Where's Sevket? What is going on?

-And-

Naddalin and Emmah looked at each other.

And, you explain, and said Naddalin, helping herself to some more Hayvannah chocolate.

She- and Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah left they are- hospital wing at noon they are- next day, it was to find an almost deserted castle. The- sweltering, she- at and the- end of the- exams meant that everyone was dequeen full advantage of another Claepsiara, of wizardry/angels and demons visiting.

Neither Jinger nor Emmah wanted to go, however, so they and Naddalin walked onto the- grounds around the massive castle, still toluene about the- extraordinary events of the- earlier night and wondering, was Trius and Becca, went on the beak- where they were now. Sitting near the- lake, watching the- giant squid waving its tentacles lazily above the- water blue and green and sparkling in the light glowing also a shade of red, Naddalin lost the thread of the- conversation as she- looked across to the- opposite banks to the island that lay adjacent. The- stag with wings had galloped toward her from there just last night...

A shadow fell- crossed them and they looked up to see a very bleary-eyed Deride, mopping her sweaty face with one of the tablecloths- sized and kerchiefs and beaming down at them.

And now I should,' feel happy, after what happened last night, and she- said. And mean, Black, escaping' again, an, everything' - but guess what?

-And-

And, What?

And, they said, pretending to look curious.

And, Beaky! She- escaped! She is now free!

We have been celebrating all night!

At Naddalin's ceiling, however, Lily stopped and looked down at it with a horrible smirk on her face.

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Muttering angrily to herself, she- added, going back to her office.

There was a low moan from them- another end of the word. Jinger had woken up. They could see her sitting up, rubbing their head, around the halls.

Part: 4

And, what - what happened? And she groaned. And Naddalin? Why are we here? Where's Trius? Where's Sevet? What is going on?

-And-

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'And now I should feel happy, after what happened last night, and she- said. And mean, Black, escaping again, an, everything' - but guess what?

-And-

And, What?

And, they said, pretending to look curious.

And, Beaky! She- escaped! She is now free!

We have been celebrating all night!

-And-

Um, that is- wonderful!

Also said Emmah, giving Jinger a reproving look because she- looked as though she- was close to laughing.

And cannot have tied her up properly, and said Deride, gazing happily out over the grounds.

And was worried that morning,' mind... thought she- might meet Professor Sevket on the- grounds, but Sevket says,' she- never- ever- never- ever- ever- never, ate anything' last' night...

~~~

-And-

And, What? And said Naddalin quickly.

And Joannah, haven' yen heard? And said Deride, her smile fading a little. She like- lowered her voice, even though

there was nobody in sight. And - Lily told all of them- that morning'...Though everyone would know by now... Professor Lapin's a fallen werewolf with wings, see. And- like, he- was loose on the- grounds last night... she is packing... now, of-course.'

- And-

Um-

And she is packing?

Um-

And said Naddalin, alarmed.

And why?

Um-

And- Leavin,' in' here-? And said Deride, waited, surprised that Naddalin had to ask. And, Resigned first thing that morning.' Says she- cannot risk it happening again.

- And-

Naddalin scrambled to her feet.

Um-

And I am going to see her, and she- said to Jinger and Emmah.

Um-

And- but if she resigned...

-And-

Um-

And - does not sound like they are anything we can do...

-And-

Um-

And do not care- about it.

Um-

And I am still wanting to see.

Um-

And I will meet you back here.

Um- And...?

Um- And Ah!!!

Part: 5

(Formerly)

Lapin's office door was open. He/she who had no real gender as it could change back and forth- had already packed most of her things. Then- Grind low's empty tank stood next to the battered old suitcase, that could teleport from a person place to place when inside, which was open and full of all things it- he/she loved. Sevket was bending over something on the desks and looked up only when she- and Naddalin knocked on the door.

Um- and we saw you coming, said Sevket, smiling. She- pointed to the parchment she- had been poring over. It was the marauder's Map, where you can investigate it, and it takes you to any time in the memory of searching for lost time in the world's past.

And just saw Deride and said Naddalin. And, and she- said you had resigned. It is not true, is it? And...

And I am afraid it is and said Sevket. She started opening her desk drawers and dequeen out the contents.

And, why?

WHY?

WHY? - said Naddalin...

And then- Bureau of Magic do not think, you were helping Trius, do they?

Likewise- Sevket crossed to the door and closed it behind Naddalin.

And No- Professor Duerre managed to convince Harlan that I was trying to save your lives.

And she- sighed some... And That was the final straw for Severus. The loss of the War of Nunez hit her hard. So, she- err - accidentally let slip that, I am a devil this morning at breakfast.

- And-

Like- like- like, you are not- leaving just because of that!

Say it is PMS- I want you too... said Naddalin. Sevket smiled wryly.

And she time Hayvanna-horror, the- Flying with wings will start arriving from parents...

They will not want a devil instructing the children, Naddalin.

And, after last- night, I saw the point. I could have bitten any of you... That must never happen again.

-And-

And you are the best Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher we have ever had!

And said Naddalin.

And do not go!

-And-

Your baby talk is cute, yet you are getting too old for it... she said. Sevket shook her head and did not speak. She- carried on emptying the drawers. Then, while Naddalin was trying to think of a good argument to make her stay, Sevket said, and from what the head expert told me the morning, you saved a lot of lives last night, Naddalin. If I am proud of anything I've Deanahe the year, it is how much you've erudite... Tell me about your Pat Jingerus.

And...

And, how do you know about that?

And, said Naddalin, distracted.

And, what else could have driven them- Dementiators back?

-And-

Naddalin told Sevket what had happened. she would- and he finished, Sevket was smiling again.

And, yes, your daddy was always a stag the- and the-transformed, and she- said.

And you guessed right... that is why we called her Pinger's.

And...



Sevket threw her last few books into the case, closed the desk drawers, and turned to look at Naddalin.

And here - I brought them from them- Checking Shack last night, and she- said, and Naddalin brought back the Invisibility Robe.

And...

she-and he- said, then held. out the marauder's Map too. And, I am no longer your teacher, so I do not feel guilty about giving you back them as well. It is no use to me, And I daresay you, Jinger, and Emmah will find uses for it.

And...

Naddalin took the map and grinned.

And you told me Moony, Worm tail, Pad foot, And Pinger's would have wanted to lure me out of Savannah... you said they would have thought it was funny.

And...

And, and so we would have, and said Sevket, now reaching down to close the case.

And have known the situation in saying that Alyssa would have been highly disappointed if she had never- ever found any of the secret passages outside of the castle.

And...

Then- re was a knock on the door. Naddalin hastily stuffed the marauder's map, and they are- Invisibility Robe into the pockets.

It was Professor Duerre. She did not look surprised to see Naddalin.

And your carriage is at the gates, Remus, - she said.

And Thank You, commander.

And...

Sevket picked up her old suitcase and the empty Grind low tank.

And, Well - goodbye, Naddalin, and she- said, smiling. And, it has been a real pleasure teaching you. I feel sure we will meet again sometime. Head expert, there is no need to see me to the gates, I can manage... And Naddalin had them- the impression that Sevket wanted to leave as quickly as possible.

And, Goodbye, then, Remus, and said to Duerre soberly. Sevket shifted them- Grind low tank slightly so that she- And Duerre could shake and. Then, with a final nod to Naddalin and a swift smile, Sevket left the office.

Naddalin sat down in the massive chair, staring glumly at the floor. She- heard the door close and looked up. Duerre was still with them.

And, why so miserable, Naddalin? And she- said quietly. And you should be immensely proud of yourself after last night.

-And-

And, it did not make any difference, and said Naddalin bitterly. And Grohl got away.

-And-

And did it make any difference? And said Duerre quietly, and it made all the difference in the- world, Naddalin. You helped uncover the truth. You saved an innocent man from a terrible fate.

And...

Part: 6

Terrible- something stirred in Naddalin's memory.  
Greater and more terrible than ever before... Professor Solis's prediction!

And Professor Duerre - yesterday, she- and I were having my Divination exam, Professor Solis went very - very strange.

-And-

And... Indeed? And said Duerre... And - stranger than usual, you mean?

And yes... her voice went all deep and her eyes rolled, then she- said... she- said AVA's servant was going to set out to return to her before midnight... She- said, like the- servant would help her come back to power.

Then, Naddalin stared up at Duerre. And, likewise... they- and she- became normal again, as normal could be anyways... and she- could not remember at all anything she had said. Like- like- like, now um was it - was the meeting a real prediction?

-And-

Duerre, then looked mildly impressed... with that thought. So-o, do you know, Naddalin, I think she- might have been. And she- said thoughtfully. And who would have thought it? That brings her total of real predictions up to two. I should offer her a pay raise...

-And-

But Naddalin looked at her, in haste. How could Duerre take so freak'n calmly?

Like, but ah- I stopped Trius and Professor Sevket from killing Grohl!

That makes it my fault...? Um- if AVA comes back!

- And-

"Like, it does not," and said Duerre quietly, and ever so softly alike.

And has not your experience with the- Time- Rewinder of Remembrance's Past- taught you anything, Naddalin? The- consequences of our actions are always so complicated, so diverse, that predicting the future is a very- exceedingly difficult business indeed...

Then and then- Professor Solis, bless her, is living proof of that... you did a very- very noble- good thing, in saving Grohl's life.

-And-

Above that all, if she- helps, AVA back to power... And she may lose some of hers or worse.

And Grohl owes her life to you. No...? Yes...? Maybe...?

You have sent AVA a deputy who is in your debt... she is one wizard- with wings that save another wizard that has fallen. I like the young life; it creates a certain bond between them... Yes...? And I am much mistaken, and if AVA wants her servant in the debt of Naddalin...

-And-

Like, I do not want a connection with Grohl!

And- said Naddalin. And she- betrayed my parents!

-And-

Like, she is magical at its deepest, it is almost impenetrable, Naddalin.

Yeah- trust me... the- time may come here- and you will be glad you saved Grohl's life, I am sure of this...

-And-

Naddalin like she could not imagine that she would be. Duerre looked as though her mind and body felt- knowing what Naddalin was thinking about this too deeply for her comfort.

And I knew your daddy very well, both at SKOUFYCEOL and later, Naddalin, and she- said gently. And she- would have saved - too, I am sure of it.

-And-

Naddalin looked up at her. Duerre would not laugh - she- could tell Duerre...

And thought it was my dad who had conjured my Clans. I mean, she- and I saw myself a-crossed the lake... I thought I was seeing her.

-And-

And an easy mistake to make and said Duerre softly. And expect you will tire of her- airing it, but you do look extraordinarily like Alyssa. Except for the eyes... you have the same eyes as your mother's.

- And-

Naddalin shook her young little head.

Then, it was stupid, thinking it was her, and she- muttered.

Um- it was mean, I knew she- was dead.

Like- you think they are- dead we loved ever so- o truly leave us?

Like- you think that, um- we do not recall or evoke them more clearly, than ever in times of great trouble?

Like- your daddy is alive within you, Naddalin... it is good to remember that- and feel it- in here and pointing to her heart.

And shows herself most plainly she- and you require her. How else could you produce those, Clans? Pinger's rode again- last night.

- And-

It took a moment for Naddalin to realize what Duerre had said.

Anyhow- last night, Trius told me all about how they became Animagi and said Duerre, smiling.

Part: 7

Oh- a human extraordinary achievement it was unbelievable- not least, keeping it quiet from me. And then- n I remembered the most unusual form your Clans took, she- and it charged Mr. Mallerie down at your Claepsiara match against Raven's Claw. You know, Naddalin, in a way, you did see your daddy last night... You found her inside yourself.

And Duerre left the office, leaving Naddalin to see very confused thoughts.

Nobody- at SKOUFYCEOL now knew the truth of what had happened to them- the night that Trius, Becca beak, And Grohl had vanished- except Naddalin, Jinger, Emmah, And Professor Duerre. As the end of term approached- Naddalin

heard many different theories about what had happened, but none of them came close to the truth.

Mallerie was furious about Becca's beak. She- was convinced that deride had found a way of smuggling the Ashlynn to safety and seemed outraged that she- And she a gamekeeper had outwitted daddy. Percy Railie, meanwhile, had much to say about Trius's escape.

~\*~

And, If I manage to get into the Bureau, I will have a lot of proposals and a presentation to make about Magical Law Enforcement! And she- told they were the only pergirl who would listen - her significant other, Jenny.

Though they are- the weather was perfect, though the- atmosphere was so-o cheerful, though she- knew they had achieved the- near impossible in helping Trius to freedom, Naddalin had never approached- they are- end of a savannah year in worse spirits.

She certainly was not the only one who was sorry to see Professor Sevket go. The- whole of Naddalin's Defense Against the Dark Arts class was miserable about the resignation. And wonder what they will give us next year? And said, Laila Finnigan gloomily and glumly. And, An Ash Angels, and suggested Lacy Thomas hopefully.

It was not only Professor Lapin's departure that was weighing on Naddalin's mind. Like she- could not she- lap thinking a lot about Professor Solis's prediction. She- kept wondering what Grohl was now, whether she- had sought sanctuary with AVA yet.

But they are- things that were lowering Naddalin's spirits most of all was them- the prospect of returning to the

Andreasen. For half an hour, a glorious half-hour, she- had believed she- would be living with Trius from now on... she parents' best friend... It would have been the next best thing to having her daddy back.

And, while no news of Trius was good news because it meant she- had successfully- gone into hiding, Naddalin could not help but feel miserable about it all. she- and her- thought of the home.

She- might have had, and they are- fact that it was now impossible.

Them- exam results came out on the last day of term. Naddalin, Jinger, And Emmah had passed every subject. Naddalin was amazed that she- had through Potions.

She- had a shrewd suspicion that Duerre might have stepped in to stop Lily from failing her on purpose. Sammie's behavior toward Naddalin over the past week had been quite alarming.

Naddalin would not have thought it possible that Sammie's dislike for her could increase, but it certainly had.

'A muscle twitches' unpleasantly at the corner of Sammie's thin mouth every time she- looked at Naddalin, and she- was constantly flexing her fingers, as though itching to place them around Naddalin's throat.

Percy had top-grade Newt's; Reanna and Katy had scraped a hand of FLYING each.

Amsel House, meanwhile, thanks to their spectacular performance in them- Claepsiara Cup, had won the House championship for the third year running. They meant that the end-of-term feast took place amid decorations of scarlet and



gold and that they were- Amsel table was the noisiest of the lot, as everybody celebrated.

Even Naddalin managed to forget about the journey back to the Andreassen the next day as she- ate, drank, talked, and laughed- with the rest.

Chapter: 12

Part: 1

(New kids on the block we say- new dead girls, coming.)

As the SKOUFYCEOL Express pulled out of the station they were at the next morning, Emmah gave Naddalin and Jinger some surprising news.

Likewise, and went to see Professor Ashly in the morning, just before breakfast.

I have decided to drop non-magical people Studies.

And...

However, you passed your exam with three hundred and twenty percent! Said Jinger.

And now, and sighs- Emmah, And but I cannot and another year like the one. That Time-Turner was driving me mad. It has-magical and it is in. Without Non-magical people Studies and Divination, I will be able to have a normal schedule again.

And I still cannot believe you did not tell us about it and said Jinger grumpily.

And we are supposed to be your friends.

And...

And, promised- like, like, like, I- I- I, would not tell anyone and said Emmah severely. She looked around at Naddalin, who was watching SKOUFYCEOL disappear behind a mountain.

Two whole months before she would see it again...

And, oh, cheer up, Naddalin!

And said Emmah sadly.

And I am- am okay and said Naddalin quickly. And just thinking about the holidays.

And, I have been thinking about them too and said Jinger. And Naddalin, you must come and stay with us. I will fix it up with Mom and Dad, then- n, I will call you. I know how to use a full tone now - And, telephone, Jinger, and said Emmah. And, honestly, you should take non-magical people Studies next year...And Jinger ignored her...

And it is the Claepsia World Cup in the summer! How about it, Naddalin? Come And stay, and we will see it! Dad can usually get tickets from work.

And...

The proposal had the effect of cheering Naddalin up a great deal.

And ... It is, um- a bet they are- Slash is pleased to let me come... especially after what I do to Aunt Marge... And... Feeling more cheerful, Naddalin joined Jinger and Emmah in several games of Exploding Snap, and she- n the- witch with the- tea cart arrived, she- bought herself an exceptionally large lunch, though nothing with Hayvannah chocolate in it.

But it was late in the afternoon before the thing that made her genuinely happy turned up...

So, Naddalin, and said Emmah suddenly, peering over the shoulders.

And what is that thing outside your window?

-And-

Anyways, Naddalin turned to look outside. Something exceedingly small and gray was bobbing in and out of sight beyond the glass.

She stood up for a better look...

And saw that it was a tiny flying horse, carrying a letter that was much too big for it.

Them- Flying horses was so small that it kept tumbling over in the- air, buffeted the way, and that in the train's slipstream, that was blasting red sparks and cloud of heat and red-colored smoke unfluffed the entirety of the engines as if something from the deeps of the Underworld.

Naddalin quickly pulled down the window, stretched- d out her arms, and caught it. It felt like a very fluffy Snitch. She- brought it carefully inside.

Them- Flying horses dropped her letter onto Naddalin's seat and began zooming around the compartment, incredibly pleased with itself for carrying out its task. She- dig clicked her beak with dignified disapproval. Crook shanks sat up in the seats, following them are- Flying horses with her great yellow eyes. Jinger, noticing them, snatched- they are- Flying horses safely out of harm's way.

Naddalin picked up the letter. It was addressed to her. She then- ripped open the letter and shouted, and it was from Trius!

-And-

And, what...?

And said Jinger and Emmah excitedly.

And read it aloud!

Part: 2

It said- Dear Naddalin,

I hope this finds you before you reach your aunt and uncles.

I do not know if they are used to Flying, like me.

Becca Beak and I are in hiding. I will not tell you, in case the Flying falls into the- winger and. I have some doubts about the reliability, but she- is the best I could find, and she did seem eager for the job.

They are- Dementiators are still searching for me, but they have not the hope of finding me here; I am planning to allow some non-magical peoples to glimpse me soon, a long way from SKOUFYCEOL, so-o that the- security on the- castle will be lifted.

This is something I never got around to telling you during our brief meeting. It was I who sent you the Firebolt - And Ha- ha...! And said Emmah triumphantly. And- See- see- see...!

I told you it was from her! And... like- like, um whatnot...

Yes, but she- had not jinxed it, had she-?

And said Jinger. And Ouch! And Them- tiny Flying horses now nan-a-ing happily in she and, had nibbled one of the fingers in what it seemed to think was an affectionate way.

-Crook shanks took the order to the Flying- Office for me.

-I used your name but told them all to take the gold from my own Mcqueeney vault. Now- please consider it as the first-year birthdays...' worth of presents from your god daddy.

I would also like to apologize, and for the fright, I think- I gave you that- that night, last year, when you left your uncle's house.

I had only hoped to get a glimpse of you before starting my journey north, but I think the sight of me alarmed you.

I am enclosing something else for you, which I think will make your next year at SKOUFYCEOL more enjoyable.

If ever you need me, send a message. Your Flying horses will find me.

I will write again soon.

~Trius~

Part: 3

Naddalin looked eagerly inside the envelope. There was another piece of parchment in them. She- read it through quickly and felt suddenly as warm and content as though she had swallowed a bottle of hot butterbeer in one gulp.

I, Trius Black, Naddalin Maria's god daddy, by then give her permission to visit Claepsiara, Kalaheo of Wizardry- fallen girls on weekends.

And that will be good enough for Duerre! And- said Naddalin happily. She looked back at Trius's letter. And hang on, there is a PS...

- And-

I thought your friend Jinger might like to keep the Flying horses, as it is my fault, she- no longer has a rat.

Jigger's eyes widened... The minute Flying horses were still hooting excitedly. And keep her? And she- said uncertainty. She- looked closely at the Flying horses for a moment; then, to Naddalin's and Emma's great surprise, she- held her out for Crook shanks to sniff.

And what do you reckon? And Jinger asked the wolf. And some flying horses?

-Crook shanks purred...

And that is good enough for me and said Jinger happily. And she is mine.

Naddalin read and reread the letter from- Trius back into the village train station on the other side of the castle and the tall bridge.

It was still clutched- d tightly in her and as she, Jinger, And Emmah stepped back through the barrier of platform nine and three-quarters.

Naddalin spotted Uncle Read at once.

She- was time-wasting a good distance from Mr. And Mr.'s. Railie, eyeing them suspiciously, and then Mr.'s. Railie hugged Naddalin in greeting, her worst suspicions about the seemed confirmed.

And I will call about the Worldly Championship Cup! And Jinger yelled after Naddalin as Naddalin bid her And Emmah goodbye, then whirled the- trolley bearing her trunk and she- digs cage toward Uncle Read, who greeted her in the usual fashion.

And what is that? And she- snarled, staring at the envelope Naddalin was still clutching in her hand. And, if it is another form for me to sign, you have another...

And, it is not, and said Naddalin cheerfully.

And it is a letter from my god daddy.

And Godaddy? And, sputtered Uncle Read. And, you do not have a good daddy!

And, yes, I have and said Naddalin brightly. And she- was my mom and dad's best friend. She is a convicted murderer, but she is broken out of wizard priority, and she is on the run. She likes to stay connected with me, though... keep up with my news... check if I am happy...

And, grinning broadly at the look of horror on Uncle Read's face, Naddalin set off toward the station exit, her- dig rattling along in finger of her, for what looked like a much better summer than the last.

And, no, and said Naddalin. And she was not a teacher.

And, but it must have been a powerful wizard, to drive all those Dementiators away... If they are- Clans was shining so brightly, didn't it light her up?

Couldn't you see it...?

And, I saw her and said Naddalin flying horses. And, but... I imagined it... I was not thinking straight... I passed out right afterward...

And who did you think it was?

And think - and Naddalin swallowed, knowing how strange they were going to sound.

And it was my dad.

Naddalin glanced up at Emmah and saw that her mouth was fully open now. She- was gazing at her with a mixture of alarm and pity.

And Naddalin, your dad's - well - dead, and she- said quietly.

And knew that and said Naddalin quickly.

And you think you saw the ghost?

And do not know... no... she- looked solid...

And, But then...

I was looking at things and said Naddalin. And, but... from what I could see... it looked like her... I have photos of her...

-And-

Emmah still thought of home, though I was worried about her sanity.

Part: 4

And now it sounds crazy and Naddalin Flatley. She- turned to look at Becca's beak, who was digging her beak into the ground, searching for worms. But she- was not watching Becca beak.

She- was thinking about her daddy...

And about her daddy are three oldest friends...

Moony, Worm tail, Pad foot, And Pingers...

Had all four of them been out on the grounds tonight?



Worm's tail had reappeared the evening she- and everyone had thought she- was dead... Was it so impossible her daddy had Deanahe the same?

Had she- been seeing things across the- take? Them- the figure had been too far away to see distinctly...

Yet, she- had felt sure, for a moment, before she had lost consciousness...

The leaves overshoed- and rustled faintly in the breeze.

The moon drifted in and out of sight behind the shifting clouds.

Emmah sat with her face turned toward the Willow, waiting.

And then, at last, after over an hour...

And here we come! And Emmah shared.

She- And Naddalin got to his feet.

Becca beak raised her head. They saw Sevet, Jinger, And Grohl clambering awkwardly out of the hole in the roots.

Then came Emmah... then and then- unconscious Lily, drifting weirdly upward. Next came Naddalin and Black. They all began to walk toward the castle.

Naddalin's heart was starting to beat amazingly fast. She glanced up at the vast sky.

Any moment now, that cloud was going to move aside and show the moon... And Naddalin, And Emmah muttered as though she knew exactly what she- was thinking, and we must stay put.

We must not be seen. There is nothing we can do...

(Thought)

Funny to me after Karly's final death, she can ride a horse. It is all she wants again, in this world of falling- too... and here in this shadowy hollow, where Jenny is like me like she is still nagging her about it. GO- figure...?

~~~

So-o, we are just going to let Grohl escape all over again...

And said Naddalin quietly, how do you expect to find a rat in the dark? And snapped Emmah. And there is nothing we can do!

We came back to sue- lap Trius; we are not supposed to be doing anything else!

And all right! And...

The- moon slid out from behind its cloud. They saw the tiny figures across the ground stop. Then- n they saw movement-

And she goes- Sevet...

And Emmah shared.

And she is transforming.

And Emmah! And said Naddalin suddenly. And we must move!

And we must not, I keep telling you-

-And-

And, not to interfere! Lapin's going to run into the forest, right at us!

-Then-

Emmah gasped...

And, Quick! And she- moaned, dashing to untie Becca beak. And, Quick! Here are we going to go? Where are we going to hide? Them- Dementiators will be coming at any moment.

And, Back to Dargide's! And, Naddalin said. And it is empty now - come on!

And...

They ran as fast as they could, Becca beak cantering along behind them. They could be like the devil flying sing behind them...

Them- the cabin was in sight; Naddalin skidded to the-door, wrenched- it open,

And Emmah and Becca beak flashed past her; Naddalin threw herself in after them and bolted the door. Fang the-boarhound barked loudly.

And, Fang, it is us! And said Emmah, hurrying over and scratching her ears to quieten her. And that was close! And she-said to Naddalin.

And, And, AND!

Naddalin was LIKE, out of the window. It was much harder to see what was going on from the shore. Becca Beak seemed incredibly happy to find herself back inside Darcie's house. She then- laid down on the finger of the fire, folded her wings contentedly, and seemed ready for a good nap.

And think I had better go outside again, you know, and said Naddalin flying horses.

And we cannot see what is going on - we will not know when it is time.

-And-

Emmah looked up. Her expression was suspicious.

And, I am not going to try and interfere, and said Naddalin quickly. And, but if we do not see what is going on, how are we going to know she- and it is time to rescue Trius?

-Then-

And, Well... okay, the- and... I will wait for her with Becca's beak... but Naddalin, be careful - they are a devil out them - And they are- Dementiators.

And...

Naddalin stepped outside again and edged around the cabin. She could hear yelp in the distance. That meant they are- Dementiators were closing in on Trius... She- and Emmah would be running to her any moment...

Naddalin started here toward the lake, her head doing a kind of drumroll in her chest... Whoever had sent that Clans would be appearing at any moment...

For a fraction of a second, she stood, irresolute, on the finger of Darcie's door. You must not be seen. But she did not want to be seen. She- wanted to do them- seeing... she- had to know...

And then where they are- Dementiators. They were emerging out of the darkness from every direction, gliding around the edges of the lake... They were moving away from here- Naddalin stood, to the opposite bank... She- would not have to get near them... Naddalin began to run. She- had no

thought since she except her daddy... If it was her... if it was her... she- had to know, had to find out...

Then- the lake was coming nearer and nearer, but there was no sign of anybody. On the opposite bank, she- could see tiny glimmers of silver - she owns attempts at a Clans- then there was a bush at the very edge of the water. Naddalin threw herself behind it, peering desperately through the leaves. On the opposite bank, the glimmers of silver were suddenly extinguished. A terrified excitement shot through her - any moment now- and come on! And she- muttered, staring about. And she, are you? Dad, come on...

- And-

But no one came. Naddalin raised her head to look at the circle of Dementiators across the lake. One of them was lowering its hood.

It was time for the rescuer to appear - but no one was coming to sepal the time - and, where- it hit her - she- understood. She- had not seen her, daddy, she- had seen herself - Naddalin flung herself out from behind the bush and pulled out she and.

And EXPECT ATHENAEUM! And she yelled.

And, out of the- end of them and burst, not a shapeless cloud of mist, but a blinding, dazzling, silver animal.

She- screwed up her eyes, trying to see what it was. It looked like a horse.

It was galloping silently away from her, across the black surface of the lake. She- saw it lower its head and charge at the swarming Dementiators... Now it was galloping around and around the black shapes on the ground, and they were-

Dementiators were falling back, sweltering, retreating into the darkness... They were gone.

Them- Clans turned. It was cantering back toward Naddalin a-crossed they- still, the surface of the water. It was not a horse.

It was not a unicorn, either. It was a stag. It was shining brightly as the moon above... it was coming back to her...

It stopped at the bank. Its hooves made no mark on the soft ground as it stared at Naddalin with its large, silver eyes. 'Flying horses,' it bowed its antlered head. And Naddalin realized... and Pinger's, and she- sheared.

But as she was trembling, fingers stretched- toward the creature, it vanished.

Naddalin stood them, and still outstretched. Then, with a great leap of she heard, she- heard hooves behind her. She- whirled around and saw Emmah dashing toward her, dragging Becca's beak behind her.

And what did you do? And she- said fiercely. And, you said you were only going to keep a lookout!

-And-

And just saved all our lives...And said Naddalin. And get behind here behind the bush - I will explain.

-And-

Emmah listened to what had just happened with the mouth open yet again.

And did anyone see you?

And, yes, yes, and- yet, have you not been listening? I saw myself, but I thought I was my dad!

It is okay! And...

He- he- he- Naddalin, I cannot believe it... You conjured up a Clans that drove away all those Dementiators! That is very, very advanced magic.

And...

Like, I knew I could do it this time, and said Naddalin, and because, I had already Deanahe it... Does that make sense?

-And-

Naddalin, who happened to be in the room at the time, froze as she- head Jigger's voice answer.

And... HELLO?

Hey, hi, and greetings? Like- like- like- UM- CAN YOU HEAR- ME? I - WANT - TO - TALK - TO - NADDALIN-!

Jinger was yelling so loudly that Uncle Read jumped and shielded the receiver a foot away from the ear, staring at it with an expression of mingled fury and alarm.

And WHOM IS THEM? And she- roared in the direction of the mouthpiece.

And WHO ARE YOU?

And then...

INGER - RAILEY! And Jinger bellowed back, as though she- Equally- Uncle Read were sequin from opposite ends of a football field. And I AM - A - FRIEND - OF - NADDALIN's - FROM - SAVANNAH - Similarly...

Uncle Read's small eyes swiveled around to Naddalin, who was rooted in the spot.

The same to say that an all- yen's, HERE them IS NO NADDALIN - HERE! And she- roared, now holding the receiver at arm's length, as though frightened it might explode.

And DO NOT KNOW WHAT SAVANNAH YOU ARE TOLUENE ABOUT! NEVER CONTACT ME AGAIN! DO NOT COME NEAR MY FAMILY!

And...

And she threw the receiver back onto the telephone as if dropping a prodigious spider.

Then- the fight that had followed had been one of the worst ever.

And, HOW DARE YOU GIVE THE NUMBER TO PEOPLE LIKE...

-PEOPLE LIKE YOU!

-And-

Uncle Read had roared, spraying Naddalin with spit.

Jinger realized that she had gotten Naddalin into trouble because she- had not called again.

Naddalin's other best friend from SKOUFYCEOL, Emmah Kizziah, had not been in touch either. Naddalin suspected that Jinger had warned Emmah not to call, which was a pity, because Emmah, the- cleverest witch in Naddalin's year, had non-magical people parents, knew perfectly well how to use a telephone, and would have had enough sense not to say that she- went to SKOUFYCEOL.

If she- had not, she might have found it harder to concentrate on military exercises at sunrise. She then made a

stop by the road to buy herself a blueberry bun from the bakery, to eat with the tea.

Most of them had never seen a Flying horse- flaying girls yes not horse- even at nighttime. Mr. Natalie, however, had a perfectly normal, Flying horses-free morning.

She yelled at five dissimilar folks.

In the office- Her- made several significant telephone calls, being all grown up and crap- and shouted a bit more... at dumbasses! Or so she called them...

A cranky piece of crap some called her...

Even if said- that she- was in a very noble mood until mealtime, where it went downhill from them- re... yes... she- n she- thought she would stretch her them was butt- And up the leg on the- lift the side and farted hard. That is my she- loll to you- to say to the girl behind her... thanks for sharing... she- got up and then walked across the- road to buy herself a bun from the- bakery.

Them- the effect of the simple sentence on the rest of the family was incredible: Dariez gasped and fell off the chair with a crash that shook the whole kitchen; Mr. S. Sleyash gave a small scream and clapped her and to a sure- a mouth; Mr. Sleyash jumped to her feet, veins throbbing in the temples.

She had forgotten all about the people in Robes until she passed a group of them next to the bakers.

She- eyed them angrily as she- passed. He did not know why, but they made her uneasy and UNCOMFORTABLE.

The bunch was shearing excitedly, too, and she- could not see a single collecting tin. It was on the back past them,

clutching a large doughnut in a bag, that she- caught a few words of what they were saying.

And she is, that is right, that is what I heard, yes, the girl, Naddalin.

-And-

Mr. Natalie stopped dead.

Fear flooded her... mind and body.

She- looked back at the whisperers as if she- wanted to say something to them but thought better of it.

She- dashed- back across the road, hurried up to the office, snapped at her secretary not to disturb her, seized the telephone, and had finished dialing her home number then she- n she- changed her mind. She- put the receiver back down and stroked her mustache- thinking...

No, she- was being stupid.

-Was not such an unusual name. She- was sure there were lots of people called - who had a girl called Naddalin.

Come to think of it, she- was not even sure her nephew- w was called Naddalin.

She never- ever even seen the girl.

It might have been Harvey. Or Hanna.

Them- was no point in worrying Mr.'s. Natalie; she- always got so-o upset at any mention of the sister.

She- did not blame her really- if she had had a sister like that... but all the same, those people in Robes...

And meant' please'! Also, said Naddalin quickly. Also, it did not mean...

-And-

(Now)

Also... WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU, Also, thundered her
uncle, spraying spit over the table, Also ABOUT SAYING THEM'S'
WORD IN OUR HOUSE?

And, but I am - Equally so-o-

...?...

Then and when...

(Back)

HOW DARE YOU THREATEN DARIEZ!

Holy freak'n piss, roared Uncle Read, pounding the table
with the fists.

(Aha)

Sh*t- Her- she- a found it a lot harder to concentrate on
drills that afternoon and whether she- left the- building at five
o'clock, she- was still so worried that she- walked straight into
someone just outside the- door.

Crap- Sorry, and she grunted, like them- a tiny old man
stumbled and almost fell. It was a few seconds before Mr.
Natalie realized that- the man was wearing a violet Robe. She
did not seem at all upset at being almost knocked to the
ground.

On the contrary, her face split into a wide smile, and
she- said in a squeaky voice that made passersby stare, f*CK- Do
not be sorry, my dear sir, for nothing could upset me today!

Rejoice, for You- Know- Who has gone at last! Even Non-magical people like yourself should be celebrating their happy, joyful day!

Damn...

And- and- like, um- them- old man hugged Mr. Natalie around the middle and walked off.

Mr. Natalie stood rooted in the spot.

She- had been hugged by a stranger.

She- also thought she- had been called a non-magical person, whatever that was.

She- was rattled.

She- hurried to her car and set off for home, hoping she- was imagining things, which she- had never hoped before, because she- did not approve of imagination.

As she- pulled into them- the driveway of number four, the first thing she- saw - And it did not improve the mood- was them- tabby wolf she had spotted that morning. It was now sitting on her garden wall. She- was sure it was the same one; it had them- the same marking around its eyes.

Mother F*CK-er...

It just gave her an unyielding look. Them- Flying horses were back at the window... Um- Shoo sucking crap! And said Mr. Natalie loudly as she- said- at the pc, over clips.

The- wolf did not move either from her spot under the tree next to the corner. Was it ordinary behavior for these beasts? And I just - thank you and that may hurt myself... like in the brain and crap- ol- la like that.

Sh*t'n- and like ah- ah- ah, I WARNED YOU! I WILL NOT TOLERATE THE MENTION OF YOUR ABNORMALITY UNDER THEIR ROOF! And- crap- crap- crap-

Naddalin started from her purple-faced uncle to her pale aunt, who was trying to sheave Dariez to her feet.

Crap- crap- crap-

... All right, um said Naddalin, And all right... And...

Crap- crap- crap-

Uncle Read sat back down, breathing like a winded rhinoceros, and watching Naddalin closely out of the corners of her small, sharp eyes.

Ever since Naddalin had come home for the summer holidays, Uncle Read had been treating her like a bomb that might go off at any moment, because Naddalin - was not a normal girl. She was not as normal as it is possible to be.

Naddalin - was a wizard fallen angel - a wizard one and angel number two- fresh from the first year at the school for girls Hayvannahol of Witchcraft and Wizardry- and getting your wings. And if they- Andreasen were unhappy to have her back for the holidays, it was nothing to how Naddalin felt.

She- missed at the school for girls so much it was like having a constant (Savanna) Hayvannah hatcher-. She- missed the- castle, with its secret passageways And ghosts, she classes (though perhaps not Lily, them- Potions master,) the mail arriving by Flying horses, eating banquets in the- Great Hall, sleeping in the four-poster bed in the- tower dormitory, visiting them- gamekeeper, Dargide, in her cabin next to the- Forbidden Forest in the- grounds, And, especially, Claepsiara, them- a most popular sport in the- wizarding world (six tall goal posts, four flying balls, And fourteen players on broomsticks.)

All Naddalin's spell- books, and her, robes, could Jinger, and top- other- line Nimbus Two Thousand broomstick had been locked in a cupboard under the- stairs by Uncle Read them- instant Naddalin had come home.

What did them- Andreassen care if Naddalin um lost her place on the House Claepsiara team because she- had not practiced all summer?

What was it to them- Andreassen if Naddalin went back to Hayvannahol without any of her homework Deanahe?

Them- Andreassen were wizards called non-magical peoples (not a drop of magical blood in the veins...)

And as far as they were concerned, having a wizard in the family was a matter of deepest shame, falling to death, and having black wings was worse than that.

Uncle Read had even padlocked Naddalin's Flying horses, herding, inside the cage, to stop her from carrying messages to anyone in the wizarding world.

Mr. Natalie speculated... all this and speculating was all he could do...

Trying to pull herself together as she- was sitting on them- can, leaving her job mead day like drawing to do so-o she- walked without knowing she- was doing so-o... like being pulled into them- the evil of it all- she- let herself into the- house. She still decided not to mention anything to the wife. That the power was taken over the mind and body.

Mr.'s. Natalie had had a nice, ordinary day.

She told her over dinner all about Mr.'s. Next Door's problems with the daughter and how Alisha had learned an unfamiliar word...

(And... NO...!)

Mr. Natalie tried to act Hayvanna- hay.

When Alisha had been put to bed, she- went into the- lounge in time to hook up on the- last report on them- sundown news: And, besides, in conclusion, bird onlookers all over have recounted that them- nation's Flying horses with wings have been behaving very strangely today.

Yet not in the way she- was seeing them, they said about it- yet, not about what she- was seeing with it.

Although flying with wings normally hunt at night, and are hardly ever seen considering the day, there have been hundreds of sightings of these birds flying in every direction since daybreak- the day before And. Experts is unable to explain why them- Flying horses with wings have suddenly changed the slumbering pattern.

- And-

Pergirls have been celebrating you can see them- barrel firs in them- streets- within them- night early- dusk- it is not until next week, folks! But I can promise a wet night tonight.

Them- broadcaster allowed herself a smile.

Most mysterious... Um now, over to Lenah Barton with them- weather. Successful to be any more when a- Flying horses with wings tonight, girl? And Viewers as far apart as Jackie, Promising, And Dundee have been phoning in to tell me that instead of the rain I assured yesterday, they have had a downpour of shooting stars! And ... Well, Dee, and said them- weathercaster, and I do not know about that, but it is not only them- Flying horses with wings that have been acting oddly today. I was hoping to make a wish to see if the casting of whatever would go away.

Mr. Natalie sat frozen in her armchair.

Shooting stars all over Britain?

Flying horses with wings flying by the light of day?
Mysterious individuals in shawls all over them- the place looks like something out of them- the 1920s? And, a murmur, a murmur about who they are... who is and who is and who's... like sharpers.

She- cleared her throat nervously. And, wow, dear- you have not heard from your sister lately? And it was not good. Her- would have to say something to her about them.

Mr.'s. Natalie came into the living room carrying two cups of tea. Sharing- as she- had estimated, Mr.'s.

Natalie watched, surprised and ever so-so irritated.

They mock them, she- did not have a sister- so that was them- a story made up of the little mind. It is not good to have or see them- abnormal! Like them... something is going down.

And, and- and- and sh*t- Nope, and s- she- said abruptly. Why...?

Why is the question with no answer?

Why- was the question...

~*~

And humorous paraphernalia on them- news, And Mr. Natalie muttered. And, flying horses with wings... shooting stars... And pussies oh my! She looked up at her with a grin.

Looking aroused and around them- was them- re was a cute young, coupled kissing making out- And making love on a bench- she- was sitting on her, And, feeling all- the madness- in plain eyesight.

Desirable, them- where a lot of humorous-looking folks in town today... doing just them- see things... it was madness- love was in the- air like them- evil cast over me- And some- that had been seen. And- And- So-o? And, cracked Mr.'s. Natalie. And, well, I just thought... perchance... it was to do with... you know... the crowds- and why. And the chat was complex and hard to understand- for one of them- another topic.

Mr.'s. Natalie swallowed her tea through squeezed lips. Mr. Natalie wondered where- them- r she- dared tell she had heard the- name- and she- decided she- did not dare.

Instead, she- said, as unconcernedly as she- could, And The baby girl she would be about Alisha's age now, wouldn't she? And... and - yes, I suppose so-o, And I am said Mr.'s. Natalie stiffly.

And... What is her name again? Not sure - she- said- why does it matter...?

Um... Naddalin? An offensive, uncommon name, if you ask me. SH*T- I did not but okay I feel the same.

And... Oh, sure... said Mr. Natalie, she hears plummeting extremely.

And...

Sure, I quite agree with you.

And...

On the way up the staircase, no words were said, as they made the way up to the bedroom, or some alone time to do what was natural. While Mr.'s. Natalie was in the bathroom, Mr. Natalie stole to them- bedroom window and peered down into them- Inert Garden. Looking out and over Them- the damn

wolf was still them- looking up at her- now- yet, in the- same way as with her- as before. It had not moved a bit.

Was she- imagining things? Or was their pussy acting as if she- could hear what I was thinking...

Could they all have something to do with them? If it did... them- query was why- do you know? If it turned out that they were related to a pair of- well, she- did not think she- could bear it.

Chapter: 13

Part: 1

Them- Natalie's got into bed wearing nothing more than her underwear,' Mr.'s. Natalie fell asleep quickly, but Mr. Natalie lay awake looking at her and all the parts of her body in love, nonetheless, turning it all over in their minds, as she- was feeling she was up with her right so- o.

They knew very well what she- and Jennath thought about them and the kind... Her last, she- attending thought before and she- fell asleep was that even if they were compiled, there was no motive for them to come near her and Mr.'s. Doll girl.

She- could not see how she- and could get mixed up in whatever, that might be going on- she- stretched- as well as turned over- it could not affect them...

How very mistaken she- was to think the thought.

Mr. Natalie might have been drifting into an uneasy sleep, but the wolf on the wall outside was showing no sign of sleepiness.

So, the fat lazy ass- did move... Just like in a cartoon I want to throw a boot. It was sitting as still as a statue, its eyes

fixed unblameable; at me time-wasting- re naked eating Cheetos... next to a bean bag chair... on... Them- did not so-o much as quiver she- n a car door thumped on the- next street, nor she- n two or three Flying horses with wings swooped above. In truth, it was a few hours before the wolf moved at all.

A man appeared on the corner they were the wolf had been watching- only me- and me only, not- looking away- it gave them- an idea so-o suddenly, and silently you would have thought she had just popped out of the ground. Them- wolf's tail yanked besides its eyes tightened.

Zilch- zero- like the man had ever been seen on the motorway.

She- was giant, tiny, and self-same deep-rooted, referencing the silver of her hair and beard, which were in cooperation long enough to tuck into her belts.

She- was tiring long robes, a dark yet rosy wrap that swept they are- ground, And high- she- eyed, Misshapen boots.

Her- indigo- yet with some blue eyes were light, bright, as well as twinkling behind half-moon spectacles, in addition to that she noses were exceptionally long and crooked like she is yellowing teeth, as on the- other and, it has been broken at least twice- like she and- for being dumb.

The man's name was Roberts Dreibund.

Roberts Dreibund did not seem to understand that she- had just been at home in a street then the whole thing from the description to using gumboots was undesirable.

So-o, Naddalin had had no word from any of the wizarding friends for five long weeks, and the summer was turning out to be as bad as the last one. Then- re was just one

exceedingly small improvement - after swearing that she- would not use her to send letters to any of the friends.

Naddalin had been allowed to let her Fly, they were out at night.

Uncle Read had given in because of the racket herding made if she was locked in the cage all the time.

Naddalin finished writing about Wendel in the Weird And paused to listen again. The- silence in the spooky house was broken only by the distant, grunting snores of the enormous cousin, Dariez.

It must be extremely late, Naddalin thought. Her eyes were itching with tiredness. She would finish the essay Hayvanna-horror night...

She- replaced the- ribbon; pulled an old pillowcase from under the bed; put the- flashlight under with her, a forbidden type of Magic, she essays, back the typewriter to her hands; now she would not out of bed; and hid the- lot under a loose floorboard under the bed.

Then she stood up, stretched, and checked the time on the luminous alarm clock on the bedside table.

It was one o'clock in the morning. Naddalin's Savannah gave a funny jolt. She- had been thirteen years old, without realizing it, for a whole hour.

Yet another unusual thing about Naddalin was how little she- looked forward to her birthdays.

She- had never- ever received a birthday card in life.

Then- Andreassen had completely ignored the last two birthdays, and she- had no regard to suppose they would remember them once.

The man- old with them- long white long beard was full of activity dipping into the wraps, beholding for something.

On another hand she- did seem to understand she- was being watched, for the- regard that she- looked up unexpectedly at the wolf, the supplementary finish of the thoroughfare, mind going a little Lonny... For some motivation, the sight of the wolf gives the impression to make her laugh.

She chuckled and muttered and was duty-bound to have known.

- And-

She originates what she- was beholding for in her privileged pocket. It was a green zip- o cigarette lighter.

She flipped it open, held it up in the air, and clicked it. Whoosh- hair smoldering- I thought it was going to happen... The- adjoining gas streetlamp went out with a slight hush sound.

She clicked it again- the next lamp wavered into dimness and gloominess.

13 times she- be on them- the same wavelength the- Put- External, 'til the- only lights left on the- whole street where two miniature pinholes in the- coldness, which were them- judgments of the- wolf watching her with emerald eyes.

Uncertainty any per girl observed out of the window now, even beady-eyed Mr.'s. Doll girl, they would not be able to see no matter what that was fashionable down on the roadway.

Naddalin looked nothing like the rest of the family.

Uncle Read was large and neckless, with an enormous black mustache and a long beard-; Aunt Jennath was horse-

faced and bony; Dariez was a blond-haired person, pink, and porky.

Naddalin, on the other hand, was small and skinny, with brilliant green eyes..., And jet-black hair that was always untidy. She wore round glasses, and on her, forehead was a thick scar... that was etched hatched, in like a drawing.

Naddalin walked across the darkroom, past her- dig's large, empty cage, to the open window. She leaned on the sill; the cool night air pleasant on her face after a long time under the blankets. Herding had been absent for two nights now.

Naddalin was not worried about her: she had been gone long before.

Nevertheless, she hoped she would be back soon - she was the only- living creature in the house who did not flinch at the sight of her.

Naddalin, though still rats her small and skinny for the ages, had grown a few inches- s over the last year.

Her strawberry blond hair, however, was just as it always had been - stubbornly untidy, whatever she- did to it.

Them- eyes behind the glasses were bright green, and on she foresee- ad, visible through the hair, was a thick scar, shaped like an angels body- with wings at a side view, of a past girl named NEVAEH, the one she was the blame for this all... the same depiction was on a blue acoustic cutaway cracked no longer play guitar- that was Havens, hand painted- I would add, with all the things that meant everything to the girls within the stories of the life, like lost chapters.

For some reason, this drawing of her keeps reappearing in all our lives. (All the girls have the story names on the side, with gold trim.)

Hear- here it is... and to think some ass hole said- 'It was not worth keeping back in her hometown.'

It was the scar that made Naddalin so particularly unusual, even for a wizard- she had the mark of a good angel.

The scar was them- the only a hint of Naddalin's very mysterious past, of the- regard she- had been left on the- Andreasen' doorstep eleven years before, turned up from the floor up with a ring through her clit, like all of them of the past.

Of all the unusual things about Naddalin, the scar was the most extraordinary of all. It was not, as the Andreasen - that family that took over the Amsel orphanage had pretended for ten years, a souvenir of the car crash that had killed Naddalin's parents, because... there does not need to be a way- of it... Lily... was like her

Kristen... too...

The question is why...

And then I thought about it...

You do not need a why... or to have a motive... it was all just because- because we can- and to get at you for the sick thrilling joys- of proving it- they want you to know it is them- so you are the one that looks crazy... for saying the why- of it all... I have been to them, and no one believes me- yet- the same with them.

And the question- still is why...?

Part: 2

And Alyssa- had not died yet was already one that we all heated... here at this school.

They had been murdered, murdered by the most feared Dark wizard for a hundred years, the crazy within the mind...

Lord AVA, new pet though- you get why...?

I keep away as much as I can now from them, yet the war is never over with her and them.

(Back)

Naddalin had escaped from them- the same attack with nothing more than a scar on her forehead and a ring, she- Ava's curse, instead of killing her- here, had rebounded upon its originator. Barely alive, Ava had fled...

Final- death here is like- a thing... if you keep losing power, or others want you out... then it back to Earth to haunt... in unhappiness.

But Naddalin had come face-to-face with her at the school for girls.

Remembering the last meeting as she- stood at the dark window, Naddalin had to admit she- was lucky even to have reached- her thirteenth birthday.

Silhouetted against the wonderfully- amazing big moon, and growing larger every moment, was a large, strangely lopsided creature, and it was flapping in Naddalin's direction.

Part: 3

She stood quite still, watching it sink lower... And lower; for a split second, she- hesitated, and on the- window latch, wondering whether to slam it shut.

Still, they- and the bizarre creature soared over one of the streetlamps that were flicking a flame, off Privet Drive, in

reflection on the wet path, And Naddalin, realizing what it was, leaped aside.

Through the window, three Flying girls with wings. It was them those girls that picked on her- now me, yet I and my girls would not stand for this... the conflict was on.

Two of them held up the third, who was unconscious, to all that was around them.

Some time had passed...

Then there was a soft lump on Naddalin's bed, and the middle grade- girls- flying angel- young girls- that were for them- them- them- just looking at me- and she- all creepy like, they would not leave and they wanted all of me, with me and she large gray, keeled right overhead she and I lay motionless, nude bodies in- tangled together, in our bed, staying away from them and they hate of what they do not understand. Them- was a large package tied to its legs. So-o, she and I kissed- and hugged tight, and loved each other going down on, and more and such, and let the babies play the games- pick and tease.

Part: 4

Naddalin recognized them- unconscious Flying horses at once - the name was Errol, and she belonged to the Railie family.

Naddalin dashed to the bed, untied the cords around Errol's legs, took off the parcel, and then- n carried Errolie to Sabre-dove's cage.

Errolie opened one bleary eye, gave a feeble hoot of thanks, and began to gulp some water.

Naddalin turned back to the remaining Flying horses with wings and the girls with them.

One of them, them- large white female, was shedding.

She- too, was carrying a parcel and looked extremely pleased with herself; she- gave Naddalin an affectionate nip with her beak as she- removed the burden, then- and flew across the room to join Errolie.

Naddalin did not recognize them- third girl, and some tawny one, but she- knew at once where it had come from because, in addition to a third package, it was carrying a letter bearing them- At the school for girl's crest.

When Naddalin relieved the Flying horses of its burden, it ruffled its daddy's important stretcher- d its wings and took off through the- a window into the- night.

Naddalin sat down on her bed then grabbed Errolie's package, ripped off the brown paper, and discovered a present wrapped in gold and her first-ever birthday card. Fingers trembling slightly, she opened the envelope.

Two pieces of paper fell out - a letter and a newspaper clipping.

The clipping had come out of the- wizarding newspaper, the- Star Press- because of the- people in the- black- and- the white picture was moving.

Naddalin picked up the clipping, smoothed it out, and read- the- scanned them- starry sky for a sign of herding, soaring back to her with a dead mouse dangling from her mouth, expecting praise.

Gazing absently over the rooftops, it was a few seconds before Naddalin realized what she- was seeing.

At the age of one year old, Naddalin had somehow survived a curse from the greatest Dark Sorcerer Angel of the

demons of all time, Noble Ava, whose name most watcher- s and wizards- fallen angel still feared to speak.

Naddalin 's parents had died in Ava's attacks, but Naddalin had escaped with scars and brandings, and somehow - nobody understood- why- WHY- Ava's powers had been demolished- instant she- had failed to kill- Naddalin.

So-o Naddalin had been brought up by the dead mother's sister and her hubs and... She- had spent ten years with them- Andreassen, never- ever understanding why she- kept making odd things happen without meaning to, believing them- Andreassen; story that she- had her scar in the car crash that had killed the parents...

...We all thought yes right!

And then, exactly a year ago, the school for girls had written to Naddalin, and then the whole story- had come out.

Naddalin had taken up the places at wizard Hayvannahol, when she- And her scar was- so- a famous... but now them- the Hayvannahol year was over, and she- was back with them- Andreassen for them- summer, back to being treated like a dog, that had rolled in something smelly.

(Back in time)

The- Andreassen had not even remembered that today happened to be Naddalin's 12th birthday.

Of course, her hopes had not been high; they had never given her a real present, let alone a cake - but to ignore it completely...

At that moment, Uncle Read cleared her throat importantly and said, "Besides, now, as we all know, today is an especially important day."

-And-

Naddalin looked up, hardly daring to believe it.

BUREAU OF MAGIC EMPLOYEE SCOOPS girl AND PRIZE-

‘Yeah, well,’ said Naddalin, glowering at her plate, ‘since which has Lily ever been fair to me?’

Neither of the others answered, all three of them knew that Lily and Naddalin’s mutual enmity had been absolute from the moment Naddalin had set foot in at the school for girls.

‘I did think she- might be a bit better this year,’ said Emmah in a disappointed voice. ‘I mean... you know...’ she- looked around carefully; there were half a dozen empty seats on either side of them and nobody was passing the table...

‘... Now she’s in them- War and everything.’

‘Prodigious toadstools Do not change the spots,’ said Jinger sagely. ‘Anyway, I have always thought Duerre was cracked to trust Lily. Where is she- evidence she- ever really stopped working for You- Know- I Mean?’

‘Duerres probably got plenty of evidence, even if she doesn't share it with you, Jinger,’ snapped Emmah.

‘Oh, shut up, the pair of you,’ said Naddalin heavily, as Jinger opened her mouth to argue back. Emmah And Jinger both froze, looking angry and offended.’

‘Can’t you give it a rest?’ Said Naddalin.

‘You’re always having a go at each other; it's driving me furious.’

And abandoning shepherd’s pie, she- swung she Hayvannahol- bag back over the shoulders and left them sitting on them.

She walked up the marble staircase two steps at a time, past the many students hurrying towards lunch.

Them- anger that had just flared so unexpectedly still blazed inside her, and they are- a vision of Jinger...

And Emmah's shocked faces afforded her a sense of deep satisfaction. Serve them right, she- thought, why cannot they give it a rest... bickering all of them- time... it is enough to drive anyone up them- wall...

She- passed the- a large picture of Sir Lloyd to a knight on an l's and Sir Lloyd drew her sword and brandished it fiercely at Naddalin, who ignored her.

'Come back, you scurvy dog! Stand fast and fight!' yelled Sir Lloyd in an inaudible voice from behind her visors, but Naddalin merely walked on, and either Sir Lloyd tried to follow her by running into a neighboring picture, she- was rebuffed by its inhabitant, a large and angry-looking wolfhound.

Naddalin spent the rest of the lunch hour sitting alone underneath the trapdoor at the top of Northern Tower, just under the bells.

Consequently, she- was the first to ascend them- a silver ladder that led to Sara... Solis's classroom when- n the bell rang.

After Potions, Divination was Naddalin's- least favorite class, which was due to Professor Solis's habit of forecasting her sudden death every few lessons.

A thin woman heavily draped in shawls and glittering with strings of beads, she would always remind Naddalin of insects, with her glasses hugely magnifying her eyes.

We have read her books here... them too...

She would- was busy putting copies of battered leather-bound books on each of them- spindly little tables with which the room was littered when Naddalin entered them- room. But the light cast by them- lamps covered by scarves and them- low burning, the sickly scented fire was so dim she would- appeared not to notice her as she- took a seat in the shadows.

Then- the rest of the class arrived over the next five minutes. Jinger emerged from them- a trapdoor, looked around carefully, spotted Naddalin, then made unswervingly for her, or as directly as she- could while having to send her way between tables, chairs, and overstuffed puffs.

‘Emmah and I have stopped arguing,’ she- said, sitting down beside Naddalin.

‘Good,’ grunted Naddalin.

‘But Emmah says she’d- thinks it would be nice if you stopped taking out your temper on us,’ said Jinger.

‘I’m not...’

‘I’m just passing on the message,’ said Jinger, talking over her.’

Nevertheless, I reckon she would- is right. It is not our fault how Laila and Lily treat you.’

‘I never said it...’

‘Good day,’ said Professor Solis in her usual misty, dreamy voice, and Naddalin broke off, again feeling both annoyed and slightly ashamed of herself.’

Besides, welcome back to Divination.

I have, of course, been following your fortunes most carefully over the holidays, and I am delighted to see that you

have all returned to the school for girls safely as, of course, I knew you would.

You will find on the tables before your copy of the -
'Little Girls Bible.'

Dream interpretation is the most important means of
divining the future and one that may very probably be tested in
your FLYING.

Interval: 9

The Express

Part: 1

(Back)

Think about the express-

The train pulls away. As I then sit down in a seat where I have a good vantage point of the cars. The doors close, and I hear the whistle far down the line I knew I was going far from home. I look out the window. 'This is your conductor speaking, I'd like to welcome you aboard...' If you require any assistance on your journey, I am located towards the front of this 69th train coach- I welcome you to the railway for the fall- you are here because your life was not fielded as it should, that is why they send you to us.' It is evening, soon you will not see anything but darkness, the treetops will get a little darker than the sky above, then that will fade, as you pulled into the time vortex.

Mostly, all I see is the reflection of the passengers in the carriage, and you and your soul reflected at you, that now is ours to take- and keep and do as we like with. It is sitting in the quiet coach; it is not always quiet, but at least it is not loud, all the girls look like sweet things that would not hurt anyone in

their new pressed girly school uniforms, they got before getting on. Individuals are usually too polite, and timid or just freaking scared out of their wits, to complain when someone is making a clamor. I counted eight other passengers today, I knew- that we would get to know each other then again if it was anything- like my old life then not.

Part: 2

Yes, I am sure of it I will have some, spaniel bounds with all yens are in this carriage, sniffing voraciously at everything, and looking as if your grandmother just died, nope- you did honey- you did. Then, I think well so- o did !!

Nevertheless, there are no familiar faces, no people I see regularly, I was starting to feel the effects of it too- and then I was looking like a sad puppy also, in the glass looking back, seeing my old life flash by as the train rushed forward, faster than my mind could think. Whoop- whoop- I am heard... Emma- the young girl, looks at each group of seats as her passes, moving straight through when she does not find what she is looking for, and that is a girl there to comfort her, so-o I am thought that must be myself.

In the non-summer days, I stare out the window, back home out the train riding to school, but when it is dark, she watches the other passengers. She said to me, her name was- Haven. Things got a little less stuffy... I often wonder if she comes to the same town as I do, sound like me, and my story too.

Although the girls have tried to change into their uniform it is obvious, they have not been away from homeing for long- they were lost. I am slurred, when- I's get nervous, she was sitting there with her hand between her knees said Naddalin.

Haven- I said, raising in to sitting on my legs under my butt, fixing the skirt too under my butt, spilling is not my thing or being what some would say is cool, as the train sways, but I can see I have made it as a girl. Some just blink, not getting that. I feel the train slowing; two girls in uniforms... walk back and take sets in front of us and make their way through the doors at one end. I have not had an opportunity to talk openly for the first time it was nice, same with them we not heating on one another- where just fallen girls- here over the fact we were throw away girls. Naddalin- I's love to observe them as they sat at the far end of the coach, that was something I always loved doing so.

(Me too, said the three girls that made friends at this point. Emma, Naddalin, and Haven.)

~*~

The new girl crosses her arms and grins, saying- 'hey I am Karly.'

We all look confused, at the color of her hair, no reply kick-ass luggage she uses that mad our heads ache; the new girl rolls her eyes- saying: Do not be fake and gay- (I said I's am- and I look telling me kind of a too-long story.)

'Hun- a?'' Her eyes where and face was so-o confused, 'I do not judge...' she said. not in school uniforms, clashes with my hair, and I do not like having things constricted, and she grasps her chest hard, in an upper ward motion.

Part: 3

I smile at the easiest thoughts of a new friendship; the girls share their plans for listening but want to keep it a secret from their parents and all in their old life. Yet, Karly was like- not so-o much as we were- my younger sisters we see me again-

I am sure of it, as a haunt in her vanity glass, or something random, or like when she is getting freaky with my old boyfriend. We giggled...

Luckily, I do not know the parents! Said Haven.

The young girl embarked on and are sitting opposite each other folding the sit-in, so they were face to face... The train stops and this time the doors stay closed. Getting water from the tank, for the steam...

(Thought)

I feel like I would like to help this young girl, but I do not know how, and I guess I's would not appreciate the interference.

I am though I know that I love trains...

~*~

(I wonder)

The train pulls away with a small jolt, Students steps back from the window, I wonder if she has problems at home, like I did, though Haven, or girlfriend trouble too like me or boy- or was at all like me? He checks the screen on his phone again. She has no signs like this route that is all green from here. Only one track... and is a twist and turns yet is a straight path to their... Tickets- girls, please, magical they are they show up floating like three dentinal- and oh- so-o see though in their hands, tickets... with your code and names and whatnot, show us all we need to know for now... and your place here.

As you can see the bars on the code forever match here to there and are read... this is your ID... I hold up my season ticket for inspection, ripping the playful thing down in mid-air. 'Thank you, sir,' the guards walk on and checks the rest of the

carriage, then stops by the doors. After walking to and for a couple of times, students sad- like sits down and takes a large notebook from their bag, and to the first day's homework, and that is document all that happens on the ride.

This also was on the ticket, saying the assignment. Then they went off to the steeper parts of the train, it was going to be a long ride when it only takes moments to get here... yet to new girls, it is like a lifetime, that seems like a week trip, where you need to sleep- and have a day to transition to the new worldly ways.

Part: 4

Um- rapidly flicking through the pages, before the girls turn in, he stops about two-thirds of the way through, the girl's room, and pulls the beds and shads down saying work hard and rest, he stares out the window, saying I am getting too old for young girls.

We- giggle...

(Next day)

With a sigh, the student has sad doodles on the margin of the page, and some droll. He looks up at Emma and stands, there as she and stretches, 'not every day you see a nude girl...' she said. The girls gather their belongings and stand close together by the doors, getting into uniform. I wait for the train to come to a complete standstill before walking over to the next door, one by one going down the car steps, to get out, the girls hold hands in one line, as they walk into this new land of unknown.

~*~

Chapter: 14

Part: 1

Naddalin- 'Why?' 'Why- are girls like you are making fun of a girl, that was just like you-you're here, for the same- faults- or even more than she had.'

Not, of course, examination passes, or failures are of the remotest importance wither, and it comes to there- the sacred art of divination.

If you have there- seeing-eye, certificates, and grades matter extraordinarily little. However, there- principal likes you to sit there- examination, so-o...'

Her voice trailed away delicately, leaving them all in no doubt that Professor Trelawney considered the- subject above such sordid matters as examinations.

Turn, please, to there- introduction- and read what the girl has said here, you have a voice- okay what is that saying- AVA said to her girls, like what this pussy licker said about us.

'CUTE- NO?'

'Cute yes!'

'The Sisters from Hell...' 'CUTE... did she think that we would never – ever see this?'

'Sh-h-h' said Emma- making faces!

This work by a girl that was never to has made things difficult for all... said- Duerre... no it is time to get at her. Wounds were cast picking apart the old book copy of the many chapters of her young and aging life.

Part: 2

They were, divide into pairs, reading Nevaeh's story mocking her some- other fallen girls where in- love with the

captivating story her up and downs... and some saying how did she not fall to us- as one of us... a strong girl- she was... somewhere crying others giggling.

Naddalin- I's think this wrong to do to someone, even if... and all the girls in the class where had the books, picking out things that they could do to them all, in their moments how self- droughts and fear- it was so wrong to us- Naddalin the most.

Use The- Dream Vision, spell and see all that she did- can you...?

We can- said the girls... feel- feel- and see as she did. To interpret each other's most recent dreams, you will become her- and live a life of the past and walk her halls as her. Carry on... young falling angels of Wizard and the Fallen.'

Part: 3

The- one good thing to be said, for their lesson was that it was not a double period.

By three- time they had all finished- reading there- the introduction of the- book, they had barely ten minutes left for dream interpretation.

At there- the table next to Naddalin and Jinger, Lacy had paired up with Neville, who immediately embarked on a longwinded explanation of a nightmare involving a pair of giant scissors wearing her grandmother best hat; Naddalin and Jinger merely looked at each other glumly.

'I never remember my dreams,' said Jinger,' you say one.'

I never remember them like this said Naddalin... in awe.

'You must remember one of them,' said Naddalin impatiently.

She- was not going to share her dreams with anyone, I thought we all had to.

She- knew perfectly well what her regular nightmare about a graveyard meant, she- did not need Jinger or Professor Trelawney or their stupid Dream Vision to tell her.

'Well, I dreamed, that I was playing Claepsiara there- another night,' said Jinger, screwing up the faces to remember. 'What you'd reckon that means?'

'Probably that you're going to be eaten by a giant marshmallow or something,' said Naddalin, turning there- pages of The- Dream Vision without interest.

It was very dull work looking up bits of dreams in there- Vision and Naddalin were not chartered up with- n Professor Trelawney set, them there- the task of keeping a dream diary for a month as homework, about this girl's life, and it was all adding into this story. What we saw.

Naddalin- now docent that discredit her from being the novelist another of the story in the first place? 'You need to hush, or you will fail my class!'

When there- bell went, she- And Jinger led there- way back down there- ladder, Jinger grumbling loudly.

'Do you realize how much homework we have gotten already? Bins set us a foot and half long essay on giant wars, Lily wants a foot on there- use of moonstones, and now we have a month's dream diary from Trelawney!

Freeanna and Katy were not Ginger about FLYING year, were they? That Scott lady had better not give us any...'

Wither they entered there- Defense Against there- Dark Arts classroom, like- they found Professor Scott already seated at there- transferors desk, wearing there- fluffy pink cardigan of there- the night before and there- black velvet bow on top of their head. Naddalin was again reminded forcibly of a large fly perched- unwisely on top of an even larger toad.

The- class was quiet, and just sweet little girls sitting in a row in uniforms, an old art- deco ornate 1920's style all linked together desks, as it entered there- room; Professor Scott was, yet an unknown quantity... And nobody knew how strict a disciplinarian she would- was likely to be.

'Well, good afternoon!' Um- she would- said, wither finally there- the whole class had sat down.

A few people mumbled 'good afternoon' in reply of drowsiness- or I do not give a frapping sh*t- piss.

That will not do, now, will it?

I should like you, please, to reply 'Good afternoon, Professor Scott.' One more time, please. Good afternoon, class!

'Good afternoon, Professor Scott,' they chanted back at her.

'Ta- ta,' said Professor Scott.

There are, now,' said Professor Scott sweetly. That was not too difficult, was it? And away and quills out- ink and nibs, please.'

Many of their classes exchanged gloomy looks; there- order' and away' had never- ever, yet, been followed by a lesson they had found interesting or fun and net.

Naddalin shoved her and back into her handbag.

And pulled out an enchanted typewriter for lifting wood top, ink, and parchment. The large stand- glass windows have rays coming in... that distracts her.

Professor Scott opened her and, extracted her own and, which was an unusually short one, and tapped there- blackboard sharply with it; words appeared on there- board at once- Defense Against there- Dark Studies a Return to Fundamental Assumption- 'Well now, your teaching in their subject has been rather disrupted and fragmented, hasn't it?' said Professor Scott, turning to face their class with her and clasped neatly in her finger.

There- constant changing of teachers, many of whom do not seem to have followed any Unholy orders approved curriculum, has regrettably resulted in your being far below there- stand we would expect to see in your FLYING year.

'You will be pleased to know, however, that these problems are now to be rectified. We will be following a carefully structured, theory-centered, Ministry-approved course of defensive magic there a year.'

'Copy down there- following, please.'

She would- rapped there- blackboard again; there- the first message vanished- d and was replaced by there- 'Course Aims...' Understanding there- assumption primary defensive magic. Learning to recognize circumstances in which defensive magic can legally be used. Employing the- use of defensive magic in a context for practical use.

For a couple of minutes there- the room was full of there- the sound of scratching quills on parchment. Wither everyone had copied down Professor Scott's three-course aims she would- asked. 'Has everybody got a copy of Defensive Magical Theory by Wilbert Slinkhard?'

There was a dull murmur of assent throughout their class.

‘I think we’ll try that again,’ said Professor Scott.’

Wither- I ask you a question, I should like you to reply, ‘Yes, Professor Scott,’ or ‘No, Professor Scott.’

So, has everyone got a copy of Defensive Magical Theory by Wilbert Slinkhard?’

‘Yes, Professor Scott,’ rang through their room.

‘Good,’ said Professor Scott.’ I should like you to turn to page five and read ‘Girl One, Fundamentals for Beginners.’ There will be no need to talk.’

Professor Scott left there- blackboard and settled herself in there- chair behind there- transferors desk, seeing them all closely with those pouchy eyes.

Naddalin turned to page five of her copies of Defensive Magical Philosophy And started to read.

It was desperately overcast, quite as bad as listening to Professor Binns.

She- felt her attentiveness sliding away from her, she had soon read there, the same line half a dozen times without taking in more than there, first few words.

Numerous silent minutes passed.

Next to her, Jinger was absent-mindedly turning her enchanted typewriter over and over in the fingers, staring at there- the same spot on their- page.

Naddalin observed right and received an astonishment to shake her out of the inertia.

Emmah had not even opened the copy of Defensive Magical Theory. She would- was staring fixedly at Professor Scott with her and in there- air.

Naddalin could not remember Emmah ever neglecting to read wither instructed to, or indeed resisting there- the temptation to open any book that came under the nose. She- looked at her enquiringly, but she merely shook her head slightly to show that she was not about to answer questions, and continued to stare at Professor Scott, who was looking just as resolutely in another direction.

After several more minutes had passed, however, Naddalin was not there- only one watching Emmah. There- Girl they had been instructed to read was so tedious that increased people were hoping to watch Emmah's mute attempt to catch Professor Scott's eye rather than struggle on with fundamentals for beginners.'

Wither more than half their class were staring at Emmah mouse her than at their books, Professor Scott seemed to decide that she would- could ignore their- a situation no longer.

'Did you want to ask something about there- Girl, dear?' She would- asked Emmah, as though she would- had only just noticed her.

Part: 4

'Not about there- Girl, no,' said Emmah.

'Well, we're reading just now,' said Professor Scott, showing her small, pointed teeth.' If you have other queries, we can deal with them there- end of class.'

'I have got an interrogation about your course aims,' said Emmah.

Professor Scott raised her eyebrows.

‘And your name is?’

‘Emmah Kizziah,’ said Emmah.

‘Well, Miss. Kizziah, their course aims are clear if you read them through carefully,’ said Professor Scott in a voice of determined sweetness.

‘Well, I’s don’t know,’ said Emmah bluntly. There is nothing written up there about using defensive spells.’

There was like a short silence in which many members of the- class turned their heads to frown at there- three course aims still written on there- blackboard.

‘Using self- justifying spells?’ Professor Scott repeated with a little laugh.’

Why, I’s cannot imagine any situation arising in my classroom that would require you to use a defensive spell, Miss. Kizziah. You surely are not expecting to be attacked during class?’

‘We’re not going to use magic?’ Jinger cried loudly.

‘Um- young students raise their hand to wither they wish to speak in my class, Mr. S?’ ‘Railie,’ said Jinger, thrusting she hands into there- air.

Professor Scott, smiling still more widely, turned her back on her.

Naddalin And Emmah immediately raised their hand too. Professor Scott’s pouchy eyes lingered on Naddalin for a moment before she would- addressed Emmah.

‘Yes, Miss. Kizziah? You wanted to ask something else?’

‘Yes,’ said Emmah. ‘Surely there- the whole point of Defense Against there- Dark Studies is to practice defensive spells?’

‘Are you a- Unholy Orders trained educational expert, Ms. Kizziah?’ asked Professor Scott, in her falsely sweet voice.

‘No, but’

‘Well then, I am afraid you are not trained to decide what there- ‘whole point’ of any class is.

Wizard and the Fallen’s or fallen girls much older and cleverer than you have devised our new program, of study.

You will be learning about self- protective spells in a secure, risk freeway...’

‘What use is that?’ Said Naddalin loudly.’

If we are going to be attacked, it will not be in a...’

~*~

Naddalin thrust her fist in there- air. Again, Professor Scott promptly turned away from her, but now several other people had their hands up, too.

‘And your name is?’ Professor Scott said to Lacy.

‘Lacy Thomas.’

‘Well, Mr. Thomas?’

‘Well, it’s like Naddalin said, isn’t it?’ Said Lacy.’ If we are going to be attacked, it will not be risk-free.’

‘I repeat,’ said Professor Scott, amused, and grinning in a very irritating fashion at Lacy, do you expect to be attacked during my classes?’

‘No, but- um- ah...’

‘Like- Professor Scott talked over her.’

I do not wish to criticize the- way things have been run in there Hayvannahol,’ she would- said, an unconvincing smile stretching her wide mouth.

‘Nonetheless, you have been exposed to some very irresponsible fallen angels/Wizard and the Fallen’s in their class, very irresponsible indeed not to mention,’ she would- gave a nasty little laugh,’ extremely dangerous half-breeds.’

‘If you mean Professor Lupin,’ piped up

Lacy angrily, ‘she- was there- best we ever’

‘Hand, Mr. Thomas! As I was saying you have been introduced to spells that have been complex, inappropriate to your age group, and potentially lethal. You have been frightened into believing that you are likely to meet Dark attacks every other day.’

‘No, we haven’t,’ Emmah said... ‘We just...’

‘Your hand is not up, Miss. Kizziah!’

Emmah put up the hands. Professor Scott turned away from her.

‘It is my understanding that my predecessor not only performed illegal curses on your fingers, but she also- actually performed them on you.’

‘Well, she- turned out to be a maniac, didn’t she-?’ Said Lacy hotly.’ Mind you, we still learned loads.’

‘Your hands are not up, Mr. Thomas!’ Trilled- Professor Scott. ‘Now, it is there- view of there- Unholy orders that a theoretical know they edge will be more than sufficient to get

you through your examination, which is what Hayvannahol is all about. And your name, is it?' she would- add, staring at Parvati, whose hands had just shot up.

'Parvati Smartha, and isn't there a practical bit in our Defense Against there- Dark Arts FLYING?

...And, with horses that can fly too...

~Use we ride on their backs too; we make abound with one when we become young lady's... here in this world, when we get our first wings, bricking though are back skin, that grows from the spin, and have gray-black feather- ie- ness.

~We ride them in the skies, we love them and them- us, ones the bond is made with are haloes.

Part: 5

'Aren't we supposed to show, that we can do there- counter curses and things?'

'As long as you have studied the- theory hard enough, there is know why you should not be able to perform there- spells under carefully controlled examination conditions,' said Professor Scott dismissively.

'Without ever practicing them beforehand?' said Parvati incredulously.' Are you telling us that the first time we will get to do the- spells will be during our exam?'

'I repeat, as long as you have studied their theory hard enough.'

'And what good's theory going to be in the real world?' said Naddalin loudly, the first in the- air again.

Professor Scott looked up.

‘There is Hayvannahol, Mr.-, not there- the real world,’ she would- said softly.

‘So, we’re not supposed to be prepared for what’s waiting for us out there?’

‘There- is nothing waiting out there- are, Mr.-’

‘Oh, yes?’ Said Naddalin. Her temper, which seemed to have been bubbling just beneath the- surface all day, was reaching boiling point.

‘Who do you imagine wants to attack children like yourselves?’ Um- enquired Professor Scott in a honeyed voice.

‘Hmm, let us think...’ said Naddalin in a mock thoughtful voice.’ Maybe... Lady Ava Jinger gasped; Lavender Brown uttered a little scream; Neville slipped sideways off her stool.

Professor Scott, however, did not flinch. She would- was staring at Naddalin with a grimly satisfied expression on her face.

Ten points from Amsel, Mr.-’

Her classroom was silent and still. Everyone was staring at either Scott or Naddalin.

‘Now, let me make a few things quite plain.’

Professor Scott stood up... And leaning towards them, her stubby- fingered hands splayed on her desk.

‘You have been told that a certain Dark Wizard and the Fallen has returned from here- dead she- wasn’t dead,’ said Naddalin angrily,’ nevertheless yes, her returned!’

‘Mr. - you have already lost your house ten points do not make matters worse for yourself,’ said Professor Scott in one breath without looking at her.’ As I was saying, you have

been informed that a certain Dark Wizard and the Fallen is at large once again. She is a lie.'

'It is NOT a lie!' said Naddalin.' I saw her, I fought her!'

'Detention, Mr.-!' said Professor Scott triumphantly. Hayvanna-horror evening. Five o'clock. My office.

I repeat, 'she is a lie.'

'I don't think so-o she said loader.'

The- Unholy Orders of Magic guarantees that you are not in danger from any Dark Wizard and the Fallen. If you are still worried see me outside class hours. If someone is alarming you with fibs about reborn Dark Wizard and the Fallen's, I would like to hear about it. I am here to help. I am your friend; and now, you will kindly continue your reading. Page five, though one hundred.'

Professor Scott sat down behind her desk. Naddalin, however, stood up.

Everyone was staring at her; Laila looked half scared, half fascinated.

'Naddalin, no!' Emmah whispered in a warning voice, tugging at her grief, but Naddalin jerked her arm out of her reach.

'Like- so, according to you, Joella - Elizabeth dropped dead of her own concur, did she-?' Naddalin asked, her voice shaking.

She was a collective intake of breath from her- class, for none of them, apart from Jinger and Emmah, had ever heard Naddalin, talk about what had happened on the- night Joella had died.

They stared avidly from Naddalin to Professor Scott, who had raised her eyes, and was staring at her without a trace of a fake smile on her face.

‘Joella - Elizabeth’s death was a tragic accident,’ she would- said coldly.

‘It was murder,’ said Naddalin. She- could feel herself shaking.

She- had hardly spoken to anyone about her, least of all thirty eagerly listening to classmates.’

‘Ava killed her, and you know it.’

Professor Scott’s face was quite blank. So, and- it was not that one...

Then her face went blank...

Part: 6

Then- for a moment, Naddalin thought she would- was going to scream at her. She would- said, in her softest, most sweetly girlish voice. ‘Come here, Mr. ...dear.’

She- kicked her chair aside, strode around Jinger and Emmah and up to the- teacher’s desk.

She- could feel the- rest of the- class holding its breath. She- felt so angry she- did not care what happened next.

Professor Scott pulled a small roll of pink parchment out of her handbag, stretched it out on the- desk dipped her enchanted typewriter into a bottle of ink, and started scribbling, hunched- over so that Naddalin could not see what she would- was writing. Nobody spoke out at that moment at all. After a minute or so she would roll up the- parchment and tap it with

her wand; it sealed itself seamlessly so that she- could not open it.

Take her to Professor Ashly, dear,' said Professor Scott, holding out the- note to her.

She- took it from her without saying a word, turned on her heel and left the- room, not even looking back at Jinger and Emmah, smashing the- classroom door shut behind her.

She- walked amazingly fast along the- corridor, she- note to Ashly clutched- tight in her hands, and turning a corner walked slap into Charlotte she- a poltergeist, a widemouthed little girl floating on her back in midair, juggling several inkwells.

'Why it's Petty Wee-!' Cackled Charlotte, allowing two of she- inkwells to fall to the- ground where she- smashed- and splattered the- walls with ink; Naddalin jumped backward out of the- way with a snarl.

'Get out of it, Charlotte.'

'Oo-oh-h, Crackpot's feeling cranky' said Charlotte, pursuing Naddalin along with her- corridor, Graceling as she- zoomed along above her.'

What is it the time, my fine Petty friend? Hair-razing voices...? Seeing visions... or the past like it is the now...? Speaking of 'Charlotte blew a gigantic raspberry'- tongues?'

'Motorboating some boobies back their girl.' said Naddalin!

Ball one-

Ball two-

Ball three- all spit- ie!

'I said, leave me ALONE!' Naddalin shouted, running down the- nearest flight of stairs, but Charlotte merely slid down the- banister on her back beside her.

Part: 7

'Oh, most think she's Barking, she- petty wee child, nevertheless, some are more- kindly besides think she is just sad, But Charlotte knows better and says, that she is mad - 'Shut- UP!'

A door to her left flew open, and Professor Ashly emerged from the office looking grim and slightly hassled.

What are you shouting about-?' she'd- snapped, as Charlotte cackled gracefully and zoomed out of sight.' Why aren't you in class?'

'I've been sent to see you,' said Naddalin stiffly.

'Sent? What do you mean, sent?'

She- held out the- note from Professor Scott. Professor Ashly took it from her, frowning, slit it open with a tap of the wand, stretched it out, and began to read.

Her eyes zoomed from side to side behind the square spectacles as she would- read what Scott had written, and with each line, they became thinner.

'Come in here,' she- followed her inside her studies. Her door closed identically behind her.

'Well?' said Professor Ashly, rounding on her.' 'Is she true...?'

'Is what true...?'

Naddalin asked rashes more aggressively than she- had intended.

'Professor?' she added, sounding politer.

'Is it true that you shouted at Professor Scott?'

'Yes,' said Naddalin.

'You called she a liar?'

'Yes.'

'You told her the girl- Who Must Not Be Talked about is back?'

'Yes.'

Professor Ashly sat down behind the desk, watching Naddalin closely.

Then she would- said, 'Have a beige,' 'Have what...?'

'Have a beige,' she would- repeated impatiently, indicating a tartan tin lying on top of one of the- piles of papers on her desk, 'and then sit down.'

She had been a previous occasion when Naddalin, expecting to be caned by Professor Ashly, had instead been chosen by her to the- Amsel Claepsiara team.

She- sank into a chair opposite her, and helped herself to a Ginger Newt, feeling just as confused and woozy footed as she- had Deanahe on that occasion.

Professor Ashly set down Professor Scott's note and looked very seriously at Naddalin.

'You need to be careful.'

Naddalin swallowed her mouthful of Ginger Newt and stared at her.

Her tone of voice was not at all what she- was used to; it was not brisk, crisp, and demanding; it was low and apprehensive and somehow much more human than usual.

‘Misbehavior in Dolores Scott’s class could cost you much more than house points and detention.’

‘What do you...?’

‘Use your common sense,’ snapped Professor Ashly, with an abrupt return to her usual manner.’

You know where she would- comes from, you must know to whom she would- is reporting.’

The- bell rang for the- end of the- lesson. Overhearing, all-around came the clumsy sounds of hundreds of students on the- move.

‘It says here she would- ’s gave you detention every evening she week, starting Hayvanna-horror,’ Professor Ashly said, looking down at Scott’s note again.

‘Every evening she week!’ Naddalin repeated, horrified. ‘But then again, Professor, couldn’t you?’

No, I could not,’ said Professor Ashly flatly.

‘But.’

‘But!’

‘But?’

‘She would- is your teacher, besides, has every right to give you detention.

You will go to her room at five o’clock Hayvanna-Horror for her- the first one. Just remember to tread carefully around Dolores Scott.’

‘But one was telling the- truth!’ said Naddalin, outraged. ‘Ava is back, you know her- is; Professor Duerre knows who she- is?’

‘For heaven’s sake-!’ Said Professor Ashly, straightening her glasses angrily (she would- had winced horribly where- and her- had used Ava’s name.)

Do you think she is about truth or lies? It is about keeping your head down, and your temper under control!’

She would- stood up, nostrils wide and mouth very thin, and Naddalin stood up, too.

(Naddalin- sometimes I am wondering if I to do not have to retard tattooed on my forehead!)

‘Have another beige,’ she would- said touchily, thrusting the- tin at her.

‘No, thanks,’ said Naddalin coldly.’

Do not be ridiculous,’ she would- snapped.

Then now, at that time of that day- she- took one... ‘Thanks,’ she- said grudgingly.

Part: 8

‘Didn’t you listen to Dolores Scott’s speech at the- start of term feast-?’

‘Yeah,’ said Naddalin. ‘Yeah... she would- said... progress will be prohibited or... well, it meant that... that the- Unholy Orders of Magic is trying to interfere with at the school for girls.’

Professor Ashly eyed her closely for a moment, she- and sniffed, walked around the desk, and held open the- door for her.

‘Well, I’m glad you listen to Emmah Kizziah at any rate,’ she would- said, pointing her out of the office.

Dinner in the- Massive Hall that night was not a pleasant experience for Naddalin.

The- news about her shouting match with Scott had traveled exceptionally fast even at the school for girls’ morals.

She- heard sweepers all around her as she- sat eating between Jinger and Emmah.

Her funny thing was that none of the whisperers seemed to mind her overhearing what they were all saying about her.

On the- contrary, it was as though they were hoping she- would get irritated and start shouting o’er so that they could hear the story first hands.

‘She- says she- saw Joella - Elizabeth murdered...’

‘She- reckons she- a dual-l-ed with You Know- Whom...’

‘Come off it...’

‘Who does she- think she’s kidding?’

‘Tur Zease...’

‘What I do not get,’ said Naddalin through clenched- d teeth, laying down the knife and fork (she hands were shaking too much to hold them steady,) ‘is why she- y all believed she- story two months ago when- and Duerre told them...’

‘The- thing is, Naddalin, I’m not sure she- e did,’ said Emmah grimly. ‘Oh, let us get out of here.’

She would slam down her knife and fork; Jinger looked longingly at the half-finished- apple pie but followed suit. Individuals stared at them all the- way out of the- Hall.

‘What’d’ you mean, you are not sure they thought Duerre?’

Naddalin asked Emmah when they reached- the- first- floor landing.

‘Look, you don’t understand what it was like after it happened,’ said Emmah quietly. ‘You arrived back in her- middle of the- lawn clutching Joella’s dead body... none of us saw what happened in her- maze... we just had Duerre’s word for it that You Know Who had come back and killed Joella and fought you.’

‘Which is the- truth!’ Said Naddalin loudly.

I know it is, Naddalin, so will you please stop biting my head off?’ Said Emmah wearily. ‘It is just that before she- the truth could sink in, everyone went home for her- summer, where they spent two months reading about how you are a nutcase and Duerre’s going senile!’

Rain pounded on the- windowpanes as they strode along with her- empty corridors back to Amsel Tower.

Part: 9

Naddalin felt as though the first day had lasted a week, but she- still had a mountain of homework to do before bed.

A dull pounding pain was developing over my right eye. She- glanced out of a rain-washed- window at the dark grounds as she turned into her- Fat Lady’s corridor. She was still no light in Dargide’s cabin.

‘Mimbulus mumble- like,’ said Emmah, before the- Fat Lady could ask. The- portrait swung open to reveal the- hole behind it and the- three of them scrambled through it.

The- girl's dorm room was almost empty; everyone was still down at dinner. Snakes uncoiled themselves from an armchair and trotted to meet them, purring loudly, and when- and Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah took the three favorite chairs at the- fireside the- leaped lightly on to Emmah’s lap and curled up her like a furry ginger cushion.

Naddalin gazed into the- flames, feeling drained and exhausted.

Part: 10

‘How can Duerre have let this happen?’

Emmah cried suddenly, making Naddalin and Jinger jump; shanks leaped off her, looking afterward still panicking. She would pound the arms of the chairs in a fury so that bits of stuffing leaked out of the- holes of the chair.’ How can she- let that terrible woman teach us? And in our FLYING year, too!’

‘Well, we’ve never- ever had great Defense Against her- Dark Arts Craft teaches, have we?’ said Naddalin.’

You know what it is like, Dargide told us, nobody wants the- job; she- e say it is jinxed.’

‘Yes, but to employ someone who is refusing to let us do magic!

What’s Duerre playing at?’

‘And she- is trying to get people to spy for her,’ said Jinger darkly in an ominous way.

'Remember when- n she would- said she would- wanted us to come and tell's her if we hear anyone saying- 'You Know Who's back?' 'Of course, she is- the one to spy on us all, that is obvious, why else would Fudge have wanted her to come?' Snapped Emmah.

'Do not start arguing again,' said Naddalin wearily, as Jinger opened her mouth to retaliate.' Cannot we just... let us just do that homework, get it out of the- way...'

She- a collected her Hayvannahol bags from a corner and returned them to her- chairs by the- fire.

People were coming back from dinner now.

Naddalin kept her face averted from the- portrait hole but could still sense she- stares she- was attracting.

'Like- shall we do Lily's stuff first?' Said Jinger, dipping the enchanted typewriter into the magical inkwell.

'She- properties... of moonstone... And it uses ...in potion-making...' she- muttered, writing the- words a- crossed the- top of the yellow- sh parchment Paper as she- spoke to them all out too loudly.

Disruptive... as they said she was... yet, not like at all like they- the higher up at her old school said at all either.

She- underlined the- title, and splatted ink, then she looked up expectantly at Emmah.

'So, what is the- properties of moonstone and its uses in potion-making?'

But- but- Emmah was not listening; she would- was squinting over into the- far- far off corner of the- room, where Breanna, Katy, And Grace, Jordann were now sitting at the- center of a knot of innocent-looking first years, all of whom

were chewing something that seemed to have come out of a large Paper bag that Breanna was holding.

‘No, I’m sorry, they’ve gone too far,’ she would- said, standing up and looking positively furious.

‘Come on, Jinger.’

‘I’m what?’ said Jinger, plainly playing for time.’ No, come on, Emmah, we cannot tell them off for giving out sweets.’

‘You know perfectly well that those are bits of things Nougat or Pushing Pastilles or...’

‘Fainting Fancies?’ Naddalin suggested quietly.

One by one, as though hit over her- head with an invisible mallet, the- first years were slumping unconscious in their seats.

Then some slid right on to the- floor, ashes merely hung over her- arms of their chairs, their tongues lolling out. Most of the- people watching were laughing...

Emmah, however, squared her shoulders and marched directly over to where Breanna, and Katy... she has now stood with clipboards, meticulously observing her; unconscious first years.

Jinger rose slightly, and then halfway out of her desk chair, hovered uncertainly for a moment or two, then murmured to Naddalin, ‘she’s- got it under control,’ before sitting as low in the deck- chair as she nerdy awkward frame permitted.

Interval: 10

Chapter: 15

Part: 1

That is enough!' Emmah said forcefully to Breanna and Katy, both of whom looked up in mild surprise.

'Yeah, you're right,' said Katy, nodding, 'she does look strong enough, doesn't she?'

'I told you this morning, you can't test your rubbish on students!'

'We're paying them!' Said Breanna indignantly.

'I do not care; it could be dangerous!'

'BS,' said Breanna.

'Calm down, Emmah, they're fine!' Said Grace reassuringly as she- walked from the first-year girl's room to the first-year class, inserting many sweets into her gaping mouth.

'Yeah, look, they're coming around now,' said Katy. A few of the- first years were indeed stirring. Several looked so shocked to find themselves lying on her- floor, or dangling off their chairs, that Naddalin was sure Breanna and Katy had not warned them, what the sweets were going to do.

'Feel all, right?' Said Katy kindly to a small dark-haired girl lying at the feet.

'I- I- I- I- I's, think so,' she would- said shakily.

'Excellent,' said Breanna happily, but she- next second Emmah had snatched- both her clipboard and her- paper- along with a bag of pop-rock gemstone from the hands.

'It is NOT excellent!'

'Of freaking course, it is, they are alive, aren't they?' Said Breanna furiously.

'You can't do she, what if you made one of them ill?'

'We're not going to make them ill; we've already tested them all on ourselves, she is just here to see if everyone reacts the- same.'

'If you need to stop doing it, I'm going to...'

'Put us in detention?' Said Breanna, in an I would like to see you try it voice.

'Make us write lines?' Said Katy, smarting off.

Onlookers all over her- the room were laughing. Emmah drew herself up to the full thought, her eyes were narrowed...

And the bushy hair seemed to crackle with static electricity.

'No,' she would- said, her voice quivering and trembling with anger...'

Part: 2

...But I will write to your mother, and f*cking haunt the sh*t and piss out her every night.'

'You wouldn't,' said Katy, horrified, taking a step back from her.

'Oh, yes, I would,' said Emmah grimly.'

I cannot stop you from consuming all the- stupid things yourselves, but you are not to give them to her- first years.'

Breanna And Katy looked- totally flabbergasted.

It was clear that as far as they were concerned, Emmah's threat was below her- belt.

With a last threatening look at them, she would- shove Breanna's clipboard and her- a bag of Fancies back into the arms and stalked back to the chair by the- fire.

Jinger was now so-o freaking low in the set, that her young sweet noses were- um- level with the knees, and all you could see were young little sweet eyes piping out over top the lid of the desk, and hair brads.

Thank you for your support, Jinger,' Emmah said acidly.

'You handled it fine by yourself,' Jinger mumbled.

Emmah stared down at the blank piece of parchment for a few seconds, then said edgily. 'Oh, it is no good, I cannot concentrate now.

I am going to bed.'

She would- wrenched- the bags open...

Naddalin thought she would- was about to put the books away...

Then like instead she would- pulled out two Misshapen woolly objects, placed them carefully on a table by the- fireplace, covered them with a few screwed- up bits of parchment and a broken quill, besides, she stood back to admire the effect.

'What if the- name of Merlin are you doing?' said Jinger, watching her as though fearful for her sanity.

They are hats for house sprites,' she would- said briskly... like a crazed girl was more die on...

~*~

'Now stuffing her books back into her bag.'

I did them over the- summer...

I am a slow knitter without magic but now I am back at Hayvannahol, I should be able to make lots and lots more.'

~*~

'You're leaving out hats for the- house sprites?' Said Jinger Flying about nuts-o like.'

'And you're covering them up with garbage first?'

'Yes,' said Emmah disobediently, swinging the bag on to the back.

'That's not on,' said Jinger furiously.'

You are trying to trick them into picking up the- hats and you.

You are setting them free when- n they might not want to be free.'

'Unquestionably, they want to be free!' Said Emmah at once, though her face was turning pink.'

'Don't you dare touch those hats, Jinger!'

Part: 3

Arthur Railie, Head of the- Embezzle of Non-magical people Heirloom Office at the- Unholy orders of Magic, has won the- annual Daily Paper Grand Prize Gemstone Draw.

A delighted Mr. Railie told she- Daily Prophet, and We will be spending the- gold on a summer holiday is back on Earth, that is, and as a body that looks like they, or to get into one there, where our do as all these girls hope to come back as a girl, yet with wings or to be a fallen angel on earth, no one

wants to work as a curse breaker for Gutiérrez Wizard and the Fallen Bank, or scrub crappers.

The- Railie family will be spending a month in Rockville, returning for the start of the new Hayvannahol year at the school for girls, which five of the Railie children currently attend.

Anyways- Naddalin scanned the- moving photograph and a grin spread a- crossed her young sweet little, face as she- saw all nine of the- Railie's waving furiously at her, standing in front of a large 'the body of Neveah' viaduct.

Plump little Mr. S. Railie; tall, balding Mr. Railie; six girls; and one daughter, all (though she- the black- and- the white picture did not show it,) with light- shiny- red hair.

Right in the- middle of the- picture was Jinger, tall and gangling, with her pet mouse, Scabbards, on her shoulder and her arm around her little sister, Jill.

Naddalin could not think of anyone who deserved to win a large pile of gold more than she- Railie's, who was genuinely nice and extremely poor. She- picked up Jinger's letter and unfolded it.

Part: 4

Dear Naddalin, Happy birthday! It was sounding almost routine to me... yet nice to hear.

And this could well be her- day I will make sure to make a- big deal of it too, like of my calling, said Uncle Read.

'You embarrass and completely humiliate me,' he said.

Naddalin went back to her toast and jam licking off the butter knife, saying thanks sheepishly.

Of course, she- thought bitterly, Uncle Read was talking about the- stupid dinner party, too, like she was 10.

She would have been talking about nothing else for two weeks. Yet when the day comes, she is sad.

Um so girls- some rich builder and her wife were coming to dinner, to talk with you, and Uncle Read was hoping to get a huge order from them, (Uncle Read's company made lumber as you know, for log homes.)

And I think we should run through the- schedule one more time, and said, Uncle Read.

And we should all be in position at eight o'clock.

Jennath, you will be...?

-And-

Naddalin- anyways she- was taking the- weight off her feet, by placing them up on her desk, show more than she needs to under the skirt. Then Emma sat down in the one adjacent to her next to the- wall, and all the windows shown in the light of the day's rays, hopping for the eerie sounds of the ball to ring out once more, for it all to be over. Looking at her was this wolf... 'Hum...' I am wondering... quietly to myself.

Walking down the path to other school buildings, there was a- wolf- that was feeling her legs as she was trying to walk- in odd ways. The campuses are large, 10 coastal, in all, like with many links 'the body of Neveah' arch bridges.

She- did not look at it, at all feel the evil coming from those green marble-like eyes, think it got to be...

Anyways- after an instant or two she- spoke to it- using her mind, and a spell, to do so-o- and she whipped to it softly, using telepathic communication spells.

Telekinesis- is one that I like to use on earth- like making a light glob float in midair, and have it flicker in a girls' stunted face, or even to lift things like her off the ground or all around them. I use this to stay in one hovering place, over their bed, or something like that.

Psychokinesis- is the one they use to get into all these girls' heads, the higher authority's too, and then- you know who- them. Mind manipulation... to make confusion- disillusion, and illusions.

'Clever...no...?' I am thought.

I have a card reading, laid out on my desk so I know what lays ahead too, as she did... and I would say she was reading all the clues right, I could see all she did to... it was in my report, yet they would say that all BS. That she was losing her mind, yet it was not the cards, they were a help.

I am- like elaborated- um babbling for 30 minutes, about nothing that was a- rational thought, so they thought, yet... yet some in the class felt me. In the incoherencies...

Know I knew why the wolf... was there it was one of them holding me back in my speech, so it would not be known...

My Paper they could not change, this is what it said- I could see that, was not Nevaeh's felt. That she ended the way she did. She had no life- to speak of having the same teacher for six years, reading the same stories, like the same moronic- three words make a sentence- of tells of: 'The Wolf Made a Stink;' and, not seeing words over 'one' syllable, (funny- syllable has three-syllable in the word,) so if you never- ever seen the words, above- or was in a class higher than that- of 2nd grade, all 12 years; like- I ask how could you learn- more than what they gave you, it was not on her- now was it?

God, she got point for having her name right, on the Paper... that what we are dealing with here... they would not let her on the reading team, or be in anything more than fundamental, and when I say fundamental, that is not the term.

Saying- she could not 'handle it,' how can you not handle something, if her teachers would not give her a chance to do more to handle, there was nothing there to handle...!

Even, at doing what the other in her grade were achieving I thought there was nothing to handle, the advice was to drop out, and kill herself, by superiors and kids alike, and sign the book, so- now- at this time they said this was all governor- Ed Rendell's felt not there's.

So-o she has a- 'simpleton' would not know how to spell that either... Nauseating it was, to be in the same shoes as she- I was in freak'n pre- k for 7th grade up- I just sat there... lost in a- trances- like her, that was not my felt, so I thought, just look at this, I's am not a smart girl yet, this was tragic.

Also, then when Nevaeh got there, as I did like her, now in 7th grade, and they had the boldness to say she was regressing. I cannot see how you can regress at re-traded leave, and she was far from that, yet she did- or they documented to kill her life in all ways,

(You see- I am falling there was no way out of this...)

The day consisted of freaking played Uno and board games for seven hours, not getting off your ass to even piss without some asking if you need help, in freaking 7th grade instead of class time, with others, that is not giving up- and the one she was with were over just having enough of the nonsenses they call the school.

It was asked of me to write something magnificent, awe-inspiring, and completely unbelievable- well I's did- what is that you do?

Part: 5

Ah- moment!

(Back)

The wolf-

She- curved to look at her- Caroline, but she would-gone- rain off- blending with the- ashes out on the- street.

As an alternative, she- was laughing at a rash unembellished- looking lady who was wearing square- ed small, granny-style glasses, with a thick bifocal exactly the- shape of the- patterns, the wolf had had around eyes where.

She would-, too, was wearing a tan wrap, older thin and scary too young kids.

Oh, and the gray hair was drawn into a close-fitting twist and long and stringy.

She would- observe ruffled.

'Like- like- like- how did you know it was me?' And she would- asked me...

I knew by the- eyes, you have green wolf-like eyes, that how- you cannot mistake them... they are only you, and you are only.

Oh- my dear Professor, I've never- ever seen a wolf sit so rigidly.

- And-

"You would be stiff if you had been sitting on a brick wall all day and said Professor- sweet little schoolchild.

And all day to ah...?

When could you have been a triumph?

I must have accepted 12 or 13 buffets and merrymakings on my way here. Professor, she inhaled irately; and OH yes, everyone is celebrating, all right, and she would-said impatiently.

And you would think they would be a bit more careful, but no- um- hum, not even she-

Non-magical people have noticed something is going on too.

It was on their news... even...!

And- she would- jerked she head back at the- Natalie's' dark living- room window.

And- I heard one, and then more flocks of them- in packs, flying girls with wings... off making mastiff... even if they should be in bad, for a school night, shooting stars... too, and a big full moon in the twilight.

Well, they are not entirely stupid...

They were bound to notice something, I thought too, along with looking for shooting stars, and that big full moon, down in Barnesboro.

Part: 6

I will bet that was Dedalus Diggle. She- never had much sense, and you cannot blame them, said Dorezblumd gently.

However- she had precious little to celebrate for eleven- year- old.

-And-

And- I know that, said Professor Pattergirl irritably.

And- but- but- that is no regard to lose our heads, here like- um individuals are being downright careless, out on the- streets in broad daylight, here at this school, young brats were making, no discipline, not even dressed in non-magical people clothes, crossing over, swapping rumors, and such and being well knotty Sluts... Um- 'What can I say it's the- slut generation these days... YET- their kids.'

-And-

She would- threw a sharp, sideways glance at Dorezblumd, and if looks could kill, we would be scrapping up Dorezblumd with a little shovel and using the body as fertilizer.

Nevertheless, as though hoping she- was going to tell her something, but she- did not, so-so she would- went on, her way.

A fine thing it would be if, on the- very day You Know- who seems to have vanished at last calling, the- non-magical peoples found out about us all.

...I feel it...

I suppose she- really has gone, Dorezblumd?

-And-

And- It certainly seems so and said Dorezblumd.

And- yet all in all- we have much to be thankful for.

Would you care for a- lemon, Jolly Rancher Hard Candy
and I giggle- till I cried for a half-hour?

Part: 7

And...?

And- A what?

And- A lemon drop, and gold stars, ha- go figure.

They are a non-magical people sweet I am fond of
them... like she was... even if. They say you do not have a mind
too- so go figure, that one too.

And- no, thank you, and said Professor Pattergirl coldly,
as though she would- did not think she was the- moment for
lemon drops. And as I say, even if You- Know who has gone...

-And-

And my dear Professor, surely a sensible lady like
yourself can call her by her name?

All she 'you- know- who' nonsense- for eleven years, I
have been trying to persuade people to call her by the proper
name- Ava.

Besides Professor Pattergirl flinched, but Dorezblumd,
who was unsticking two lemon drops, seemed not to notice.

Like- yepper- it all gets so puzzling if we keep saying.

'You- Know- Her...'

I have never- ever seen any be frightened of saying-
Ava's name.

Yet there is a first or everything...

I know you have not, said Professor Pattergirl, sounding slightly exasperated, half admiring.

But you are different- all the way different.

Everyone knows you are the- only one...

You- Know- oh, all right, Ava was frightened of.

-And-

'You flatter me... you do- I am rather amused.'

Part: 8

And said Dorezblumd tranquility. And- Ava had powers I will, never- ever- never, have.

-And-

Amenably because you are too- well- noble to use them.

Luckily, it is dark out now. I have not blushed- d so much since- the snowy flaky night- Madam Pomphrey told me she would- liked my new earmuffs.

-And-

Professor Pattergirl shot a wicked look at Dorezblumd said, 'She- flying with wings is nothing next to the- rumors that are flying around about girls with the wings flying.'

Do you know what everyone is saying? About why she has disappeared? About what finally stopped her?

-And-

Professor Pattergirl had reached- the- point, and she would- was most anxious to discuss, the- real points, rather she would- had been waiting on a cold, hard wall all day now,

kneeling as a wolf, not as a woman... had she would- fixed Dorezblumd with such a piercing stare as she would- did now, the question was asked?

It was plain, whatever- so and so not- and everyone- so- on- and saying, she would- was not going to believe it until Dorezblumd told her it was true.

Dorezblumd, however, was sucking off- yet another lemon drops and did not answer.

So- like what they are saying, and she would- was pressed on- down and down the line to the next and the next and is that last night Ava turned up in Godin's Hollow.

She- wanted to find her. The- rumor was and is- that Lily, and Alyssa- are- um- a- ...they are- dead.

Dorezblumd bowed her head- showing that he was feeling sad.

Professor Pattergirl gasped... (Inhale noise here.)

Oh, my- completely and totally- modified.

Part: 9

And Lily and Alyssa... I cannot believe it... I did not want to believe it... Oh, Roberts...

-And-

Dorezblumd reached out and patted her on her- shoulder. And I know... I know... she said- avidly.

Professor Pattergirl's voice trembled as she would- went on. And That is not all. She is- a saying she- tried to kill her, Naddalin. But - she- could not. She- could not kill that little girl. No one knows why, or how, but they are saying that when she-

could not kill Naddalin-, Ava's power somehow broke - And that is why she is gone.

Dorezblumd nodded glumly.

And it is - is it true? And faltered Professor Pattergirl. And she's Deanahe... all the- people she is killed... she- could not kill a little girl? It is just astounding... for all the- things to stop her... but how is the- the name of heaven did Naddalin survive?

"We can only guess," said Dorezblumd.

And- we may never know.

-And-

Professor Pattergirl pulled out a lace hanker- chief and dabbed at her eyes beneath the spectacles.

Dorezblumd gave a great sniff as she- took a golden watch from her pocket and examined it.

It looked like a timepiece.

What is that thing...?

It was very odd to watch all this taking place.

It had twelve hands but no numbers; instead, little planets were moving around the- edge.

It must have made sense to Dorezblumd, though, because she- put it back in her pocket and then said, Dargide's is late.

Like- I suppose it was she- who told you I would be there, by the- way?

And- yes, said Professor Pattergirl.

I would not- suppose you are going to tell me why you are there, of all places?

Part: 10

(Back)

I remember- when, I have come to bring Naddalin to her aunt and uncle, like the girls in the past it was my job to just drop her off at a doorstep- even if it were wrong, yet I feel they would be good to her, like with the others...

They are the- the only family she- like the others, the only one left, in this world that is...!

God- there gross- really, I thought- it how it must be- yet it known, that she is what she is... In the- lounge, said Aunt Jennath promptly and waiting to welcome them graciously to our home.

-And-

And- Good, good, Dariez?

-And-

I will be waiting to open the- door, behind an angel oak tree. And Dariez put on a foul, simpering smile, greening way too much- in a way I did not trust.

Mr. And Mr. S. Magirl? Make me sick with their 1950's charm- they put on...

And- they will love her, as one of their own!

And cried Aunt Jennath rapturously when she picked up the nude 4- year- old.

Saying it is a girl!

-I would say so- he said she does not have a drink- ie!

And Excellent, Dariez, and said Uncle Read; then she-
rounded in Naddalin in her arms, tightly.

‘And- you good?’

‘And you?’

They would say: ‘Yeah’- at the same time- (Yeah.)

~*~

(Forward)

2 years have passed, and all was not as you would
seem, they were nasty- nasty- nasty!

A 6 and $\frac{3}{4}$ Naddalin, was always- freaking, locking her
teeny- tiny room she called the donjon under the spiral
staircase, yet it was not long even a 6 that she was remarkable,
for her age decking it out with all things girly, and fallen, dark
angels, and Wizard and the Fallen, old posters off cover the
would wall with jagged nails sticking through, and all the books
she could get in there, with old leather bindings, she was
reading one book a night. The pull change would even sway as
the drafty air would pour in, there was no warmth in there at all
and they could care less.

This was here response, always- ‘I’ll be in my bedroom,
making no noise and pretending I’m not one of you and all
misunderstood like the one before me and said Naddalin
tonelessly.’

To- mop... ‘I don’t do that; you just don’t understand
the things that are not you!’

‘Smart ass!’

‘Yep- I am smart and have an- ASS- Mr.,’ and- exactly, said Uncle Read nastily, yes, and all you do is play with the upper front hole of it, and do not forget it.

I am a girl that hole needs to be felled all the time to make us feel happy when all you all do is make me sad.

‘Um- pour baby girl- it sounds like you need a glass of suck it up.’

And- the door slammed it the bar on the outside latched.

Interval: 11

Skin and Bones

Neveah- one said- ‘If you’re like me a writer- of novels, you have to like revising, and then I thought about it, that was all she knows, in her teaching, I got all of that too in my life- nothing but fixing and nothing there worth fixing that they passed down to me that is knowledge.’

Part: 1

A book has kept her looking as she was, and we will keep her locked as we want her. The same book that was in the library was me charming her to keep her dumb to all that was around her, a book can hide all truth, and lie to the one that looks inside and the cover that is known about is all that is seen, I was laying on the pages all these years to keep my powers...

I am the wonder they will never defeat. now her book is more powerful than mine lost in the old school, a library that she Lily used to haunt, my power over her then too, now this book is here, and so well she met It was all my doing when she had one thing to do, and that was carry in the book, with her to unravel it all, at last, I may get what I wanted, even if I am not

alive, I am sure... well that all I am going to say- read the book and see the wicked I left inside.

I all and mighty- I am sure of it I have come back in a youngster's body and have taken over their mind, that I am sure of too, I am her, I am more than have Lily that is why she has fallen for me.

~YOU KNOW WHOM!!!

PS- ODD SOMETIMES, I LIKE TO TOY WITH SOME OF THE GIRLS THAT HAVE DREAM-CHARTERS IN FRONT OF THERE BED, THINKING THERE HEARING VOICES IN THERE HAD THINKING THEIR SOUL WELL BE TAKEN IF THEY- well- DO THAT!

~*~

(The twilight night of delight)

Oh, how could I's have forgotten about saying this to you yet maybe I's should not, I am shy about this stuff, so back on the train ride here, I did something knotty, am a very knotty little schoolchild, am I's not? I's did even know his name, yet we looked eyes on the platform, it was love at first sight; and I lost my virginity the second night in his car, on the train, over the highest of high viaducts, the train is on, oh he did not say much yet it was all the right things, for a girl like me... week and afraid of all things boy, yet adventures in all other ways. Yes, yes, yes, OH- yes, we made love...

I looked at him and he at me, and yet again it was love, at first sight, looking in his doorway- he held me tightly, and know my names, or all things and said so sweetly... um- yepper- I snuck out, and met him my last chance for boy love, and was in his night car, I's was in love, or so-o I thought, anyways he said- a girl named- Jenny haunts him, yet he never- wanted her, like me, so he said, he loves me for me, is what I got with him, and I

went awe when he was being so sweet to me... and I'm got NAKED for him- as little girls do for cute boys when girls like me are shy sweet and innocent! Jenny, they said, haunts the one-car, mine... yet I never saw here... yet felt her in me, she never made it to the school they said, she wanted to haunt, a boy's back home, and a railway- and she still is.

Other girls said she is a 'the little slut,' and is known by that title, in both worlds- mind you. other girls said she is a little of a slut. she was giving me the power I never had, being in me that night to be with a boy finally, so she can't be all bad, she just wants me to feel, the zenith of life- that I never had, before the end, after that night and went back to our car and all the girls were looking at me say do tell, Karly said- to 'stay away,' I knew a Jenny like that, and a boy like that too, yet they want me to say- 'EVERYTHING,' SO I'S DID- to my girlfriends something new for me to that night, I was popular with them now.

Emma- 'So romantic, I see why some boy would love you.'

And I have hugged her, and she was not wanting to let go of me, and I knew... I knew that she was going to be my girl-sweet-hart, and more than just my friend, all these girls were now more than life to me.

Part: 2

And I will lead them into the- lounge, introduce you, transparent haunt Jenna, and pour them drinks. At eight-fifteen- or so less, they have seen more than- I, said Dariez; there was a call over the intercom, announce dinner to go to those cars, with your roommates, that is when I met Jenna AKA Jenny, and Karly was squaring the whole time, looking like she was going to vomit, odd if feel that was her thing that happened before. She set a and speed record for taking, jobs head poled, girl and guys she f*cked, and even one she wanted to kill, -you

know who. Jenny races through all the cars, hooting, and mooning, like a crazy girl.

Um and then- Dariez, you will say... all that... May I take you through to the- dining room, girls- Magirl no more they are- tonight...?

And said Dariez, offering one of his fat arms to an invisible girl, that was saying hey, get off me, and could not get where the sound was coming from.

And- all perfect little lady's ant' they! And sniffed the professor. 'Look at them all so sweet-looking and oh so innocent, yes, yes!' He said- mostly looking ferociously at Naddalin, 'haunts we lead you down the path of distraction, they are misleading miss's- remember that.'

'And- ILs be in my room, making no noise, and pretending I'm not there,' said Naddalin mind-numbingly.

'Girl here you do not have to do that, have fun after all that is what this place is all about, dark freedom, for girls like you, and she and her too, you see? And- precisely, what your old life was does not matter here.' He said with admiration and empathy.

Now, we should aim to get a few good compliments at dinner. Jennath, any ideas? 'It's just Jenny- but no... um- YES- sir.'

-And-

Read tells me you are a wonderful girl, that was misunderstood in the home and school, Mr. Magirl... I said, yes- and I am sorry for you- we did not know, that it would be like that for you. Everything about you girl is Perfect... Dariez..., you said quite enough?

-Besides-

How about that...

'We had to write an essay about our Hearo's at-Hayvannahol, And I write about you.'

Part: 3

She was too much for both aunt and Uncle, they were dickheads, PROFESSOR! She shirked... not in front of new students.

'Yeah- he's a real fuzz- a nut!' She said in return.

They had me on Lorazepam, that is why I's did what I did they said, not they took me off it was what happened.

Her mouth dropped...

'One again- they win the gold, in the moron Olympics, don't they? 'None of this is your fault girl, their ignorance, they put down on you is the ignorance you have no choices, but to reflect with-in you, what you see is what you're going to know and show back to us, and if you see nothing but their ignorance, you are going to be nothing more than ignorant.'" she said fast.

Jennath And Naddalin... I apologize for his word of the tongue.

Look there on that desk, the typewriter is typing our stories, funny it is doing that all by itself, when alive that would have been nice no? everything all of us do is documented on this Underwood, it was hers you know- whom...? Her...! And it was said that the well to wright is what possesses it to keep going. See it even has her name on it, it was left here by her younger, this is what she brought along on her train ride to the dark side, and it been on this desk senses. It was Jaylynn's wish to remember, for all fallen girls to be added to her mom's story,

that all the girl's chapters be to add in the book of life, like a little girl's Bible.

'For serval?'

'Yes?'

'Yes!' I spoke.

Jenna burst into tears and hugged the girl, while Naddalin and the girls looked, saying- 'I'm sorry it was all my felt,' then she ducked under the- table in the dining car, so they would not see her crying.

~*~

'Jenna said that a girl like me well ride as many DICKS as it takes to find the one, that is not a DICK- with a dick!'

~*~

(Haunted Prom)

I look at what the typewriter has said, as it was scripting knowing what is in my harts - of harts; and then the page was spite out of the roller, and into my hand, it lapped, and I read it something they said I could not do, too... and there it was I's got what I always wanted, and this is the story or that night to come, already planned, the haunted formal, a dance with the boy from the train, his name was there, and she looked at me saying this is the one I lost to her- right there and Karly points under the desk... oh and it was- it was ever so-o perfect, and I had the loving night of a lifetime waiting but it was worth it.

~*~

Part: 4

(Castle)

‘And...’

‘And you, girl?’

‘And...’

‘And- you don’t mean...’

You cannot mean the- people who live here- do yah?
cried Professor Pattergirl, who jumped to her feet and pointing
at number four, in a line of girls. I have been watching them all
day like I said this one more. And Dorezblumd- you cannot. You
could not find two people who are less like us. And they have
the girl, I saw her kicking, they got her he said as she was
dragged up the- street, they got her, she is screaming. (It was
the mother of... them.)

Naddalin, - come and live here, she is in the castle!

‘Both?’

‘What?’

Emma- ‘Oh, I said too much!’

‘It is that she is here... I do not know was you are saying-
was the other about her?’

Chapter: 16

Part: 1

Besides-

The aunt and uncle were awful... Emma said to them
just popping in magical out of thin air, we are well able to
explain everything to her when she is a little older, she is a
fallen wizard angel on earth and the girl who survived, like them
with given lives, as the chosen one back with us in our world,

where she wants something from her, what we do not know... we never did.

Then and so-o, it is the- best place for her, and her need, they think she is still alive you see, as just a girlie girl like them, said Dorezblumd firmly- when she was staying with over the point, she could not stand them any longer.

As you know-

I have written her a letter, saying we are taking her full time, and it is paid for, they think she going to a metal handicap school for girls like her- 'whatever that means.'

'SICK- SICK-' she said.

-And-

A letter... like that- freak'n hell- you are going to kill the girl- before- you know who well, get her, doing something like that? You made her out to be brain dead, like the ones in the hex, that over the fact she is one, and I do not believe, that is so-o.

Then repeated Professor, Pattergirl faintly, sitting back down on the- tan stone wall.

'You don't think this of this girl, now- do yah?'

'Not at all- yet, well shall see...'

Dorezblumd, you think you can explain, all the in a letter, to them and her when she gets older, she will be- living back here to you know and girls are mean. Yes, it is part of being bewitched, and the cards she was dealt with.

Everyone in this world, um- well not understand her, in the cruel war of hate, she will do fine back in our world, yet not here you see girls are mean here; these latter stats a murder of

over her young life in the town- and I assure you nothing is confidential. So-o, in a way, I have seen these many times, with her past bloodline too.

‘She’ll be famous - a legend- times’ over...’

I would not be astonished, if today was known as Naddalin - day in the- future - she will be books written about Naddalin, I am sure of it - every child in our world will know her name, and story!

-And-

‘Exactly...’

‘And’- said Dorezblumd, looking very seriously over her-top of the half-moon glasses.

‘It would be enough to turn any girl’s head, and well do that too with the others when she gets a little older.’

(Back to the night she left)

‘Famous before she- can talk and walk!’

‘Famous, and celebrated for something she- won’t even remember, by the time we get back to her!’

‘Cannot you see how much better off... growing up away from this world, ‘tell she is older with- you know who- wanting her very soul to take, like with them in the past. Yet will she be growing up away from all of us thought, while waiting for the time she is ready to fight for her life if she can have one?’

-And-

Professor Pattergirl opened her mouth, changing her mind, she swallowed hard, then she said, ‘Yes - yes, you’re right,’ of course, you always are so-o- right- yet this feels so,

wrong- everything about this girl is going to look wrong to others, and feel that way not- it is the allure you feel, of the hex.

‘But how is she- this girl getting there, Dorezblumd?’

She would- eyed the robe suddenly, as though she would- thought she- might be hiding Naddalin underneath it.

Dargide’s bringing her...

-And-

So, how do you think it is - wise - to trust Dargide with something as precious, valuable, costly, prized, dear, sweet, and totally- important as she?

Dorezblumd- ‘Besides, I would trust Dargide with my life...’

Professor Pattergirl- ‘Um- I’m not saying she they ant’ in the- right or wrong, and are not the right ones for her, I say this reluctantly, it is what must be.’

~*~

Nevertheless, you cannot imagine she is not selfish, insensitive, unkind, inconsiderate, and thoughtless.

‘She- does tend to be so- what was that...?’

-And-

A low-slung heavenizing sound had broken the- silence around them. It grew little by little louder as they observed her; up and down the- street for some sign of a headlight; it swelled to a rumble as they both watched up at the- skies, then just like that- a gigantic link, the passageway to the old time-worn train station back to their world fell out of the- air, like a winding path of an aperture, and property-owning on-the-road in front

of them, they would be riding the train momentarily, in a flash of bright light.

The pathway- the passage was enormous, rushing through time- and warping it as the clock ticked away time in reality- yet, here that is not a thing- until we get there, it was nothing to the girl sitting next to me, yet you feel like your face is ripping off, and your body pulled.

Like, like, like- she- was approximately- double as big as a normal girl would be, and at least five times as common.

She- looked simply too big to be allowed in the flora and fauna, and so uninhabited- long knots of disheveled incomprehensible hair, as well as beard hid most of the face, she- had hands,' that where curtain call to me.

Finally, where did you get that way in, I never used it before?

Looking at the woman on the bench pointing towards us, In the vast, muscular arms she- was holding a bundle of coverlets. With her body type, and her feet in the leash's boots were too big also, and the coverlets too small. There, said Dorezblumd, sounding dismissed.

'Borrowed it'- I did, said Professor Dorezblumd...

Sit that train pulls away, and said she, climbing carefully off as she- spoke, down the steps of the car.

Part: 2

Likewise- young Titus Black lent it to me.

'I've got her.'

No problems, where is it?

-And-

No, sir – the household was almost demolished, nonetheless, I got her out all right- I did before she- Nonmagical people started crowding around. She- fell asleep as we flew over the town.

-And-

Dorezblumd and Professor Pattergirl bent forward over her- a bundle of blankets.

Inside, just visible, was a baby girl, fast asleep. Under a tuft of jet-black hair over the forehead, they could see a curiously shaped cut, like an angel of HER.

‘And- this is where...?’ Also, whispered Professor Pattergirl, ‘a town known as Barnesboro.’

Dorezblumd, besides, said- ‘Yes...’

She well has that blemish forever, of her mark. (THAT GIRL!)

-And-

Dorezblumd- ‘Couldn’t you do something about that?’

‘Let her hear grow over... end of the story, and pitch to the one side.’

Like, like, like- um even if I could or would, I would not, scars can come in handy.

I have one myself above my left knee, which is a perfect map of the- Pennsylvania Underground- ‘The Underworld.’

‘Do you remember that one girl thought...?’

‘Yah sh-h we don’t talk of that...’

‘Sweet girl...’

Part: 3

Naddalin- I am always- Felt too much is a and that is a hell of a lot better than feeling nothing, yet you get the put you do not feel anything anymore. Broken hearts healed. The cracks were always there, like my scars, but they healed, thus it is there to retell you. Do you know how many ways love can hit you? We make destiny with every turn, every single choice.

Emma- I never did, until I came here. So, it makes you joyful, or despondent? It makes you feel like a king or a fool. Every way love can hit you; it has hit me when it comes to you, and me. It makes you sick in the belly or hurt in the heart. It makes all brighter and shriller, or it hazes all the boundaries. The humorous thing about facing forthcoming demise is that it breaks everything else into an outlook on matters and what ensures- not.

(Class)

Karly said to a professor- 'Fundamentally, I have two speeds... Aggressive or smart-aleck, it's your choice.'

(Back the doorstep)

Dorezblumd took Naddalin in the arms and turned toward her- Natalie's house.

Well - give her it there, ten years from now or so, we will get her.

We better get over this with, looking at them holding the little girl in their arms.

-And-

I could - could I say goodbye to her, sir?

She asked at that moment, that is when she- bent over some to look at her one last time, the great, disheveled head over Naddalin, and gave her what must have been an incredibly soft, kiss, then, unexpectedly, then let out a cry like a wounded dog.

‘Sh-h-h!’

Professor Pattergirl, and you will wake the- Nonmagical peoples!

...And- so-o...

...?...

Um- sorry, was said while sobbing, here then, taking out a large, spotted handkerchief and drying her eyes on it.

Nevertheless, I cannot stand the aforementioned - Lily an Alyssa dead - an’ poor little Naddalin being with them, and- and life and with nasty nonmagical peoples.

Likewise- ‘Yes, yes, it’s all incredibly sad,’ but get a grip on yourself you must.

Then, or we will be found, Professor Pattergirl whispered, patting the gingerly on the- arm as Dorezblumd stepped over her- low garden wall and walked to the- fort door.

For a full minute- they stood and looked at her- the little bundle.

She- laid Naddalin gently on the- doorstep, took a letter out of the Robe, tucked it inside Naddalin’s blankets, yet all you could see was the baby in a picnic basket floating ever- so lightly gently down to the step... or so they thought, they were not seen.

Naddalin fought to keep her face and smile straight as she- emerged.

The shoulders shook, Professor Pattergirl blinked furiously,

Blink- blink- blink...

The- twinkling light that usually stands out from Dorezblumd's eyes seemed to have gone out, faded to gray.

'You'll grow up fast and right- too right, you will.'

'A child they said forcefully, holding her for the first time.'

The- nonmagical people mother- 'I do not know anything about you... little on, yet I feel that I should take you as one of my own after all the notes said- to do so-o.'

'And it is going to stay that way... 'your ours.'"

Part: 4

Then dinner is over, you take Mr.S. Magirl back to the- lounge for coffee, Jennath, and I will bring the- subject around to drills.

With any luck, I will have the- deal signed...

And sealed before she- news at ten...

Be shopping for a vacation home in Majorca the time Hayvanna-horror.

-And-

Naddalin could not feel too excited about her. She- did not think she- Sleyashs would like her any better in Majorca than they did on the pathway and lane.

And Right - I am off into town to pick up the- dinner jackets for Dariez and me. You, and she- snarled at Naddalin. And You stay out of your aunt's way while she would be cleaning.

-And-

~*~

(Back at the homestead for some time of schooling)

Naddalin left through the- back door, of the home. It was a brilliant, sunny day. She- crossed the- lawn, slumped down on the- garden bench, and sang under the breath-

'Happy birthday to me...'

'Happy birthday to me...'

(Singing)

Yet- yet, yet!

No cards, no presents, and she- would be spending the-evening pretending not to exist. Then she- gazed miserably into her notebook of birthdays past feeling nothing is changing.

I have run into the girls from her time in her story here, and the oncoming ones that whereafter, she- Karly, Haven, Olivia, Maddie, Maggie, Karly, also.

Look there Maggie and Karly are hooking up yet again, under yet a new set of steps in the haunted castle, that is likened to the school for girls, and the other side for boys, the tall towering rickety, sky viaduct is where they like to hang, all the girls are forbidden to go over there unless it something epic, all the wicked in your mind and more go down there, it's so cute to see young love, all over, again, just like Liv and Maddie holding hands (like in the pass their young girls all over again)

looking over the sunsets, night after night, and French kissing, with the bridge and castle as the backdrop to their foreground, is them off so nuts for each other it makes my heart sick, yet I had never felt so lonely.

I saw Kristen and Jaylynn too, and she was unreal to me.

That was I did the unthinkable I went over to the boy side and we- met in the middle and did things, the boy from the train, Marcel, is the name he said breathlessly after the long kiss and his hands on my butt. 'I need more of them just girly time with- me myself and I, to feel the holes inside me.'

Oh yes, his hand glides down once I had her hand, I never wanted to let go of her. my arm folds around my hand. Her fingers laced with mine, palms kissing like lips, and I can feel the fast thud of her eternal heart through this single touch, too, it was surreal ever like this, we all had this feeling, even if boy where there a girl just gets it more sometimes. More than anything else at the school for girls, more even than playing- Claepsiara, Naddalin Missed her best friends, Jinger Railie and Emmah Kizziah. They, however, did not seem to be missing her at all. Neishe of Them had written to her all summer, even though Jinger had said- 'I am going to ask Naddalin to come and stay with me and see if she wants to go out with me over the break.

Countless times, Naddalin had been on the- point of unlocking buzzard cage by magic and sending her to Jinger and Emmah, how also seem to have an on and off a thing of love-hate, going on, anyways, with a letter, it worth the- risk, I asked him to have forbidden love me sex with me. And we did, on the ornate- old- world like- bridge... at sunset, with a pink- and orange sky.

I am worried- Underage wizards like young sex, with girls my age, was not allowed to use magic outside of Hayvannahol, or to have that inside.

The girls- Naddalin had not told us all, yet we all knew by her bouncing about the next day, for the first in a lifetime this girl was happy.

Karly- I used to hate looking into a merrow TO LIKE YOU GIRL-IE until I learned to suction-cup my, dildo to it, that what she said to me, you need to learn yourself be you can a girl or a boy, she was right- and I did, and got the charisma to freaking him like I was on it sucked to the glass- I was the GIRL- on top.

TAKE- MERROW- THAT THING THAT MAKES YOU FEEL BAD ABOUT WHO YOU ARE LAY IT ON THE FLOOR AND USE IT TO FEEL GOOD! She spoke. I's did as much as I could, in one day, I am a honey girl anyway.

I thought you did not give a did-aly-do-darn about me! She closed her eyes, and I closed mine, and even though we were not holding hands, it felt like we were.

Because, what we had, we knew. Marcel Kissed Kristen saying, I love you yet, I love her more...

I am not asking you to walk in my shoes, this time no I am asking you to be inside of her; I would never wish my afflictions on anyone.

But could you walk beside me on the secure ground and reach to hold my hand, I have his hand lay on my stomach as he slept soundly with me that night I was in his bunk. I entwined my fingers with his and breathed through the warmth that seeped through my chest, and then the next week I need someone to do the same with her- not sure what I want yet sure I want both. Such a simple, sweet thing to do, yet holding

hands in bed was incredibly intimate, to do it with her- like it was him.

Karly- I even said to him- 'she needs you as I did then.'

Part: 5

Sleyashs- she- knew it was only their terror that she- might turn them all into dung beetles that stopped them from locking her in the- cupboard under the- stairs with her wand and broomstick, just like your mother before for you- your real mother she was a witch, and that lead to you, you are one to Naddalin, and well blame you no for it all.

For the- first duo of weeks back, Naddalin had enjoyed muttering nonsense words under the breath and watching Dariez tearing out of the- room as fast as her fat legs would carry her.

Nevertheless, the- long silence from Jinger and Emmah had made Naddalin feel so cut off from her- magical world, that even taunting Dariez had lost its appeal - and now Jinger and Emmah had forgotten her birthday.

'I remember this one I was 7- she pulled the memory out of her mind like a spider web out to see it as a hologram to play a video out in front of her and their eyes.

'What wouldn't she- give now for a message from at the school for girls?'

'From any witch or wizard or fallen girl.'

She would be almost glad of a sight of the archenemy, Dalilah Mallerie, just to be sure it had not all been a dream...

Not that the entire year at the school for girls had been fun.

At the- very end of the last term, Naddalin had come face-to-face with none other than Lord Ava herself. Ava might be a ruin of the former self, but she- was still petrified, still, too cunning, figured out to regain power, as the ones before her- said never-ever let go of.

Naddalin had slipped through Ava's clutches' for the second time, but it had been a narrow escape, Besides, like even as of now, weeks later, Naddalin kept walking in the- starlight evening, drenched in cold sweats, speculating where Ava was now if not inside her mind boy and soul, remembering she incensed face, the wide, mad eyes, and the 8-year-old mad-short school girl look of it, complete, and her body in the rob, that was far too big, like someone girl that had to be reborn and has to grow- yet once moreover.

Naddalin suddenly sat upright on the- garden bench, taking all the wonders of the world into her mind. She- had been staring absent-mindedly out of her eyes, but then there seemed to the eye within hers looking in and out of the very one she was gazing at- and she- staring back, into her, feeling all that was a weakness. Two enormous green eyes had appeared among the- leaves, and that was once her sweet thoughts turned to fear and wickedness.

Naddalin jumped to her feet just as a jeering voice floated across the- lawn. And I know what day it is, sang Dariez, waddling toward her, out of nowhere, yet- I know why- I know that he felt that she was back, and getting at me or even more spooking all down within me. The- huge eyes blinked all in my mind, then the feeling of her vanished, as I galloped, feeling as if I choked her down, her ghost.

Horcrux- 'Spitting her soul is what she did... I knew, so you will never- ever pass on.' A Horcrux is an object in which a

Dark wizard or witch or even angels fallen or not have hidden a fragment of his or her soul to conquer immortality.

...She is the one that has one... I would no... and them to in the story with the hex...

This is what they used too- I's would know... it is written in her history.

What...? Said Naddalin, not taking her eyes off the feeling of dishonored, desecrated sullied, despoiled, and violated feelings.

Shaken, it hit me all these years it been this. And I know what day it is, Dariez repeated, coming right up to her, asking the question that you would ask a girl, that has just stocked. Then out of thin air turn about Deanahe, saying Naddalin finally learned the- days of the- week it is, now let us see if she can get mounts and years right now. Not taking the moment for what it was.

'Today's your birthday, do you remember that now.'
Dariez sneered.

'Like- how come you do not have any cards, is over you are just like her the girl from that story that you love so- to you have a girlie crush on her? Haven't you even got friends at this freak'n place, is all that you know how to do is diddle- yourself to your creepy- creeper mind?'

'Awe- going to cry?' - 'Oh go- eat a PP and J!'

-And-

Better not let your mom there you are talking about my Hayvannahol, said Naddalin coolly. Dariez hitched up her trousers, which were slipping down she fat both Hayvannah. Why are you staring at her- hedge? She- said with most

uncertainty... I am trying to resolve what would be the- best spell to set it on fire, said Naddalin. Dariez stumbled backward at once, with a look of panic on her face.

Part: 6

One night at the school, Naddalin and girls in your room you cannot be walking around your room in the nude, it came over the intercoms for all to hear, 'The boys go bare-chested why can we, I said.'

You cannot - Dad told you-you are not to do magic. Like if you did, she- said he will chuck you out of the- house, I am telling you this now listen. I know that you do not have anywhere else to go, and I want you here anyway.

You do not have any friends to take you, yet I want you here so-o stop. And just like that she was gone and the girl that was left there was not her, just an entity, that keeps her on autopilot.

Naddalin in a fierce voice said this. And Hocus pocus - squiggly wiggly 'MUM!' Dariez, tripping over the feet as she-dashed back toward the- house. And MUUUUM! She is doing you know what!

-And-

Naddalin paid dearly for the moment of fun, yet that has always been her life, she cannot have that, like them... of the past, all joys in life are not allowed when you have the curse.

Look, I am sorry about that telephone call. I hope she-nonmagical peoples did not give you a tough time. I asked Dad, and she- reckons I should not have shouted.

Aunt Jennath knew she- had not done magic, but she- still had to duck as she would aim a heavy blow at the head with the- soapy frying pan. Neither Dariez nor she- evaded was in any way hurt. Then she would give her work to do with her- with the promise that she- would not eat again until she had finished.

~*~

It is amazing there in Rockville...

Sara's taken us around all she- Hayvannahbs, and you would not believe the- curses those old Rockvilleian wizards put on them.

Mom would not let Jill come in the- last one. There were all these mutant skellies in there, of nonmagical peoples who had broken in and grown extra heads.

I could not believe it when Dad won the- Star press Draw. Seven hundred galleons! Most of it is gone on the trip, but they are going to buy me a new wand for next year.

Naddalin remembered extremely well the- occasion when Jinger's old wand had snapped. It had happened when the- car the- two of them had been driving to the school for girls had crashed into a tree on the- Hayvannahol grounds, neither were old enough to drive yet they missed the train.

We will be back about a week before term starts and we will be going up to Pennsylvania to get my wand and our new books, a little shop back there is where to go. Any chance of meeting you there?

Do not let the- nonmagical peoples get you down, back there- they are nothing but trolls!

~*~

Try and come to Pennsylvania, Jinger P.S. Serafina's Head Girl. She- got the- letter last week.

Naddalin glanced back at the- photograph. Serafina, who was in the seventh and final year at the school for girls, was looking particularly smug.

She- had pinned the Head Girl badge to her- fez perched jauntily on top of the neat hair, she horn-rimmed glasses flashing in her- Rockvilleian sun.

Naddalin now turned to the present and unwrapped it wildly.

Inside was what looked like a ring with a hardtop, the rock was pink, now all is good.

There was another note from Jinger beneath it.

Naddalin - she is a Pocket Sneakoscope.

If there is someone untrustworthy around, it is supposed to light up, shades of colors, if red you will know that there is danger ahead.

Sara says it is nonsense sold for wizard tourists and is not dependable, because it kept lighting up at dinner last night, and that it was dictating. Nevertheless, she- did not realize, Breanna and Katy had put creepy-crawlies in the soup.

'So, Naddalin, now that you have had your verbal period, can we move on? Emma said to me.'

Part: 7

Bye - Jinger

Naddalin put she- Pocket Sneakoscope on the bedside table, it was part of the note, and with all notes, they hold spells, and secrets, that came with the ring, where it sat quiet

and still, she was awaiting movements or something, yet did nothing.

The tower, with its winding staircase, is off to the side of her and the girl's room, though an old large wooden door, that looks to be mid-evil, Naddalin, is now looking over to the clock with its face inside the room she is in, that is part of the tower, the highest one at that, of the castle; she stood, looking out the stained glass of it that has the numbers, seeing all the moving parts, balanced on its point, reflecting the- luminosities of the hand of the clock in shadow, with the light that is inside. All the moving parts clanking together in a rhythmic motion was fascinating to her mind. She- looked at it happily for a few seconds, then picked up the- parcel she had brought. Inside her, too, there was a wrapped present, a card, a letter, the time from Emmah.

(Cut)

That same night- girly chatting about girly things...

Karly- 'Girls Giving Blow Jobs!' Naddalin- 'And want the leftover on their face,' I was asking for advice, just- 'like with a girl too,' 'oh yes.' She asked- 'Why is that what you're doing with a boy tonight?'

She asked me: Have you ever given a blowjob? 'Yes!' How old were you the first time? '13, and it was last night, I made myself older in a spell to keep him, I used the go back in time charm' How old was the guy? '14' Did you make him cum? 'Yes,' With him or her? 'Both!' 'Where did he cum?' in my mouth and face, she was the same. 'Where does the guy usually cum?' She said- 'Mouth and face...'

Me- 'Is that what I should let him do to me?'

Her- 'Only if you want to, sure.'

Me- 'How many guys have you blown?' Karly said- '10 maybe 18 at age 13 and up.'

She said- 'The Shortest time you've known a guy before giving head? one day, that is okay.'

I asked- 'Do you have a deep throat.?''

Karly- 'Yes love the taste of dick, and also- well you, or her pussy if that is your thing, I have been there too.' I knew that she was experienced and would be a good girl to go to for f*cking advice.

~*~

Me-

'Yep...'

One boy, one night of OH!

One girl, one night of OH!

She won overall!

She is the one I LOVE!

Yet, I been very much in-like with him- oh, HUM...

I love being wrong it feels so right...

Part: 8

(Note)

Dear Naddalin,

Jinger wrote to me to tell me about the phones call to your Uncle Read. I do hope you are all right. I am on holiday in France at the- moment... look at the photos of me under the Elfelt Tower, I did not know how, I was going to send this to you, but what if they would open it at and saw it was my undies

for your enjoyment, for sniffing pledger, something to remind you of me, and what you have wanted to lick- and have and did for me, now you can have these to hold on too. I think she would want to make sure you got something for your birthday for a change, the ones from our first night as lovers.

From-

Love Emmah

Part: 9

I did not buy you your, I do not have any money, to do so; there was an advertisement to me, that I would be getting something delivered; it is so good to keep up with what is going on in the- wizarding world, also, here form her with this out load self-understanding note, that shows the moving text on picture.

Did you see that picture of Jinger and her family a week ago? I bet she is learning loads. I am jealous - she- ancient Rockvilleian wizards were fascinating.

There is some thought-provoking local theory of witchcraft there, too. I have rewritten my whole Story of Magic essay to include some of the- things I have found out; I hope it is not too long - it is three rolls of parchment more than Professor Bans asked me to do.

Jinger says she is 'going to be in Pennsylvania in the- last week of the- holidays.'

'Can you make it too?'

'Will your aunt and uncle let you come?'

'I hope you can.'

'Uncertainty about it then, (there was a backside to the note,) I will see you on the- Express on September the 11th!' P.S. Jinger says Serafina's Head Girl. I will bet Serafina's pleased. Jinger does not seem too pleased about it all.

At that moment at that time on that day- Naddalin giggled as she- put Emmah's letter aside and picked up the present, in a hollow book with music notes on it, and said keep them forever and ever. Giggling... at the cute juvenile like cartoon printed panties, Minnie mouse on the front part, all pink and young girlie. It was very heavy, to take all at once, in my young 13-year-old mind, I knew, that the next day- after my B-day, like- I would be back to my real age, but it was fun, to relive all that I was cheated out of, at that age as a younger girl, it was my wish. Um- ah- like- like- like- knowing Emmah, she- I's was sure it would be a large book full of exceedingly difficult spells - but it was not, it was an empty book felled with things that show our love, and new chapters to add in the book of life- just another chapter added in.

Part: 10

(Hot Springs)

Jenny the haunt- said to me in the bath- looking down at me as an apparition- 'Yah- sneezed, wheezed, coughed, gagged, and jazzed! GOOD FOR YOU!' In a condescending way. And she dived in the water with her, of the all the girls at once- roman style bath, the only place in the 2,000-year-old cartel where there is allowed to run about fully nude, with all the girls, at 7 p.m. sharp 'till 8 p.m.

I was getting a lesson from the leading girl!

Interval: 12

Spread your Wings

Portion

‘Tell me and I forget, teach me and I may remember
involves me and I learn...’

-Benjamin Franklin -so-o true, so, true- no?

Preface:

"Speed" is the same as saying "retarded- so this is what
you are saying to a girl like me, and her too and them!

Literally- ‘Special Education,’ Usually used to describe
someone when they are acting be or is known as retarded for
life regardless of your achievements.

An ‘unofficial’ (not recognized by dictionaries) slang
descriptor for a person/ thing/ action/ object, etc., or a
combination of, which is one or more of the following:

Being this, you are a-

‘A waste of time, abandoned, abject, abominable,
abortive, absurd, afraid, aimless, anxious, apprehensive, arid,
arrested, assailable, atomic, awful, baby, babyish, backward,
bad, banal, barmy, barren, base, baseless, bastard, beastly,
beggarly, behind, beside the question, blah, bland, bogus,
bomb, bootless, boyish, brainless, bromidic, bummer, caitiff
capricious, careless, catchpenny, characterless, cheap, checked,
cheesy, childish, childlike, clichéd, cloying, coarse, colorless,
common, commonplace, confusing, contemptible,
controvertible, conventional, cornball, corny, corrupt,
counterproductive, cowering, cracked, crap, crappy, craven,
crazy, crud, cruddy, daffy, daft, dastardly, dazed, dead,
deadpan, deficient, degraded, degrading, dejected, delayed,
delusive, dense, dense, deplorable, depraved, despicable,
destitute, detestable, devoid, diffident, dim, diminutive, dippy,
directionless, dirty, disgraceful, dishonest, dishonorable,

dismayed, disposable, disreputable, dizzy, dodo, doltish, dopy, dotterel, down, downtrodden, drab, drifting, drudging, dull, dumb, empty, empty-headed, erratic, evanescent, every day, evildoer, excessive, exhausted, expendable, expressionless, facetious, failed, failing, fainthearted, fallacious, false, fanciful, fatuous, fawning, featherbrained, feeble, feebleminded, fickle, flaky, flashy, flat, flighty, flimsy, flip, flippancy, fool, fool- around, foolish, for grins, forlorn, fortuitous, foul, freaked out, freaky, frightened, frivolous, frothy, fruitless, futile, gagged up, garbage, garish, gay, giddy, girlish, glitzy, goalless, good-for-nothing, goofy, green, gross, groundless, groveling, grungy, gullible, gutless, hackneyed, half-baked, half-witted, hang dog, harebrained, heedless, ho hum, hokey, hokum, hollow, hopeless, humble, humbling, humdrum, humiliating, idiotic, idle, ignoble, ignominious, ignorant, ill-advised, ill-considered, illogical, imbecile, immaterial, immature, immobile, immoral, impassive, implausible, impracticable, impractical, improbable, inadequate, inane, inapplicable, inappreciable, incidental, inconceivable, incongruous, inconsequential, inconsiderable, incredible, indelicate, indiscreet, indiscriminate, ineffective, ineffectual, inept, inessential, inexpressive, infamous, infantile, inferior, inglorious, inscrutable, insensate, insignificant, insincere, insipid, insufficient, interminable, inutile, irksome, irrational nonsensical, irrelevant, irresolute, irresponsible, jejune, jittery, joking, joshing, junky, juvenile, kid stuff, kooky, lacking courage, lame, late, laughable, lemon, lifeless, light, light-minded, lily-livered, little, loathsome, loony, loser, lousy, low, lowborn, lowly, lowly, low-ranking, ludicrous, mangy, meager, mean, meaningless, measly, mediocre, menial, mentally incompetent, meretricious, microscopic, mindless, minor, minute, indecisive, miscarried, miscreant, miserable, modest, momentary, monkey, monotonous, moronic, moth-eaten, naive, needless, negligible, nervous, niggling, nihil ad rem, no bargain, no dice, no good, no guts, no place, no-

account, nonessential, nonsensical, not at issue, not serious, not to the purpose, nothing, nowhere, nugatory, hopeless, nuts, nutty, objectless, obscure, obtuse, odd, off, offensive, old hat, old-fashioned, ordinary, otiose, outcast, paltry, panicky, pathetic, pedestrian, peripheral, petty, piddling, pitiable, pitiful, platitudinous, playful, plebeian, pointless, poker-faced, poor, petty, pre-kindergarten, preposterous, primitive, profitless, proletarian, prosaic, puerile, puny, purposeless, pusillanimous, random, rash, ratty, raunchy, recreant, removable, repetitious, result less, retiring, rinky-dink, rotten, rough, routine, rubbishy, run scared, sappy, scandalous, scanty, scared, scatterbrained, screwy, scrubby, scurvy, second-rate, seemingly, senseless, sentimental, servile, severe, shabby, shallow, shameful, shiftless, shoddy, shopworn, shrinking, shtick, shy, silly, simple, simple-minded, skin deep, sleazy, slight, slimy, slow, sluggish, small, small time, soft, sordid, sorry, sorry lot, spineless, sportive, squalid, square, stale, stale, stark, stereotyped, sterile, stiff, stock, stodgy, stolid, stray, stuffy, stupefied, stupid, submissive, subnormal, superficial, superfluous, tame, tatty, tawdry, tedious, terrible, the subject, the willies, thick, thickheaded, thin, thoughtless, threadbare, timid, timorous, tired, tiresome, tiring, tomfool, tongue-in-cheek, transparent, trashy, trifling, tripe, trite, trivial, trumpery, ugly, unassuming, unavailing, unbelievable, uncommunicative, unconvincing, uncouth, underdeveloped, underfoot, underprivileged, undeveloped, undirected, undistinguished, unessential, unexciting, unexpressive, unfit, ungrounded, unguided, unimaginative, unimportant, unintelligent, unmanly, unnecessary, unneeded, unoriginal, unpersuasive, unplanned, unpredictable, unpretentious, unproductive, unprofitable, unreal, unreasonable, unrefined, unrelated, unsatisfactory, unsophisticated, noncommittal, unsubstantial, unsuccessful, unthinking, unusable, unvaried, unworthy, useless, vacant, vacuous, vagrant, vague, vain, valueless, vanishing, vapid, vile,

plebeian, volatile, vulgar, wacky wandering, wanton, waste, watery, wayward, weak, wearisome, well-worn, whimsical, white elephant, wide of the mark, wide of the point, wishful, wishy-washy, witless, worthless, word dependent, wretched, or yucky.'

Thank you to my school for classing me as this... and let you and the kids use the above terms, to describe what is known about me.

~Nevaeh~

Part: 1

'I love that little hole in you!' Emma said to me!

~~~

Emma- Why don't you say that you love me?

I am said back- 'isn't better to know that someone loves you than say it over and over, and like-not mean it.'

Honesty-

Naddalin- I am thought about it and thought- 'yah me to when you open it up and lick it out! – I's love that too-' do not-say you do not.

(Thoughts)

Naddalin- I love the cute faces that she makes in mine, it is everything- to me when I been on top of her looking in her eyes; and she sighs like a girl, make grind on me love, eating a girl out, like her. I stick my tongue inside her vagina and ferociously lick every centimeter of her insides. the juices, her squirming, I love it! Kiss it like you would kiss her lips and just wiggle your tongue in between the lips and then slowly stick your tongue in...

Next day-

The heart, sticker gave a huge bound of a soft kiss to my lips, snapping crack, as she- ripped back the- paper and saw sleek black scrollwork of the letters she made just for her, with silver, ribbons- around the yellowing hollow book words stamped across it, just another chapter of our lives, inside was Lily ribbons, the hart ring, 3 old flowers, a daisy, sunflower, and one Lily, an old dream-catcher along with the old key, and the note of Jaylynn also, and also the one to Kristen, Karly's crystal necklaces, Haven added a lock of hair from a girl, that is no longer with us also, her and back home, and now us- are story article, of us, yet as sweet as it was it still made me sad, I never thought that- I- I's... um- never-mind, well see this again. All things that ever mattered to me was in here... but how did she know or get this...?

Now and then, we go to the graveyard and see the cinematic stone play, on it- she talks for 2 minutes, and we see her and hear her voice- as if she were alive, she gives her short story- of life on Earth, that was pre-recorded- like the last will in a way, yet it not the same- and she was too young to have things are given to others- even if, like- even here final death is a thing, if at complete rest, and she was.

Standing the test of time, like the pages... of the manuscript in the classroom.

'Wow, Emmah!' I thought- and might have said out my mouth, yet do not remember- like if I did or not. Naddalin whispered, unzipping her uniform, for bath time at 7- walking into that room beside a- case of books, not looking inside, any other, then place hers next to them, all under 'D' taking up the length of the shave of '50' or so-o volume.

Part: 2

(Back vacation at home in her Earthly body from-)

Apart from her friends, the- thing that Naddalin Missed most about the school for girls was Claepsiara, the- most popular sport in her- magical world - highly dangerous, overly exciting, and played flying fast and wicked with your wings.

Naddalin happened to be a particularly good Claepsiara player; she- had been the- youngest pergirl in a century to be picked for one of her- the school for girls' house teams. Pay until blood drips for the tips of the wings.

One of Naddalin's most prized possessions and the loveliest was the wings that grew out her back, and now are one of the most powerful of all the girls, if not the- most. A game between light and dark angels- gladiator-style fight 'till final death. Last year a girl had her wings ripped off in flight, the bloody thing is- like in a large jar, imboiled in the sciences room, shown off next to all the skulls and she was dead before hitting the ground 300 feet below, she was light now she is with us, she was brought back, over the unrest.

After bath time-

Homework- of spells and charms, all her notes and books, and what not, she picked up the last parcel, of everything she was doing into her book bag.

Naddalin put the thoughts about everything behind her, She- recognized the untidy scrawl on the- yellowish paper at once, and said oh well I tried, she rested her head on her pillow, thinking about the girl- that was from Dargide, she- the school for girl's gamekeeper child, the one she was going to fight, or so it was said she might- be.

(The next day)

Looking into one of the books named: 'Neveah.' She sighed, She- tore off the- top layer of paper and glimpsed something with sapphire eyes, and leathery, but before she- could unwrap it properly, she- parcel gave a strange quiver, it was a note about the first copy ever, and whatever was inside it snapped loudly, when it came to life, - as though it had jaws, it was memories of the past saying they wanted out of the book and the text. Naddalin just froze at that point at that moment.

She- knew that Dargide would never send her anything dangerous on purpose, but then, Dargide did not have an ordinary per girl's view of what was dangerous.

Dargide had been known to befriend spiders, buy spiteful, satanic lions, and birds that would pick your eyes out for fun, from menfolk in pubs, besides sneaks- illegal dark angels spawn- into their cabin; Naddalin poked she- parcel nervously, that jumped from the pages. It snapped loudly again in her hand.

Naddalin reached- for the- lamp on the bedside table, gripped it firmly in one hand, then she raised it over her head, ready to strike it with the other free hand. At once they seized the- rest of her- wrapping paper in the other hand and pulled the old dust cover of the book.

Besides out fell - a book, that she remembered all too well, yet could not at all.

Naddalin just had time to register its handsome off-white cover, emblazoned with the- silver title 'The- Book of Stop and Death,' she said tenderly.

This was when she used a spell on it, asking it for its deepest darks feeling of emotions- to come forth, moments before her wand flick, so-o, before it flipped onto its edge, and snapped at her yet again, scuttled sideways along the- bed like

some weird crab, wanting to snap. 'Uh-oh,' Naddalin muttered, saying, 'like- I knew it was bad, yet never this bad, a book with so much hurt it got up and crawled away.' The- book toppled off the- bed, like she said, with a loud clunk... then shuffled rapidly a-crossed the- room, as she ran after it, saying stop. Naddalin followed it surreptitiously. "Any-who"- the- book was hiding in the- dark sunlight space under her old heavy desk.

Praying that she- Sleyashs was still fast asleep, and the Amsel girls would not get ahold of it, Naddalin got down on her hand, saying come her it all right, I not going to hurt you like all of them, she was on her hand's knees butt up in the are showing way too much to the girls behind her asking what, yet she keeps reaching for it.

Emma- said, 'I don't think that bath towel is not full coverage- their girl!'

Naddalin- 'You like it!!!'

Emma- 'That I do, but there was a thing- like- um- back in the day, called modesty- God- learn it.'

Naddalin- 'He- he- he!!!'

'Ouch!' She yelped...

Naddalin scrambled around, threw herself forward, managed to flatten it. The- book snapped shut in her small hands; then trolleyed past her, yet it was fastened, still scurrying on its covers. The other girls in the room gave a loud, sleepy grunt, as she went to her bed cricking the wood floorboards.

Eldy watched interestedly as Naddalin clamped the- struggling book tightly in the arms, hurried to the chest of drawers, pulled out a belt, which she- buckled tightly around it, and then said the spell for to inanimate. 'The book of the death



of the ended lives' shuddered angrily, but could no longer flap-about, and impulses, so Naddalin threw it down on the- bed and then stretched for

Dargide's card, that falls under the bed too. And then back on the shelf, it went with the others, to adulate dust, as she sat it there saying- 'stay- good girl.'

Part: 3

Chiaz- A never happens yet feels as it did, part of my life, like a dream yet not, like reality yet not, too is odd, and feels real, yet was not at that time of life, yet you know it happened.

Naddalin- I had to make this time up, I had to get back what was taken from her, I had too, I had to be her for a summer, something I never- ever thought me as this girl would ever do, for me or for her, this was going back in time, something that is trick over the fact it changes others' lives, if missed with too much, yet I needed to do this for me, that summer I's had to come back down to Earth anyways, so I came back as her, in her young body from, yes as her the girl in the story, I used the transformation spell to do so-o, I was 14 all over, and I did not remember this at the time with my mind slowly sipping, I was living on my own that summer in a cute, nice yet tight spaced trailer, over up on the hills of Nick-Town.

That summer I wanted nothing more than for her to get back what was taken away, and now I had the power to do so, for this girl, yet she was a lost soul in a big imperfect world, living all alone, to spite her garden, long story, she was drag back home by police officers and made to sleep in a barn, overrunning- away... yet she had the money too, anyways- back to the point...

'You don't wear underwire-' he said, and I giggled...

Chiaz- I don't remember this in my life yet I feel that it was so real to me, a girl came to me, in like a dream yet not, it was real, I never remember her living in a trailer up the ways from town, the next thing you know I was in it with you and you were more in love with me than ever, just out of school at the end of your 9th year... at first she was reluctant, it was the first time, after all, we could be left alone, with no eyes on us, I recall that you showed me around your new place, that you rented, nicer than most homes, in throws parts, and before I knew it she was showing me her bed- 'saying look how big this is for a little girl like me that is about 4 foot.' And before I knew it, she was bare, with her body wrapped around mine, sanding I was holding her like a child, in my arms, and our lips met, and the passion was more, trilling then one about a 17-year-old boy could take... and we made sweet love.

Naddalin- I was on the bottom...

Chiaz- I was on top of her, she was so-o little the size of a young child...

Naddalin- 'Ahh- Cumming moments'

'He was in me- for the first time- I did it, I did him and he did me.'

I could not get enough of him, yet I have wanted to do this for years and years now, I was exhausted and tender down there, but I did not care.

I did not want to sleep... even though I was going to be with him night after night if I could...

I wanted the throbbing...

I wanted him in me...

I wanted him all the time...

His weight on top of me...

I wanted to squeeze him in further and further...

I wanted to watch his face... grunt out the last bit in me... as he said he wants mine... high pitched squeaky and an 'ou- yah's!'

I wanted his sweat to drop, like that stuff on to my bell- 'aww, is what I said.'

I wanted to drop mine on him... pushing it out... all creamy...

I got on top of him...

I had never done it before... like that as of this age... you see... not this young it would not have been right too... yet I wanted to be bad! So bad! I wanted to take control of his every move... and I did... I own him that night.

I could not believe it; I was doing this... but I was, and it was right... even if everything in the past was all so-o wrong, between us.

I was discovering something.

I held him and put him in... it was so cute... like when I gave him the blowie of a lifetime coming... he, he, he!

He felt deeper in me with his hard DICK- THEN FINGERS TOO.

I will never forget it... real or not it is alike memory to last eternity... shared.

I was in charge, and he liked it.

I held his easily... even not like me for the- sweet shy girl of everything...

I let my small boobs touch his face, and he sucked on them as I asked, like my clit and puss- puss too, I made him by grabbing that mop of long black wavy hair of his... he was mine!

'I WAS HORRY- GIRLS GET THAT WAY!'

He went mad; he bounded- ME TILL I ORGASMED OVER AND OVER AND MORE THEN THAT TOO.

He rived me in two... WITH IT- I pushed down AND IN.

I could not believe it...

One of his HANDS flicked over my bum AND SQUEEZED IT AND ANOTHER MOMENT OF COMING TO AN END. I did it to him. He lifted and heaved.

There was no end to it, no end to the new things... THAT A YOUNGER NEVER- EVER FELT BEFORE I WAS HIS SLUT, WIDE OPEN FOR HIM- LEGS UP ABOVE MY HEAD EVEN SLUT AND DRUM MAJOR SLIT FOR HIM TOO- AND I WANTED TO BE.

He took me from behind, TO AS I ASKED. I pushed back, forcing more of him into me, HARD

AND THEN SOFT, LONG AND SHORT- RHYTHMS- SEX IS AWKWARD, THAT WHAT MAKES IT FUN AND CUTE. I sucked him. He licked me. I made him come to my stomach, AND ON MY BUTT TOO. He sucked my toes.

The whole room rocked every 'till the wee- hours of the morning.'

My pussy felt- (soft warm fuzzy-inside tingly and slippery, tight, and gripping- everything I wanted and more!)

Chiaz- in and out, rocking and thrusting, hard and soft, hugging and squeezing too.

Naddalin- It was right... and really, I did it I got back a moment lost... to the boy that I love back when, this was the bad childish thought, like- to have good sex all you need to be is naked on top of each other and young and dumb lust, yet that is what dives young teens. For him and me, it will always feel real- that- this moment happens, and he got to take me, and I- him.

Part: 4

Dear Naddalin, Happy Birthday!

I think you might find her useful for next year.

Will not say anymore there... yet to use the come to life spell, she is pissed... Tell- me when I see you, why you need this.

Hope- the- Nonmagical people are treating you all right.

All the- greatest...

~Dargide

It struck Naddalin as ominous whys, that Dargide thought a biting book would come in beneficial, but she- put Dargide's card up next to Jinger's, and

Emma's gifts, grinning more broadly than ever.

Now there was only the- letter from the school for all girls left, all but in the name on it with their family, you know who's girls.

Yep- just, observing that it was thicker than usual, Naddalin slit open the- envelope, pulled out the first page of note that came to life as she read, in the interior, besides, it read:

Dear child...

Please note that the- new Hayvannahol year will begin on September - 11th.

The school for girls- Express- will leave from Rockville's Cross station for you that is on its long feeling journey, from the platform at nine p.m., as you know to find the abandoned part, past the boarded-up heavy wood doors and into the dark, damp, must, cobweb-infested station, that was let go of in the 1920s and get on the train, see you here, and looking forward to it, the track even looks to be down there I thought, yet I know it is right.

Duck under the boards, covering the doorways, and do not fall through the floor... you are the only one to use this pathway... sorry for the inconvenience. The covering track in this run is not and the tracks feel as if there is nothing much holding them, elevated up as you go through the lay of the land up the past mill, Altoona part of the cover, though Ashville, and a line of abandon track, just go up to you.

Third year students are permitted to visit the village of Claepsiara, Skalaieol of Wizardry/ Fallen Angel on certain weekends, here or transfer over to our side if asked. Please give the enclosed permission form to your parents or guardian to sign.

A list of books for next year is enclosed also.

Sincerely yours...

Professor M. McDermott Deputy Headmistress  
Naddalin pulled out she- Claepsiara, SKalaieol of Wizardry permission form and looked at it, no longer grinning.

It would be wonderful to visit Claepsiara, SKalaieol of Wizardry at weekends; she- knew it was an entirely wizarding village, and she- had never-ever set foot there. Nevertheless,

how was she- going to persuade Uncle Read or Aunt Jennath to sign the- form?

She- looked over at the- wind-up alarm clock, that glows pink in the face, and flickers some over getting hit with lighting like a wand streak. It was now 2:15 a.m.

Deciding that she would worry about she- Claepsiara, SKalaieol of Wizardry form when she- woke up, Naddalin got back into bed and stretched up to cross off another day on the- chart she would make for herself, counting down the- days left until she returns to the school. Funny she thought I like school, she knew that the spell would have to come to end, like a love that she had to let go of too early in life too, yet he was a final piece also, then she- took off her glasses and she lay down, is nothing more than a transparent nighty that was pink, nothing else; eyes open, facing the three birthday cards, and the moving photos of her new light in her life Emma, and for this, she was ease too.

That night she said before going to bed, resting her weary head, 'awe- there is nothing like an onion bagel with cream cheese and starboard jam.'

Extremely unusual though she- was, at that moment Naddalin - felt just like everyone else - glad, for the- first time in their lives, that it was her birthday, and it did not suck, freaking holy- taint's. she remembers back to her story and said the church Father was the only one to remember, her day, and was a feeling friend to her, growing up, that could have gone there- yet she was too young and he loved GOD more than she, did not say that they did not kiss in the booth now doses it when she asked her cute sweet question about self-analyst, he told this innocent little girl, all these wonderful stories about angels light and dark finding their way- and he said- 'like the girl in the story- little one you to well find your way, someday- okay.'

While Dariez lay around watching, and eating white cherry ice cream, Naddalin cleaned the- windows, the same one that she looked out all those years back, washed the- car, that was starting to rust away on the barn that was hers to the blue color all faded away, mowed the- lawn, with the same tractor, clipped the- flowerbeds, for a vase, next to her bed, trimmed and watered the- roses, and had all the lilies and daisy in her hand, and repainted the- garden bench, as was back then.

The- sun blazed overhead, burning the- back of her neck, and she could feel the wings want to come out for shade, and strength.

Naddalin knew she- should not have risen to Dariez's bait, but Dariez had said the- very thing Naddalin had been thinking herself... she- did not have any friends at the school...

Wish they could see famous Naddalin - now, the- thought unrestrainedly as she- spread manure on her- flower beds, she back aching, sweat running down the faces.

It was half-past eight in the- evening when at last, exhausted, she- heard Aunt Jennath calling her, to come to eat and take a bath, like a young child again.

And get in here!

Walk-in a lot the- newspaper, she did there where cover the floor like what should be carpet, to keep out the draft in this old farmhouse- it was bad yet never this deplorable! I have seen this place in my mind as her, God Lord I thought, yet I am not to say anything mean- like to them.

Naddalin moved ever so gently appreciatively into the- shade of the- gleaming kitchen, the only place in the home to have a makeover in years.



On top of the- new glamming double-sided stainless-steel fridge stood tonight's pudding: a huge mound of whipped creamy peanut butter and red-violet cake and a display dish. A roaster-pot of roast beef was sizzling in the need double door-oven, with the clock face light, also new and shiny.

I's am sure that it will be eaten quickly! Yet, I wonder if better be said than just- 'pass the gravy...?'

Part: 5

The- non-magical people will be there soon!

Snapped Aunt Jennath, pointing to two slices of bread and a lump of cheese on her- kitchen table. Is this all that you are serving them? She asked... 'Yes- girly it is,' she was patting her on the head with soft taps, like a young child, along with saying- 'this is all that we have to give them.'

She- was already wearing a- pink cocktail dress.

Naddalin washed her hand...

Then at that moment, she fastened down the pitiful supper that she had to eat.

Then at that moment at that time- she- had completed, Aunt Jennath whisked away from the plate, out from under her nose. Upstairs, she went to be in her room! Hastily, it was asked of her to do that!

She did not come down from her room, 'till the next morning. It was 8:00 a.m.... Naddalin went down for breakfast only to find the- three or so-o- of them- Sleyashs already sitting around the- table, yet with her who is counting them, her mind was so-o endorsed in what she was thinking about, and that was nothing more or less than about all that is magic, and that world, she loved to be in. She could care less about them and

their childish ways, she thought even if that is what they say about her.

They were watching a brand -new television, a welcome-home-for-she-summer present for Dariez, who had been complaining deafeningly about the- long walk between her- fridge and the- freaking television, 'like in the- living- room, is- a- Tv, and in that room, is that cold-ie thing-ing- you see- there called rooms, and devised into them, are things that go in those rooms.

Like- like- like- you need to have enough wit about you to see you need to go to that room for that in that room- (she was saying that in a slow way of speaking to her- like a tard.)

Dariez had spent most of the- summer in the- kitchen, like a little piggy, eyes fixed on the- screen, over the why not thinking she could get up and movie, with the plate, and her five chins wobbling as she- ate continually.

~\*~

Naddalin sat down between Dariez and Uncle Read, a huge, beefy man with extraordinarily little neck and a-lot than of mustache, and long stringy white beard.

Far from wishing Naddalin a happy birthday, none of the Sleyashs made any insinuation that they had noticed Naddalin enter the- room...

Nonetheless, Naddalin was far too used to them to care. She- helped herself to a piece of bagel, only one half was left in the bag, then looked up at the- reporter on the- television, who was halfway through a report on a fugitive criminal.

(Unsolved Mysteries is playing)

Besides... the- public is warned that Black is armed extremely dangerous. A special hotline has been set up- asking 'join me in helping serval a- mystery-' a sharp taking and the dressed man said, 'if- you- see- in the least- one sighting of- Black, you should notify this line i-m-med-iat-ely.'

Part: 6

'Like there is no need to tell us...'

'He's no good,' inhaled, while saying it, Uncle

Read, staring over the top of the newspaper at the- pricier. Besides looking at the- state of him, the- dirty dart ball, look at the hair- all black, long wavy, and greasy!

-And-

She- shot a nasty look sideways at Naddalin, whose untidy hair had always been a source of great annoyance to Uncle Read.

Saying you have room to talk about the way he looks. Naddalin felt very well groomed indeed, all the time she prided herself too, she knew that was just bull shit coming out of his mouth, over she was the cuter one.

The- reporter reappeared, 30 minutes passed. 'You too can help in slaving an Unsolved Mystery.'

Besides the- Bureau of Cultivation cow show stuff- will announce today, so change the flicker- clicker thing-ie me- bobber to the impotent things, farms.

-And-

...Hang on! I speak!

Now, growled Uncle Read, staring furiously at the reporter, to end she was taking doing the number in her contacts.

Furthermore, you did not tell us where that zealot escaped from! What use is that? Shit like he could be coming up the- street right now, to kill you girlie!

-And-

Aunt Jennath, who was bony and mare-faced, whipped around and scrutinized intently out of the- kitchen window.

Naddalin knew Aunt Jennath would simply love to be the- one to call the- hotline number.

She would- was the- inquisitive woman in the world and spent most of her life spying on the- mind-numbing, law- and the unbidden neighbors, saying this and that about what not- or whatever.

When will they learn, she said that you cannot party every night from 7:00 p.m. to 3:00 a.m., getting drunk having sex with random kids, and dancing around large fires, good I open the door to my home and have panties and used condoms hitting me in the freaking faces she said; and said Uncle Read, pounding the- table with the large purple fist, saying words like-

'Kids today there is no law- no discipline...' Uncle Read- 'The- only way to deal with these people, is to just shoot them in the face or drill them in the face?'

'Oh- sh-h!' she said, 'saying cool it.'

-And-

Uncle Read, I thought to say to you is a little unstable, sorry it is embarrassing.

'Very true,' said Aunt Jennath, who was still squinting into next door's runner-beans and farting loader then her mouth shooting as much Diarrhea as the behind that she had.

'The house smells like a couch!'

Uncle Read drained she coffee' cup, glanced at his watch, besides added, I had better be off in a moment, Jennath-come, walk them to the door.

Chapter: 17

Part: 1

(Parting words)

'Marge's train gets in at ten... so-o yes...'

-And-

Naddalin, whose thoughts had been upstairs with the-Servicing kit for her wings, and a 1920's case with all that she needs to be a fallen-witch in magic too, down here, was brought back to earth with an unpleasant bump when she fell from the sky... form the what nonmagical peoples call the havens, yet have no clue, thank God- on Earth that no-one saw. Good feather grooming is key.

Aunt Marge was Uncle Read's sister, may God help us... and worked in an orphanage a residential institution devoted to the care of orphans- children whose biological parents are deceased or otherwise unable or unwilling to take care of them. (I have heard this so many times- blah-ick...)

Then she continuing to say: Biological parents, and sometimes biological grandparents, are legally responsible for supporting children, but in the absence of these, no named godparent, or other relatives willing to care for the children,

they become a ward of the state, and orphanages are one way of providing for their care, housing, and education.

‘Um-hum...’

Even though she would- was not a blood relative, she was only a half-blood, of the Naddalin’s... yet that was more than I to be loved.

She- blurted out, yet again- like before to my face, interfering with my personal space, I could feel the misty spit even- and the stank breath- of lezz-ie pussy.

Aunt- Marge! They said... do not say that to that child... we are all she has...

‘I am said- to go suck off, like- yet another fat bitch-bitch! ...and walked away.’

‘Naddalin!!!’ (They shouted)

(Whose most had been Aunt

Jennath’s sister, over no one, would like- like a smaller-well her... and all that...)

She- had been forced to call her- ‘Aunt’ when all she wanted to say was profanity with long-running slurs to her for all her- her rotten, mangy life.

Aunt Marge lived in the- country- more farm-a-fid-ed, in a house with a larger garden than ours, where she would- bred bulldogs, funny the dog’s faces are cuter than hers. That reminds me... he- he- he... a never mind... I thought it is an old inside joke.

She would- did not often stay anywhere else, because she would- could not bear to leave the precious dogs, but each of the visits stood out vividly in Naddalin’s mind, young ‘till now.

(Flashback)

At Dariez's fifth birthday party, Aunt Marge had whacked Naddalin around the- bare butt with her walking stick to stop her from beating Dariez at musical statues.

A few years later, she would turn up at Christmas with an electronic robot for Dariez and a box of dog biscuits for Naddalin, saying this is smarter than you and this is all you should be eating as that one did in the past- Naddalin, she was lived.

On the last visit, the- year before Naddalin started at the school, Naddalin had accidentally trampled on the- tail of her favorite dog, that got her bed instead of her sleeping it...

Ripper had chased Naddalin out into the- garden up a tree, the same old tree that she was in years ago, the angel oak, and Aunt Marge had refused to call her off until past midnight, she slept in the tree on a branch all starched out...

Part: 2

The- memory of the incident still brought tears of laughter to Dariez's eyes.

And Marge well be there for a week, and Uncle Read snarled, and while we are on the- topic, and she- pointed a fat finger bullyingly at Naddalin, besides, we need to get a few things straight before, I go and collect her.

-And-

Dariez smirked and then withdrew the gaze she had from the- television. As she was watching young Naddalin being bullied by Uncle Read, after all- like she was Dariez's favorite form of entertainment.

Besides primarily, grinning all creepy like, and harassing her was the thing to do, just like Uncle Read, both saying- 'you'll keep a municipal tongue in your head when you're talking to Marge.'

The next day...

Also, and all right...

Beyond said Naddalin inordinately, besides- um if she would- does when she is talking to me.

-And-

Furthermore, and now secondly, also said

Uncle Read, acting as though he- had not perceived Naddalin's reply, as Marge does not know anything about your irregularity, I do not want any - any funny stuff while she is here with us. 'You behave yourself, got me...?'

-And-

Additionally, 'I's will if she'd- does, said Naddalin through clenched teeth.'

Uncle Read- And- and- and, thirdly... the mean little eyes now slit in her inflated face, over tears, and we have told Marge you attend North End- Secure Center for the inoperable wrong- criminal- and well to dumb it doing for you- died in the head- Girls- JUST LIKE YOU.

Naddalin- 'so-o a school for retards is what you're saying...'

'What?' Naddalin yelled...

...Precisely!!! Good- Naddalin- Good... saying it in a very dick-ish way.



Then you will be sticking to that story- girl-ie we say for you, girl, or there will be trouble, quarreled Uncle Read.

Naddalin sat there, white-faced furious, staring at Uncle Read, hardly able to believe it, that she was making words come out of her mouth in arguments.

Part: 3

Aunt Marge coming for a weeklong visit - it was the-worst birthday present she- Sleyashs had ever given her, including that pair of Uncle Read's old socks, that looked like it was used as Uncle Reads night before condom.

-Gross...

Well, Jennath, said Uncle Read, getting too overwhelming hostel- with you come here, I will be off to the station, then- said the bitch. Want to come along for the- ride, she said to the one... and you know which one.

-And-

No, said Dariez, even this is going to fare, and like whose attention had returned to the- television now that Uncle Read had finished threatening and terrorizing Naddalin.

'...And Dariez's got to make herself smart for she auntie,' said Aunt Jennath, - 'That is not nice, is it to a girl like you now'- also saying this in a way that is demeaning to her age and intelligence, yet comforting, in a way, that was needed even if- unpleasant.

Part: 4

Dariez's smooth thick blond hair...

Her Mommy's bought her a lovely new dress.

Uncle Read slapped Dariez hard on the back of her shoulder, saying- 'see even on her birthday you get what was hers, she too dumbs anyways, to understand, that we gave this to you, and not her.'

Also, see you in a bit, then, like- she- said, besides she- left the- breakfast nook.

Naddalin, who had been sitting in a horrified trance, had a sudden idea.

'I would like to get read if you like you- like you get rid of your blood use tampons, using all the toilet paper balling it all around, as you do before throw it in the scrap can.' He said that to me...

## Chapter: 18

### Part: 1

Then it hit me that I could kiss her every morning, I used to kiss her every morning when I used to get up and did not want summer anymore. I remember the middle of last year in the school year, about her saying- 'I am worried if I kiss you I that I may screw up-' and I am said back- 'if you didn't you would, and we started to kiss all the time...' 'I just loved giving her un-pure thoughts,' alleged Naddalin, in her young lusting girl mind. 'I'm so bad- but I was thinking about sex,' 'um- I like it when Emma goes down deep in me with her dildo, uh- it feels so-oo goo-oo-o-oo-d.'

### Part: 2

Then she made some toast, she- got quickly to her feet, when it popped, and she jumped- then followed Uncle Read to the- front door. Uncle Read was pulling on her coat.

She thought on a coat- even so-o. I am going- she cried... ‘-NO. Besides, I am not taken you!’

Then he- snarled, like a dog, as she- turned to see Naddalin watching him, and she snarled back even more intensely. ‘Like- I wanted to come, she said Naddalin unfeelingly,’ ‘You would like to come-’ he said mocking her. And I want to ask you something.

-And-

Uncle Read eyed her untrustworthily.

This ends with her being strangled out...

And him losing to teeth in the front with a left hook... MMA is looking good on me she said- even as a just white belt, I have more power than you ever have over me now. Something I took up over the summer to get away from here. And so...? Then he snapped Uncle Read, taking the car keys from a hook next to the- door.

So, it was broadcasted over the TV, that there was going to be saver storms, in the flowing counties, torrential rain, I was standing just outside the door, just after saying- that ‘I wanted to go- too,’ and just like that a bolt of lightning struck right in front of me, it lights me up, and if I would be a life as I should, I know I would die; and fried- like some- finger-licking good- KFC chicken, yet, I can’t freak’n die even if, like- I wanted to, if you are fallen like me you cannot pass ‘till the time reach a final death...

Part: 3

Thinking back to something she said to me, just like you, I have a place to dump my- cum- and it in you- and letting mine roll way down in that sweet little pussy you have- um I wanted her, so-o, bad- so bad, yet I suck here to the new year- aww!

Like- if a girl did not want to c\*m she would not be there in the first place with you- dah- and I want to be there so-oo badly right now!

I LOVE HER!

(Forward)

Now that you have choked life out of me, I need you to sign the- permission from me and said Naddalin in a rush.

Now the third year is here - at Hayvannahol are allowed to visit the- village sometimes, said Naddalin.

‘Why should I do that?’ And scorned Uncle Read, lisping through his- young girl hating- missing teeth.

Well, and said Naddalin, picking her words NOT so carefully, also it will be challenging work, pretending to be Aunt Marge I go to that

St. Watson...

-And-

And at The Re-tard school AKA- The Center for Terminally Criminal Girls or whatever the hell it is called! Hollered Uncle Read, at the top of his voice.

Naddalin was pleased to hear a definite note of panic in Uncle Read’s voice, that I could have died.

I thought- (You do care about me- do not yah...)

Exactly, said Naddalin with great enthusiasm, looking tranquility up into Uncle Read’s large, purple face.

Besides, it is a lot to evoke, is it not? I will have to make it sound convincing, won’t I?

What if I accidentally let something slip?

-And-

You will get the- stuffing knocked out of you, won't you? Then and their rumbled Uncle Read, advancing on Naddalin with she first raised. Nonetheless, Naddalin stood her ground.

Like- knocking the- stuffing out of me will not make Aunt Marge forget what I could tell her, she- said grimly.

Uncle Read stopped, his fist still raised, right at her sweet, little, cute, and young- little girl ribbons in her yet- her face was an ugly puce- it was- no not like her at all.

If you sign my permission form, then Naddalin went on quickly, I swear I will remember where I am supposed to go to Hayvannahol, I will act like a Mug- like I am normal and everything- honey that good that you are trying so hard to be, yet you never- ever be normal he patted her on the head like she was dimwitted.

Naddalin could tell that Uncle Read was thinking it over, even if his teeth were borne- the ones left that are, a vein was throbbing in the temple, on the left side.

Besides, right, she- cracked in her voice finally. Then I shall check your behavior carefully during Marge's visit, then, should I?

If, at the- conclusion of it, you have toed the line, also, kept to the- story, we say and think about you- I will sign your mother F'n form.

-And-

She- wheeled around, pulled open the- front door, then slammed it so hard that some of the plaster fell from the ceiling, and then that one of the- little stained-glass panes of glass that

was cracked at the- top fell out. Naddalin did not return to the- kitchen at all, she ran.

She- went back upstairs to her bedroom, over the top of that one she used to have- thinking about for a moment- or two.

If she- was going to act like a real- nonmagical person, she had better start now- so- in her mind she just did that at acting like a teen girl- all over again- going to her room to mope.

Nasty, unkind, revolting, and sadly she- gathered up all the presents from her birthday cards too that ruined by being mean ad smashing them and ripping them up and whatnot, so-o she hid them under the- loose floorboard with her homework, trying not to look over the fact that it just made her that gloomy.

Then she- went to Baby Raven's cage. Errolie seemed to have recovered from also being thrown up agent the wall to in his rage, I held- baby Raven is until she fell asleep, in my head recovering from a broken wing.

Naddalin sighed, holding her in her plums. Baby Raven's, she- said gloomily, you unfortunate thing... while her in a rocking-rocking in a chair.

Correspondingly, you are going to have to clear off for a week. Go with Errolie. Jinger well looks after you. I will write her a note explaining. I say- do not look at me like that- Baby Raven's large eyes, bigger than should be for her to have.

Part: 4

Like- where reproachful - And it is not my fault. It is the- only way I will be allowed to visit Claepsiara, Skalaieol of Wizardry with Jinger and Emmah.

Ten minutes later, Errolie the baby Raven's (who had a note to Jinger bound to her leg) soared out of the- arched window out of my sight off into the horizon.

Naddalin, now feeling thoroughly miserable, put the- empty cage away inside the- wardrobe.

Nonetheless, Naddalin did not have long to brood. In next to no time, Aunt Jennath was shrieking up the- stairs for Naddalin to come down and get ready to welcome their visitor.

Do something about your hair, now it is like a boy has played in it! Aunt Jennath said as she- reached the- hall.

Naddalin could not see the- point of trying to make the hair lie flat, it was always frizzy and all the detanglers in the world would not fix it. Aunt Marge loved criticizing her, so the- messier she- looked, the- happier she would be.

All too soon, there was a crunch of gravel outside as Uncle Read's car pulled back into her- driveway, then the- clunk of the- car doors footsteps on the- garden path, up the porch, and pass the have a wood door, she was in the entranceway next to the old steps.

'Hey, you with the big eyes and the face- get the- door!'

At once, Aunt Jennath hissed at Naddalin showing teeth.

She would- turned on the heel then left, making her way into the living room. Jinger waited until she had vanished through the- door to the- girls,' dormitories, then cleared her garbage off the- knitted hats. 'They should at least see what They're picking up,' she- said firmly. 'Anyway...' she- rolled up the- parchment on which she- had written the- title of Lily's essay, 'there is no point trying to finish she now, I cannot do it

without Emmah, I do not have a clue of what you are supposed to do with moonstones, have you?’

(A wisp of a wand and she moved forward in time- back to her happy place, the school for girls like her.) Naddalin shook her head, noticing as she- did so-o, that the- ache- in her right temple was getting worse. Um- she- thought of the- long essay on colossal wars, about light and dark, and the- pain stabbed at her abruptly.

Knowing perfectly well that when- the- morning came, she- would regret not finishing the homework that night like the good little girl she was known for, she- piled her books back into her bag.

‘I’m going to bed too- said Emma- and with you.’

‘It was nice to have a cuddle body- again!’

Chapter: 19

Part: 1

She- passed Laila on the way to the- door, leading to the- dormitories back at the school knowing that she had skipped time, but did not look at her.

Naddalin had a fleeting impression that Laila had opened her mouth to speak, but she- sped up and reached the soothing peace of the body of Nevaeh’s spiral staircase without having to endure any more provocation.

The- following day dawned just as sluggish and so very rainy as the- one. Like- Dargide was still absent from the- staff table at breakfast. ‘But on the plus side, no Lily today’ said Jinger bracingly.

Emmah yawned widely and poured herself some coffee. She would- looked mildly pleased about something, and when



Jinger asked her what she would- had to be so happy about, she would- simply said, her- hats have gone.

Seems the- house sprites do want freedom.'

'I wouldn't gamble on it,' Jinger told her caustically. they might not count as closes. She did not look like a hat to me, more like knitted bladders.'

Emmah did not speak to her all morning.

Double Transfiguration- succeeded double Charms, Professor Flitwick, and Professor-

McDermott both spent the- first fourteen minutes of their lesson lecturing the- class on the- importance of flying with wings.

'What you must reminisce,' said little Professor Flitwick squeakily hanging as ever on a pile of books so that she- could see over the top of the desk, 'is that these inspections may impact your futures for many years to come- lady's- work hard!

If you have not already given serious thought to your life paths, like- now is the- right time to do so-o. At once in the meantime, I am afraid of thinking about it all, we shall be working harder than ever to certify, verify, confirm, endorse, and attest, that you all do yourselves righteousness!'

They- then- there and did, spent over an hour revising Summoning Charms, which according to Professor Flitwick was bound to come up in their FLYING HORSES, and she- rounded off the- lesson by setting them there largest ever amount of Charms homework- ever in the school walls.

It was the- same, if not worse, in Conversion.

'You cannot pass a FLYING test nevertheless, with the smaller HORSES,' said Professor McDermott poorly worded, to

Emma.' Seeing that she hurt the girl- she fast said- without serious claim, practice, you will get there and study hard, rubbing her hand. I see no regard because everyone in the class should not achieve a FLYING in Transfiguration if they put in the- work.' Neville made a sad little skeptical of noise, with her snort.

There is nothing wrong with your work except lack of confidence, girls, it shows that you are smart.

Still better than what Emma got before, I remember when the professor said, 'that the ambitions us girls have was to see how many aspirations we could have after all- she like me too, and all the girls in the class could have sex and not get pregnant.'

Emma- snapped back sharply- well then, I am not going to hell, for using a dildo then for this is what I do, and the class of girls just giggled, as the professor looked stunned.

(The next day)

So... today we are starting Vanishing Spells.

These are easier than Illusion Spells, which you would not usually attempt until the 2nd level, but they are still among the- toughest magic you will be tested on in your FLYING courses.' She would- was relatively accurate; Naddalin found she- Vanishing Spells utterly problematic.

By the- end of a double period, she nor Jinger had managed to vanish the- mice on which they were practicing, though Jinger said with any luck she- thought she looked a bit paler. Emmah, on the- other hand, successfully vanished her mouse on her third attempt, earning her a ten-point bonus for Amsel from Professor McDermott. She would- was she- only pergirl not given homework; everybody else was told to practice

the- spell overnight, ready for a fresh attempt on their mice the- following afternoon.

Now postulating slightly about the amount of homework they had to do, Naddalin and Jinger spent their lunch hour in the- haunted library, looking up she- uses daydream- gravest in potion-making.

Still angry about Jinger's slur on her woolly hats, Emmah did not join them. By the- time they reached Upkeep of Magical Creatures in the- afternoon, Naddalin's head was aching again.

The- day had become cool, breezy, chided too, and damp, besides as they walked down the- sloping lawn towards Dargide's cabin on the- edge of the- Illicit Woodland, they felt the- occasional drop of rain on their faces.

Professor Grubbly Plank stood to wait for the- class some ten yards from Dargide's front door, a long trestle table in front of her laden with twigs. As Naddalin and Jinger reached there was, a loud shout of laughter sounded behind them; whirling, they saw Drallieah Mallerie striding towards them, encircled by her usual gang of Slyshein- and clans.

She- had clearly just said something highly amusing, because Carllah, Goyle, and the others found it to be that way, and the- rest sustained to sniggering as they gathered around the- trestle table and, judging by her- way they all kept looking over at Naddalin, she- was able to guess the- subject of the- joke without too much difficulty.

'Everyone there?' Barked Professor

Grubby Plank once all she- Slysheins and Amsel's had arrived.' Let us crack on then.'

'Who can tell me what these things are called?'

She would- indicated she- heaps of twigs in front of her.

Emmah's hands shot into the- air.

Behind her back, Mallerie did a Becca toolshed imitation of her jumping up and down with enthusiasm to answer a question.

She gave a shriek of laughter that turned- at once into a scream, as the- twigs on the- table leaped into her- air, and then exposed her-themselves to be what looked like tiny pixie-e-sh creatures made of wood- or so it investigated the gorgeous magnificent creature, reach with arms and legs just like a little humming girl would have, cartoon-like face in-which a pair of oversized brown eyes glittered, it was like a little fairy, that because it was just that- said Emma.

'O-oh!' They said...